

Put your records on – Corinne Bailey Rae

Three little birds, sat on my window
And they told me I don't need to worry
Summer came like cinnamon
So sweet,
Little girls double-dutch on the concrete

Maybe sometimes, we got it wrong, but it's alright
And nothing seems to change, and it all will stay the same
Oh, don't you hesitate

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,
Just go ahead, let your hair down

You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Blue as the sky, sombre and lonely,
Sipping tea in the bar by the road side,
(just relax, just relax)
Don't you let those other boys fool you,
Gotta love that afro hairdo

Maybe sometimes, we feel afraid, but it's alright
The more you stay the same, the more they seem to change
Don't you think it's strange?

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song
You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,
Just go ahead, let your hair down

You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Just more than I could take, pity for pity's sake
Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was stronger

When you gonna realise,
That you don't even have to try any longer
Do what you want to

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You go ahead, let your hair down
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,
Just go ahead, let your hair down

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Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams,
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Oh, You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych