

Alison Moyet, Changeling

Radio through my car window
Mouths make shapes
Hullos that look like violence
We pull out
And here the traffic waltzes
Slow, quick, go
Move over you say:

How does anybody get to work like this
Can anybody tell me does it work like this?

I remember when the world was a little girl
Every corner turned leading back to her
Flowing like a stream on a rolling stone
Certain there was nothing changing

Heel to toe,
We throw our forward roll and hope
Something somewhere is catching
Spill onto a boulevard
I lose my grip of you
Move with me I say

How does anybody get to work like this
Can anybody tell me does it work like this?

I remember when the world was a little girl
Every corner turned leading back to her
Flowing like a stream round a rolling stone
Dream that I was never changing
Changing

And in every face I should chance to meet
I'm looking for the one that could still place me
Any corner turned back for her
Dream that we were never changing