

Tanita Tikaram, Valentine Heart

If I was a Londoner, rich with complaint
Would you take me back to your house
Which is sainted with lust and the listless shade
If I could have held you once more with that light
It's nothing to you, but it keeps me alive
Like a Valentine's Day, it's a Valentine's heart, anyway

The king and the ages, they fall by the plan
It's always the tired and the ordinary man
(It's the) challenge it's funny and such
I want to see you again
I want to see you again
It's so simple and plain
But I'll come back and see you again

The lie is the angel, it doesn't exist
I tell you it's funny but you like just to twist all my words
It's a shame you're so young
My word, it's a shame I'm so dumb
I figure a house with the smoke and the fence
The people round here would be pleased
Take my word on this

I would believe just in you, just believe in you
And five days to catch me around with my ring
As I visit the friendships which meant everything to the girl
With the clown's face, to the girl with the clowns face, round here