

# Corinne Bailey Rae – Put your records on

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 all right  
The more things seems to change,  
The more they stay the same  
Ooh, don't you hesitate  
Girl, put your records on,  
Tell me your favorite 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, sunburnt and lonely  
Sipping tea in a 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 all right  
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 favorite 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 realize  
That you don't even have to try any longer?  
Do what you want to  
Girl, put your records on,  
Tell me your favorite 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  
Girl, put your records on,  
Tell me your favorite 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  
Ooh, you're gonna find yourself somewhere,  
Somehow



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych