

Tanita Tikaram, Happy Taxi

Criss-cross laces
You have the centre
You have the cinnamon
In the centre
You shouldn't be alone
You should just pick up yourself
And shine yourself
And make yourself fit a bran new maybe
in the side streets
You been walking
I have been walking too
So, you know the faces
You know how they'll flirt with you

Well, I know my favourite language
Well, it trickles down my mouth
If this is me
Being close to you
Being somewhere like the last night we spend together
That is something next to nothing
That is something
So, I got my truth of many colours
I got my fears
Another shade
But when I'm riding my happy taxi
I guess I got it made

Who's that creeping?
In the street there
Who's that creeping?
By your window
She might know something
She might show you some things
You never really want to share forever
Mean forever
'Cos it feels so slow

We drove out like something special
In our special rags
Well, I know that something special happens!
When we drive our sad to happy
We go driving
In our happy taxi
in our happy taxi

I am not the
First street preacher
Not the first to
Want to lead you
Not the first to
Leave your money
Not the first to
Leave your home
Not the first to
Leave forever
Glad to go
When love has gone

So where am I going?
Where am I going tonight?
So where am I staying?
In my happy moonlight
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi

In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi
Would you drive on down
Would you drive on down
Would you drive on down
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi