

# Tindersticks, Seaweed

Would you prefer a stone  
That I chose for you?  
That lay on a beach  
Was just a sea of stone  
Wasn't meant for you  
Jumped into my eyes  
Choice of millions  
Would you prefer a stone  
From your window?  
It walks through the streets  
Feeling young and tense  
The city had to swallow mine for you  
'Cos it's so much strain  
Choice of only a few  
Would you prefer a look  
That was contrived?  
Or a look that says how I [ ? ] with you?  
I have no plans in my mind  
Just kind of go  
Go with you  
A hello or a goodbye?  
My mind is something I don't know  
The truth, why should I lie?  
Just kind of go  
Go with you