

Like a Spinning Record

The Living Tombstone

She's in, the club
She's spinning records every day and night
At night, she doesn't get sleep at all
at all, as long as the booth doesn't fall

No friends, no one
talks to her there anymore
Just cause she plays
dance music all day long

Long day, the music doesn't
stop her from playing
she keeps on saying
screaming, party

She's back, at home
She's working on her next big great song
As long, as no one suddenly tries to call
Oh no, I think there's someone on the phone

"It's me, your friend, I
wonder how has been all these years"
"Not much I've been working on music forever,
However, I'll stop, So I can play that at the club!"