

# Seaweed

## Tindersticks

Would you prefer a stone  
That I chose for you?  
That lay on a beach  
Was just a sea of stone  
Wasn't meant for you  
Jumped into my eyes  
Choice of millions Would you prefer a stone  
From your window?  
It walks through the streets  
Feeling young and tense  
They said he had this all in mind for you  
'Cos it's so much strain  
Choice of only a few Would you prefer a look  
That was contrived?  
Or a look that says how I really keep with you?  
I have no plans in my mind  
Just kind of go  
Go with you Would you prefer a hello or a goodbye?  
My mind is something I don't know  
The truth, why should I lie?  
Just kind of go  
Go with you

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