

Seaweed

Tindersticks

Would you prefer a stone
That I chose for you?
That lay on a beach
Was just a sea of stone
Wasn't meant for you
Jumped into my eyes
Choice of millions Would you prefer a stone
From your window?
It walks through the streets
Feeling young and tense
They said he had this all in mind for you
'Cos it's so much strain
Choice of only a few Would you prefer a look
That was contrived?
Or a look that says how I really keep with you?
I have no plans in my mind
Just kind of go
Go with you Would you prefer a hello or a goodbye?
My mind is something I don't know
The truth, why should I lie?
Just kind of go
Go with you

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