

Tanita Tikaram, Fireflies In The Kitchen

All I know is just one dead phrase
All I know is just one dead phrase
And it's eating my herat wasting my day
You know I could feel unhappy

Yes there are fireflies in the kitchen
And my father yells for more

Well I'm nearly almost honest
And I'm nearly almost (steady?)
And I'm nearly almost happy to be here
And I'm glad I found my way
I never touched you lover
I never touched a friend
I never want to see you till I sort things out again

There are fireflies in the kitchen
And my mother yells not now

I want to say from the top of my head
An honest way to live is an (honesty that's dead)
Oh we are coming from an age
Where no one should understand
And you're coming toward me
And I'm looking for another man
I'm looking for another man
Well I am looking for another man

Yes there are fireflies in the kitchen
And my brother starts to snore

Characters amazingly hard to see my face
Characters amazingly hard to see my face

Oh they are wishing for some two more two
Some (gay ol' violin)
But all I really want to say is that I have never sinned

Yes there are fireflies in the kitchen
And we all go out to (be/see?)

How my heart aches
How my heart aches
How my heart aches