

Flipside

Everything But the Girl

London, summer 92 I think I've changed a lot since then, do you?
Ideas that I'd held for years, emotional baggage, hopes and fears
Seen somehow in a different light, not as wrong, but not as right as they
Seemed before was I different then? Have I changed?
And will I change again? I'm thinking of a mental free-fall, a partial total memory recall like what of
The future, what of the past, what of the present will last?
And say I did forget and revert to the old days, forget this hurt
Am I better off or in reverse, untaught by experience and therefore worse? I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little I'm like a coastline, a beach and spit Spurn Point and the rest of it
With the sea, the tide, the salt and foam, I'm the blasted land
The sand shifting, drifting out and back, then breached, drowned
Defenses down, rebuilt from this day on or maybe not
Maybe my moment's gone I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little Am I the same person I seemed to be? Does all of this depress me?
I won't listen, I won't talk a weightless life, I moonwalk
I mean a lot, I mean a little I'm supple, brittle, pig in the middle
There's resilience inside my face, but sometimes nothing deep space What I feel what I fear is always here my
atmosphere
Pig in the middle I mean a lot, I mean a little
I mean a lot, I mean a little

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