

Hot Stones

Tanita Tikaram

I beat up English in a beat up town
And I'm beat up black and blue
Oh, I do not have the energy
And I'm beat up street, and I'm beat up tight
And we've been so drawn together, each other
I do not have the energyWisdom, trip over again
Wisdom, trip over again
You beat it, stepping stones or standing up
I'm shivering on stones, hot stonesIn a wiped down England with its worn out grace
With a picture postcard, baby, hallelujah, I love your face
In a wise up England to a wake up place
Oh, I do not like the way you shower me
No, I do not like the way you shower me
And I do not have the energyIn a beat up England with a beat up face
It's a why, oh, why did I ever get lost in this?
It's the tired old hands, come to tire me out
And the tired old hands, they yearn to shout
But I do not have the energy

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