

Mates of State, Girls Singing

Why does the rhythm get me every time?
It wouldn't if the girls all got along
And maybe I imagined that just like I imagine you

Where is the mirror? Get me to its face
So primitive and yet we all get it wrong
And what a very modern prince
Just like I imagine I know you

Oh my, my
Look what you've become It's the same for all of you
And then it catches up
And you notice what you're made of

Oh my, my Look what you've become
It's the same for all of you
And then it catches up
And you notice what you're made of

Why does the rhythm get us every time?
So primitive and yet we all get it wrong
And what a very modern piece
Always I imagine it in tune