

# 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 energy Wisdom, trip over again  
Wisdom, trip over again  
You beat it, stepping stones or standing up  
I'm shivering on stones, hot stones In 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 energy In 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>