

Everything But The Girl, Oxford Street

When I was ten I thought my brother was God -
He'd lie in bed and turn out the light with a fishing rod.
I learned the names of all his football team,
And I still remembered them when I was nineteen.

Strange the things deal that I remember still
Shouts from the playground when I was home and ill.
My sister taught me all that she learned there;
When we grow up, we said, we'd share a flat somewhere.

When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street.
Where I grew up there were no factories.
There was a school and shops and some fields and trees,
And rows of houses one by one appeared.
I was born in one and lived there for eighteen years.

Then when I was nineteen.
I thought the Humber would be the gateway from my little world into the real world.
But there is no real world -
We live side by side, and sometimes collide. .

When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street.
It was a little world;
I grew up in a little world.