

Everything But The Girl, Talk To Me Like The Sea

All this short summer night long I've been waiting for you
Just to give me a sign that you feel this way too

There are people on the streets for the weekend
But I don't hear them

There are others I could meet for the weekend
But I don't see them

Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city
Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city

I have a dream, of an inky blue sea
You could give up your job and go there with me

I know we'd miss the football and the dancing
There's always something

And you'd worry that the people here'd be talking
But that's nothing

Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city
Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city

In the morning I sit on the train and wonder
If I can go through all this again you know I
Feel like staying till the end of the line this time...
This time, this time, this time

Oh yeah. uh huh.

We come to fight and dream in this fairground of a town
Through the sweet and sickly streets from the airless undergrounds
While the planes fly out of Heathrow taking people late at night
To where the fields are like Australia in the early morning light

Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city
Talk to me like the sea, makes me want to get out of the city

Talk to me like the sea
In the morning I sit on the train

Talk to me like the sea
Hey hey hey

Talk to me like the sea
In the morning I sit on the train

Talk to me like the sea
Oh oh yeah

Talk to me like the sea
Oh yeah, I sit on the train.

Talk to me like the sea