

Tanita Tikaram, I Grant You

When we were young and you pretended
You were almost bothered as me
Does it make you sad?
Almost sorry as me?
When we were young and you pretended
That the world was ours - how we see
Does it make you sad?
And make you sorry?
Almost sorry as me

I grant you
Time can make a fool of all of us
These words once mine - hang on, hang on
And yet they don't belong
Mmm. They don't belong

Now we get old and you've defended
All the world as it likes to be

Does it make you sad?
Does it make you sorry?
Almost sorry for me
Can you get lost inside a feeling?
Does you almost feel for me?
Does it make you sad?
And make you sorry?
Almost sorry for me?

I grant you
Shine and scare the fool inside of us
These words once mine drag on, drag on
And yet they do belong
Mmm. They do belong

When we were young - and you were grounded
Didn't you ever want to go free
Does it make you sad?
And make you sorry?
You're not a fool like me

When we were young - and we were running
Didn't you ever want to run free?
Didn't it make you sad?
And make you sorry?
To wander who you are
I grant you are
I grant you