(still A) Weirdo

Kt Tunstall

No I know I took for granted that things
Would always go the way I wanted oh
I was going to be a treetop
A sea, a boat, a rock of ages
I dont always get it right
I'd see it in a different kind of light
Pay my lip service
Keep it eloquent
Optimistic but
Never quite elegant
Still a weirdo
Still a weirdo, after all these years
I'd always thought it's automatic
to grow into a soul less static
But here i am upon the same spot
Attempting to lift off into space
I dont always get it right
But a thousand different ways

And I just might
Pay my lip service
Keep it eloquent
Optimistic but
Never quite elegant
Still a weirdo
Still a weirdo, after all these years
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After all these years

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