Here's a confession
I need my impression
For my profession
And I don't know the answer
The enchancer
Each composition
Gives recognition
Kills my ambition
And I've just got this feeling
It's revealing
And rotator runs free-wheeling

Rotator, you can't beat me
Rotator, take it easy
Rotator, you can't bring me down
But you need me more and more
In your round

All my illusion
Turns to confusion
In case of revolution
Ill be first in the line
If they don't mind
So give me information
'bout a destination
away from desperation
'cause I've just got this feeling
it's revealing
and rotator runs free-wheeling

Rotator, you can't beat me Rotator, take it easy Rotator, you can't bring me down But you need me more and more In your round