Clues

Paul Weller

I'll meet you on a bus at dawn
An open top one if it's warm
And if the flowers are in bloom
I'll lose myself to youI'll be whistling down a street
You'll hear our footsteps start to meet, to meet
Then the craziness begins oh, like chalk and cheese
We'll shoot the breeze heading up west in an open top deck
Oh, I'm trying to remember just what forThen we'll talk for hours and hours
About nothing much at all
With your long hair falling down, falling down
In curl after curlAnd I, too shy to ask what I really want to do
Racked with my own self doubt, oh, I stumble and fall
Like a fool in love, oh, my mind in the air
Heaven knows where yeah, heading up west in an open top deck
Oh, I'm trying to remember just what for

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