

Neneh Cherry, Turn My Back

Posted, stamped and tasted
Letter from me to me
My direct plea
Fruitless and out of season
Came back to me, unopened
Untasted, untried and not tested
I began to see
Fullfill needs silently
Inside we bleed

Right, write right to the country
And tell them I'm sorry I left
My man and 48 kids on the bridge of starvation
Without any gingerbread
Right, I write right to the country
And tell them I'm sorry I left
My man and 48 kids on the bridge of starvation
Without any gingerbread

Give me little leave for the things I need
Give me little love
Give me little peace
Give me this and that

Like freaks we come together after midnight
Abstract in our love
Abstinent and out of reach
I plead for release
Kiss me please, kiss me please
Reality like letting my head go
Like bullet rains in the desert dry
No high, won't change
How low you go, how low you go

Turn my back, turn around again
There it is, there it is again

Bad taste, privet to my tongue
Visions that I have
Become memories like echoes
And that is real at least to me
I got to find a leave for my tape machine
Give me little leave for the things I need
Messenger, metaphors
Abstinent I reform
My Pumas go like machine guns
When I gotta go, gotta go

Give me little leave for the things I need
Give me little love
Give me little peace
Give me this and that
Turn my back, turn around again
There it is, there it is again

Left, right, my left, my left, my right
Left, I left, with my right I step
With my left I left