

King, Platform one

The strength of my imagination
Is tearing me apart
I've wings of snow
Wrapped 'round my arms
I can go anywhere that I want
I would tread water
I would swallow salt
Rather than float with the tide
I'd grow potatoes in a flower patch
You know appearances don't keep you alive
Dance on the cliffs of Dover or the city slums
And head for platform one
Hip hop belu lu lola is platform one
And I'm bittersweet
There's warm sand between my toes
My hands they will be tanned
There's a village somewhere in France
We'll disappear like Monica Rose
Dance on the cliffs of Dover or the city slums
And head for platform one
Hip hop belu lu lola is platform one
And I'm bittersweet
And here's the secret
Believe and you will be it
Ooh hey yeah yeah
And here's the secret
Just believe and you will be it
Dance on the cliffs of Dover or the city slums
And head for platform one
Hip hop belu lu lola is platform one
And I'm bittersweet
But I know I won't cry forever
People never cry forever