

# Imelda May, TRIBAL

We all got our marks to what or who we belong  
Apart we are weak but together we're strong  
Don't knock one of us or we all take offence  
For a quiff or a crew we can jump to defence  
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing  
Tribal, oh oh oh oh  
Tribal, oh oh oh oh

Fashion is something that comes and goes  
Fickle as fables of emperors clothes  
What you put on tells a lot of your mind  
If you're part of a pack or one of a kind  
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing  
Tribal, oh oh oh oh  
Tribal, oh oh oh oh

Standing in a crowd, I hold my head up proud  
What's right for you for me it may be wrong  
It's great to be different but have something to belong

When you look in the mirror, tell me what do you see  
Someone new or your ancestry  
You're a king, you're a queen, you're a wizard, a fool  
Or if you're me then rockabilly rules  
With the drum that you bring or the song that you sing