

Yodelling Song

Tanita Tikaram

The first time you stole flowers from the grave
Then, the second time, you shaved your head
You had been saved by the very friendly, Jesus man
And all He said, "Well, I'm your brother, man" In the winter time, you wore patch-work hard-me-downs
In the summer time, you were all bronzed, while I was brown
And they didn't ask you where you got the candy
No, they didn't ask you where you got the tan In the morning time we played travels to the sea
In the evening time we had reduced the sea to me
But your mother saved us from your daddy's hand
Yeah. your mother saved us from your daddy's hand From your daddy
From your daddy With my adult mind
You know my body feels so strange
If they'd only sign away my life to me
I could be much saner If they'd only learn to let me freedom seek
The world would be less mean
But they never know how to let you go
But they never know how to leave me

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