

Tanita Tikaram, Friends

I wanna be your friend
Can I be your friend?
I wanna be your friend
Can I be your friend?

I could go into your garden
Serve you skin and bone
I could do many manic things
I wouldn't do alone

And as my mother used to say
Get out of the house and learn to play
Join in the circle and meet someone
Get out of the house
I've a home to run

A taste of honey
A touch of warmth
We'll learn to fend and find our favourite haunt
We won't swap gossip
We won't cause hate
We'll take the morning to just contemplate
Where will I be hiding six years from now?
A job in the city?
(Or a child's know-how)
Know how to win favours quite unconsciously
Will this be heroic, or the end of me?

I wanna be your friend
Can I be your friend?
I wanna be your friend
Can I be your friend?
I could talk to all the portraits hanging in the hall
But I wanna be your friend
Or nothing at all