

Magnum, Road To Paradise

Innocence is traded on the road to paradise
When ambition starts to raise its ugly head
Prizes won't be given to the last ones in the line
And that's something that we all appear to dread

Listen to the ravings of a disillusioned man
When the rainy days collect to do their worst
Full of neat surprises is their sympathetic plan
They will cut you up and sell you till it hurts

We're all spinning on the roundabout
We're all spinning on the roundabout
Keep spinning on the roundabout

I don't wish to fight, just to prove that I'm right
I don't want the world upside down
I don't wish to fight, just to prove that I'm right
I just need the world spinning round

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