

# 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