

Tanita Tikaram, Sunface

Often
Too often closed
With a little beauty
And the right supposing
Suppose I meet you
And make you feel
There is no real reason
Why I be real for you
For you - it's just - a -
A dozen dreamers
This is the way I will it
Sometimes -
I'm sometimes
I'm just, just, just too much
Just too much
And I don't know
And never known
And all I ever want to be
And I can't tell you
I can't tell you
But it's never really near to me
Sunface, sunface, sunface, sunface

And, closing up
And winding down
This little beautiful
This little wonder ground
How would it be
To take your hand
I'm not the easy kind
I'll never understand
And somehow
Make it seem so right
This is the easy child
Who's going to face the light
Sunface, sunface
Some felt it, some felt it
Sunface, sunface
Some felt it, some felt it

And walk around
And touch the view
There is an easy angle
Least that is true
And truth's enough
To make me smile
Everybody's able and
Everybody's trial
And if you're really
High enough
To be the pauper
And take the rough
well the easy time will never be
But your comet's down
And it shines on me
(Just a)
Sunface, sunface, sunface, sunface
Sunface, sunface, sunface, sunface
Sunface, sunface, sunface