

Manchild (The Old School mix)

Neneh Cherry

OK, you're on your own, it's late
Your girlfriend is on another date with the hero in your dream
Turn around, ask yourself. So, you think you're gonna win this time Manchild?
Is it the pain of the drinking
Or the Sunday sinking feeling
The car never seems to work
When it's late your girlfriend's on a date
And the hero with her in your dream
In your sleep it seemed to like you
Turn around and ask yourself
Turn around ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win
Manchild, look at the state you're in
Could you go undercover
And sell your brand new lover (could you)
Be someone else for a night
Maybe someone else will love you
You sell your soul for a tacky song
Like the one you hear on the radio
Turn around ask yourself
Turn around and ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win
Manchild, look at the state you're in
Manchild, he will make you cry
Manchild, Manchild, Manchild From Monday down to Friday
You're working on another man's car
Or is it in the factory?
It doesn't matter where you are
Just turn around and ask yourself is this communication
Accentuate the positive and give some illustration
See Manchild, you're no one, you turn the microphone on
Control communication when I'm kickin' it and so on
To the point that I need, the air that I breathe
Into an audience that's waiting and ecstatic to receive-
For the meantime another mean rhyme, I keep on sayin' it
I know what the time is the crowd will keep playing it
Through the speaker boxes loud's my diagnosis
'Cause I believe in miracles and words in heavy doses.
Enough R-E-S-P-E and C-T
Respect yourself express no stress the mike is easy
Just believe that all you need is the air that you breathe.

Turn around ask yourself Manchild, will you ever win
Manchild, look at the state you're in
Manchild, he will make you cry
Manchild, Manchild, Manchild He's the apple of your eye
Once bitten twice shy, why don't you bite me again
Just take it in the right and go tell your friend
Are you ready for the words I turn the microphone on
A figure of speech to reach you at the back and so on
The style I'm stimulating dance floors
Raise your body temperature now and
This demands for power in the amp you know louds my diagnosis
'Cause I believe in miracles and words in heavy doses.

Songwriters

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