

Joan Armatrading, Moves

Here come the glare
Here come the glare
I cannot see
I cannot see
When you appear
You dazzle

Poor me
Pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves
I picked your face
From a thousand smiles

And now the knees
They start to shake
And all the people
Take a look
And once again
I'm thinking

Poor me
Pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves
I picked your face
From a thousand smiles

And stand there
Vacant
Rooted to the stupid floor
And too scared to think
Get out the door

Water
Running
Down my back
Is this what it's like
Before the soldiers attack

I'm gonna shapen up my act
I'm gonna get ya

Poor me
Pity for me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves
I picked your face
From a thousand smiles

Trying to be
The invisible man
And so scared
In case you don't see
Who I am

I don't want the label
Of an also ran
With the flowers
And champagne

Other guys
Run around
They pick and choose

I chose you
And I don't want to lose

I want you
To alleviate my blues
Just as long as you talk to me
Just as long as you talk to

Poor me
Pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves
I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
Why don't I know
How to make you smile