Thursday At The Blue Note

White Town

Well, I don't think that I know you
I've never seen you here
Before, although I could be wrong
And though this music doesn't move me
Thrill or even soothe me
I think I might dance to just this one song
Is that your brother dancin' with you?
He's giving me some funny looks
I thought you says, "You were on your own"
Look, I know I'm no oil painting
But my face doesn't need rearranging
And I'm quite attached to all my bones
This isn't the way things were meant to be
Now he's waiting outside with his mates for me
{Thursday at Blue Note}

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