SPIRALIN' RIGHT

Well, you can tell by the way I use my walk,
I'm a spiral's man: no time to talk.
Music loud and spirals warm, I've been spun around since I was born.
Whether you're a brother or whether you're a mother,
Ah, ha, ha, ha, spiralin' right, spiralin' right.
Got the wings of heaven on my shoes.
the New York Times' effect on man