

# Alison Moyet, Changeling

Radio through my car window  
Mouths make shapes  
Hullos that look like violence  
We pull out  
And here the traffic waltzes  
Slow, quick, go  
Move over you say:

How does anybody get to work like this  
Can anybody tell me does it work like this?

I remember when the world was a little girl  
Every corner turned leading back to her  
Flowing like a stream on a rolling stone  
Certain there was nothing changing

Heel to toe,  
We throw our forward roll and hope  
Something somewhere is catching  
Spill onto a boulevard  
I lose my grip of you  
Move with me I say

How does anybody get to work like this  
Can anybody tell me does it work like this?

I remember when the world was a little girl  
Every corner turned leading back to her  
Flowing like a stream round a rolling stone  
Dream that I was never changing  
Changing

And in every face I should chance to meet  
I'm looking for the one that could still place me  
Any corner turned back for her  
Dream that we were never changing