

Tanita Tikaram

"Thursday's Child"

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I swear I wasn't cat-napping
To edge into your life
I didn't notice no sad thing
(It's a sundance)
To the strange strains that you entice
Now you may walk into an ocean view
(Exciting)
It's like you have understood
And I was just talking at you
Talking at you
For the good inside, the good inside of us

Do you send me?
No, you're a kind of dream
But somewhere in the scheme of things
We'll find who's Thursday's Child

We don't have to undo you
Or entertain your kind
Only reason I talk to you
Is 'cos I think you maybe, a heart attack is blind

And checking out your resume
And making out your plans
The kisses are not something we can talk about
They happened - and you laughed about it
Laugh out loud

Do you send me?
No, you're a kind of dream
But somewhere in the scheme of things
We'll find who's Thursday's Child

Once,
Is our boast
Do you?
Would you?
Only excite me

To join us is a talking clock
He tells us everything - we want him to stop
But somewhere in the corner

He's a-laughin', he's a-crying out loud
For some kind of attention which isn't shrouded by
Nicety is something which hangs around this stage
Believe me when I tell you - you can act around it
Mewl and puke about it
I don't want to hurt you
I just want to join in
This is a kindly creamer
A kindly crematorium

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