

Alison Moyet, So Am I

Our room across is a mile wide
She comes and look now how you are the fireside
I'm watching, she's waiting to show you the pearls in her Betsy Clark eyes
She sighs the whistling winds you sail in
She cries and you are alive
She's saying she's sorry and oh,
So am I
So am I
For ninety seven days that should have been an hour

I know it's all you can do when she's so very near
Praise be the King of the settee and his Guinivere
I'll get up and go out and no doubt
You're giving it all to her, oh

So am I
So am I
The ninety-seven days the fifteen blessed hours
And it's easy as it goes, so am I
How and hour of ninety days will soon run out of time

The weight of the world has the head in your hands
(She's Indian giving again)
You're sorry and sick and you know

So am I
So am I
The ninety seven days and fifteen sodding hours came to nothing
Taken in?
So was I
She's going, going gone and you know that's fine

And so am I