

Joan Armatrading, Body To Dust

I thought I had a lot
I opened my eyes at eight
It's past one
And I never said good morning
Hold on there
Wait
Don't run away I'm only talking
Don't move a finger for one kiss

You can take all my pretty moonlight
That's money to me
Take charge of my reasoning
Hold on
Take a hold of me
Make the body beautiful
A huge old barrel
Rust my car if you must
Just don't go giving too much of yourself
To everyone
I swear
Turn my body into dust

Just show me a clean face
Clean as can be
Either keep your hands to yourself
Or stretch out and give them to me
Need much more from you
Than twenty four hours
So much I don't have to rush
Just don't go promoting yourself to everybody
I'll sell my soul for your trust

There's so much that I want to do
All I need is time
No cost to you if you just go 'bout
Your business
And leave me alone to unwind
For a long time