

White Town, Thursday At The Blue Note

Well I don't think that I know you
I've never seen you here
Before, although I could be wrong
And though this music doesn't move me
Thrill, or even soothe me
I think I might dance to just this one song

Is that your brother dancing with you?
He's giving me some funny looks
I thought you said you were on your own
Look, I know I'm no oil painting
But my face doesn't need rearranging
And I'm quite attached to all my bones

This isn't the way things were meant to be
Now he's waiting outside with his mates for me
"Thursday at the Blue Note"