

Tanita Tikaram

"Happy Taxi"

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Criss-cross laces
You have the center
You have the cinnamon
In the center

You shouldn't be alone
You should just pick up yourself
And shine yourself
And make yourself fit a bran new maybe

In the side streets
You been walking
I have been walking too

So, you know the faces
You know how they'll
Flirt with you

Well, I know my favorite language
Well, it trickles down my mouth
If this is me being close to you

Being somewhere like
The last night we spend together
That is something
Next to nothing
That is something

So, I got my truth of many colors
I got my fears another shade
But when I'm riding my happy taxi
I guess I got it made

Who's that creeping?
In the street there
Who's that creeping?
By your window

She might know something
She might show you some things
You never really want
To share forever

Mean forever
'Cos it feels so slow

We drove out like something special
In our special rags
Well, I know that something special happens
When we drive our sad to happy
We go driving

In our happy taxi
In our happy taxi

I am not the
First street preacher
Not the first to
Want to lead you

Not the first to
Leave your money
Not the first to
Leave your home

Not the first to
Leave forever
Glad to go when
Love has gone

So where am I going?
Where am I going tonight?
So where am I staying?
In my happy moonlight

In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi

In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi
In my happy taxi

Would you drive on down?
Would you drive on down?
Would you drive on down?

In my happy taxi
In my happy

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