

## Thomas Dolby

### "Urban Tribal"

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She talked to boys from the far side of town  
And in a while one chose her  
They paint her face, bring gifts for her father  
And shower her with roses

In the early days they used to laugh a lot  
Now they don't even smile very often  
And their eyes seldom meet  
If they can help it...

Urban tribal  
The girl don't have an answer to your call  
Urban tribal  
She won't feed your babies anymore  
She was the last in line  
ready to be taken by motherhood  
Hand on Bible distill the urban tribal  
From her blood

She'll tell it all at confession tonight  
One prayer for hope, one for pardon  
The early moon and the glow from the power plant  
Will light her way back to Harlesden

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