

Moves

Joan Armatrading

Here comes the glare
Here comes the glare I cannot see
I cannot see When you appear
You dazzle Poor me
Pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make
Those moves I picked your face
From a thousand smiles And now the knees
They start to shake And all the people
Take a look And once again
I'm thinking Poor me
Pitiful me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves I picked your face
From a thousand smiles And stand there
Vacant
Rooted to the
Stupid floor
And too scared to think
Get out the door Water
Running
Down my back
Is this what it's like
Before the soldiers attach I'm gonna sharpen up my act
I'm gonna get ya Poor me
Pity for me
Why don't I know
How to make
Those moves I picked your face
From a thousand smiles Trying to be
The invisible man
And so scared
In case you don't see
Who I am I don't want the label
Of an also ran
I wanna be the guy
With the flowers
And the champagne Other guys

Run around
They pick and choose I choose you
And I don't want to lose I want you
To alleviate my blues
Just as long as you talk to me
Just as long as you talk to me Poor me
Pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make
Those moves I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
Why don't I know how to
Make you mine

Songwriters

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