

## Everything But The Girl "Flipside"

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London, summer ☐2  
I think I've changed a lot since then, Do you?  
Ideas that I'd held for years, emotional baggage,  
hopes and fears,  
Seen somehow in a different light, not as wrong , but  
not as right as they  
Seemed before.  
Was I different then?  
Have I changed?  
And will I change again?  
I'm thinking of a mental free-fall, a partial total memory  
recall like what of  
The future, what of the past, what of the present will  
last?  
And say I did forget and revert to the old days, forget  
this hurt.  
Am I better off or in reverse, untaught by experience  
and therefore worse?  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.

I'm like a coastline, a beach and spit.  
Spurn Point and the rest of it.  
The sea, the tide, the salt and foam.  
I'm the blasted land, the sand shifting, drifting out and  
back, then breached,  
Drowned, defenses down, rebuilt from this day on.  
Or maybe not, maybe my moment's gone.  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.

Am I the same person I seemed to be?  
Does all of this depress me?  
I won't listen, I won't talk.  
A weightless life, I moonwalk.  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.  
I'm supple, brittle, pig in the middle.  
There's resilience inside my face, but sometimes  
nothing.  
Deep space.  
What I feel and what I fear is always here my  
atmosphere.

Pig in the middle  
I mean a lot, I mean a little.  
I mean a lot, I mean a little

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