

Ask Me

Freshlyground

If you ask me what streets I'm from
You'd probably laugh at me
You'd expect me to tell you tales
Of friends I'd made ran into trouble with
And all those sorts of things
If you ask me what songs I know
You'd raise your hands in the air
They're not cool, they're not hip
They're not the ones you grew up with
And all those sorts of things
If you ask about the clothes I swear
You wouldn't give the time of day
They're not rude, they're not hip
They're not ones you would be seen in
If you were down to your last penny
If you were down to your last penny
If you ask about technology
You'd roll your eyes in your head
I am one of those fundies who keep up
So as not to get left behind
And all those sorts of things
All those sorts of things
But ask me about
What I know of the original source
What I know about what makes you sore
When you're out in the world alone
Ask me about birds
Ask me about flowers
Ask me about smiling easily
With someone you've only met that day
My little brother didn't come to school today
The teacher didn't seem to know exactly what to say
But I saw him out the window
Gold chiffon and pink flamingo
Oh, those diamond rings
He was younger than I remember
Singing glory hallelujah
I am free of this
All those sorts of things
I asked him about
What he knew of the original source
What he knew about what makes me sore
When I'm out in the world alone
Asked him about birds
Asked him about flowers
Asked him about smiling easily
With someone he'd only met that day
Asked him about groove
Asked him about mothers

Asked him about sunshine in the streets
And faded rain on your windowpane
On truth I'll keep you inspired
Ask me about the hours in your garden
Baby, oh how I loved your face

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