

Scritti Politti

"Umm"

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RAPPER: God damn, body slam, programme a jam (just push the button)

Now this is a warning, yeah

But you're not listening

Just watch where you walk

Or these footsteps will be your last (you hear?)

GREEN: I didn't know if the sun was shining

I didn't know if it's night or day

I didn't care 'bout the dark cloud, baby

I'm watching Salome

I took a blade to the Vale of Galen

I cut out, baby, I shut down

I took a vow to be true to someone

Who watched my sorrow drown

All of us start, the moon and stars above

Oh all of that hurt, girl, I got to stay in love

All of us heard that nothing else will do

All of the girls say it's gotta be:

I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead"

Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa

RAPPER: Oh shit, it don't quit, so don't trip (just push the button)

Now all soundboy

When you set out on the journey

Make sure you step with surety

GREEN: I'm cuttin' down on the stuff I'm thinking

Too much 'umm' drives a man insane

Promised my world to a girl forever

Now she can't take the blame

I should have gone where the sun was shining

Green can't come to the 'phone right now (my baby)

I could have shone like a dark star, baby

Like baby won't allow

All of us start, the moon and stars above

Oh all of that hurt, girl, I got to stay in love

All of us heard that nothing else will do

All of the girls say it's gotta be:
I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead"
Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa
I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead"
Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa

RAPPER: How many times have I loved you?
How many times have I said I'm thinking of you?
When you was hurting, how many times did I rub you?
Hug you and I dug you, thought nobody's above you
Laugh if you want to or you can even
Walk past if you want to, want to (I warned you, haunt
you)
And in ya dreams I'm a stalk you
I taught, look at everything you gone through

When you spoke of walk through, so sick
And I'm a sick man (man)
Inna sick land (land)
With no plan, same old shit, man
Same old quicksand taking me under
Same old nightclub, same old number
Same uncertainty making me wonder
Same old lightning (quiet) thunder

I'm enda my rope, girl, there's nowhere to run to
I can't stop (stop), don't stop (stop)
Don't stop (stop), can't drop
And I'm getting to my roadblock
I can't let it go to my head
So I wrote you a letter, it said:
You was dead
Yeah

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