

Lisa Stansfield, Take Care, Goodnight

(d. pickerill/p. o'donoughue)

I've been watching the storm clouds gather in the distance
Follow jet planes as they move 'cross the sky
I turn my head from the tv set
I'm drowning without getting wet
Then the man says
La la, la la la la la la

Hey, I've seen children in rags look on up at the cameras
Hold up their hands, wait your turn in the line
One more vision on the screen
Watch from a chair not really seeing

Then the man says

Chorus:
(la la, la la la la la la)
Take care, goodnight
I hope you have a nice, nice day
(la la, la la la la la la)
Tune in, turn on, but forget it and the end of the day
(la la, la la la la la la)

I've seen rich men in mansions
Have their cake and eat it
Then talk about wages, the wages of sin
I still say that it can't be right
To settle down, turn off the light

Then the man says

Chorus

La la, la la la la la la (x3)

I watch the night sky and the stars in the distance
Dreaming of worlds far, far away
I sometimes think that there's much more
Other times I'm not so sure

Then the man says

Chorus (x3)

Forget it at the end of the day
Take care, la la, goodnight.