Tribal

Imelda May

We all got our marks to what or who we belong
Apart we are weak but together we're strong
Don't knock one of us or we all take offence
For a quiff or a crew we can jump to defence
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing
Tribal, oh oh oh oh
Tribal, oh oh oh ohFashion is something that comes and goes
Fickle as fables of emperors clothes
What you put on tells a lot of your mind
If you're part of a pack or one of a kind
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing
Tribal, oh oh oh oh
Tribal, oh oh oh ohStanding in a crowd, I hold my head up proud
What's right for you for me it may be wrong
It's great to be different but have something to belongWhen you look in the mirror, tell me what do you see
Someone new or your ancestry
You're a king, you're a queen, you're a wizard, a fool
Or if you're me then rockabilly rules
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing
Tribal, oh oh oh oh

Songwriters
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