

Clap Your Hands Say Yeah, Emily Jean Stock

You look so neat
Everyday is your birthday
You're such a treat
I'm just a drip in your faucet

Before the party's over
Before the highway road
Before the day begins
There's something I need to say

There's no one else
There is no one quite so perfect
When you're foreign bound
I am the coin in your pocket

Just wait for me the night through
Like I do for you
There's no one left to cry boo hoo
play it through okay?

You're not like me (not like me!)
It seems that people stick like flies to you
And my mystery (my mystery!)
Is just that I've no one to cling to

I think it's the Chinese New Year
Of this I'm fairly clear
And what better way to celebrate
Than run away with little boy blue?

Come along now now now now now
Don't think on an offer that you can't refuse
Yesterday's not quite the same let's make it plain
There are things that I can do (...things that I can do!)

(Some day we're going to make it all right
It is the radio that tells me so.)
It's just the radio, ohoho...