

Weller Paul

"Clues"

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CLUES - Paul Weller

I'll meet 'cha on a bus at dawn
An open top one if it's warm
And if the flowers are in bloom
I'll lose myself to you

I'll be whistling down a street
You'll hear our footsteps start to meet
Then the craziness begins
An' like chalk and cheese
We'll shoot the breeze
Heading up west - in an open top deck
Trying to remember just what for

Then we'll talk for hours and hours
About nothing much at all
With your long hair falling down - in curl after curl

And I too shy to ask
What I really want to do
Racked, with my own self-doubt
I stumble and fall
Like a fool in love
My mind in the air - heaven knows where
Yeah, heading up west - in an open top deck
Trying to remember just what for

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