Sixteens

Black

You don't follow me now,
ribbons in hair
searching for answers when
there's none there.
Then follow me round,
up my stair
into my bedroom if
I'm in there.
Hoping for something
because it seems the right thing to do.
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You still follow me now,
temptingly fair
finding your answers when
there's none there
Hoping for something
because it seems the right thing to do.
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)
You know what to do then
(Yeah, yeah, yeah)

Songwriters

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Other patents pending.

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