

# Twist in my sobriety – Tanita Tikaram

All God's children need traveling shoes  
Drive your problems from here  
All good people read good books  
Now your conscience is clear  
I hear you talk girl  
Now your conscience is clear

In the morning when I wipe my brow  
Wipe the miles away  
I like to think I can be so willed  
And never do what you say  
I'll never hear you  
And never do what you say

Look my eyes are just holograms  
Look your love has drawn red from my hands  
From my hands you know you'll never be  
More than twist in my sobriety

We just poked a little empty pie  
For the fun that people had at night  
Late at night don't need hostility  
The timid smile and pause to free

I don't care about their different thoughts  
Different thoughts are good for me  
Up in arms and chaste and whole  
All God's children took their toll

Look my eyes are just holograms  
Look your love has drawn red from my hands  
From my hands you know you'll never be  
More than twist in my sobriety

Cup of tea take time to think yeah  
Time to risk a life a life a life

Sweet and handsome soft and porky

You pig out 'til you've seen the light  
Pig out 'til you've seen the light

Half the people read the papers  
Read them good and well  
Pretty people nervous people  
People have got to sell  
News you have to sell



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych