

Tanita Tikaram, Yodelling Song

The first time you stole flowers from the grave
Then, the second time, you shaved your head, you had been saved
By the very friendly, Jesus man
And all he said, "Well, I'm your brother, man"

In the winter time you - you wore patch-work hard-me-downs
In the summer time - you were all bronzed, while I was brown
And they didn't ask you where you got the candy
No, they didn't ask you where you got the tan

In the morning time - we played travels in the sea
In the evening time - we had reduced the sea to me
But your mother saved us - from your daddy's hand
Yeah - your mother saved us - from your daddy's hand
From your daddy
From your daddy

With my adult mind -
You know my body feels so strange
If they'd only sign away my life to me
I could be much saner
If they'd only learn to let me
Freedom seek
The world would be less mean
But they never know - how to let you go
But they never know - how to leace me

Yodel - ee
Yod - el - ee