

Put Your Records On

Corinne Bailey Rae

Three little birds, sat on my window
And they told me I don't need to worry
Summer came like cinnamon, so sweet
Little girls double-dutch on the concrete Maybe sometimes, we got it wrong, but it's alright
The more things seem to change, and the more they stay the same
Don't you hesitate Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams
Just go ahead, let your hair down You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow Blue as the sky, sunburnt and
lonely
Sipping tea at a bar by the roadside
(Just relax, just relax)
Don't you let those other boys fool you
Gotta love that afro hair do Maybe sometimes, we feel afraid, but it's alright
The more you stay the same, the more they seem to change
Don't you think it's strange? Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams
Just go ahead, let your hair down You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow Just more than I could take,
pity for pity's sake
Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was stronger
When you gonna realise, that you don't even have to try any longer?
Do what you want to Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams
Just go ahead, let your hair down Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams
Just go ahead, let your hair down Ohh, you're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

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