

I Grant You

Tanita Tikaram

When we were young and you pretended
You were almost bothered as me
Does it make you sad and make you sorry?
Almost sorry as me? When we were young and you pretended
That the world was ours how we see
Does it make you sad and make you sorry?
Almost sorry as me I grant you, time can make a fool of all of us
These words once mine, hang on, hang on
And yet they don't belong
They don't belong Now we get old and you've defended
All the world as it likes to be Does it make you sad? Does it make you sorry?
Almost sorry for me
Can you get lost inside a feeling?
Does you almost feel for me?
Does it make you sad and make you sorry?
Almost sorry for me? I grant you, shine and scare the fool inside of us
These words once mine drag on, drag on
And yet they do belong
They do belong When we were young and you were grounded
Didn't you ever want to go free
So does it make you sad and make you sorry?
You're not a fool like me When we were young and we were running
Didn't you ever want to run free?
Didn't it make you sad and make you sorry?
To wander who you are I grant you are, I grant you

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