

Bertie Blackman

"Thump"

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In the darkest street
Far away from here
I can feel your skin
Stripped and bare
And my only threat
Is a burning cigarette
A smoking face
Upon me, me

So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
It's an illusion
Go get your own
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
Insist upon it
Jump up upon it, yeah
Th-u-ump
Th-u-ump

Now my strength
Is weak
And the sinners
Lie sleeping
And you're all I want
Come here, come here
And if only the night
Was forever, I'd fight
For you, for you
For you, for you

So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
It's an illusion
Go get your own
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
Insist upon it
Jump up upon it, yeah
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
It's an illusion
Go get your own
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
Twist round on it
Thump up upon it, yeah
Th-u-ump

Th-u-ump

Now I see
I'm starting to feel
You're on your way
Running toe to heel
And inside myspace
Is a hidden place
I don't want to wait
'Cause I'm always waiting...

So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
It's an illusion
Go get your own
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
Insist upon it
Jump up upon it, yeah
So c'mon, c'mon
It's an illusion
Go get your own
So c'mon, yeah, c'mon
And twist round on it
Thump up upon it
Th-u-ump
Th-u-ump

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