

Put Your Records On

Marcela Mangabeira

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've got it wrong, but it's all right.
The more things seem to change,
the more they stay the same.
Oh, don't you hesitate.

Girl, put your records on,
tell me your favorite 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 some where,some how.

Blue as the sky,
sunburnt and lonely.
Sipping tea in the bar by the road side.
(just relax, just relax)
Don't you let those other boys fool you.
Gotta love that afro hairdo.

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 favorite 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 some where, some how.

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 realize,
that you don't even have to try any longer?
Do what you want to.

Girl, put your records on,
tell me your favorite song.
You go ahead, let your hair down.(go let your hair down)
Sapphire and faded jeans,
I hope you get your dreams.(hope get your dreams)
Just go ahead, let your hair down. (Baby, let your hair down)

Oh, You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow.

Lyrics submitted by Samantha.

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