

Pearl Jam, Spin The Black Circle

see this needle...a see my hand...
drop, drop, dropping it down...oh, so gently...
well here it comes...i touch the plane...
turn me up...won't turn you away...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...spin the black, spin the black...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...whoa...
pull it out...a paper sleeve...
oh, my joy...only you deserve conceit...
i'm so big...a-my whole world...
i'd rather you...rather you...than her...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...spin the black, spin the black...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...whoa...oh...
you're so warm...oh, the ritual...when i lay down your crooked arm...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...spin the black, spin the black...
spin, spin...spin the black circle
spin, spin...
spin the black circle
spin the black circle...
spin, spin...
spin, spin...