

# Thursday At The Blue Note

## White Town

Well I don't think that I know you

I've never seen you here

Before all though I could be wrong

And though this music doesn't move me

Thrill or even soothe me

I think I might dance to just this one song

Is that your brother dancing with you?

He's giving me some funny looks

I though you said you were on your own

Look, I know I'm no oil painting

But my face doesn't need re-arranging

And I'm quite attached to all my bones.

This isn't the way things were meant to be

Now he's waiting outside with his mates for

me. "Thursday at the Blue Note".

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