

Tanita Tikaram, Hot Stones

Beat up English
In a beat up town
And I'm beat up black and blue
Oh, I do not have the energy
And I'm beat up street
And I'm beat up tight
And we've been so drawn together, each other
I do not have the energy

And wisdom
Trip over again
Wisdom
Trip over again
You beat it
Stepping stones
Or standing up
I'm shivering on stones
Hot stones

In a wipe down England
With it's worn out grace
With a picture postcard, baby, hallelujah
I love your face
In a wise up England
To a wake up place
Oh, I do not like the way you shower me
No, I do not like the way you shower me
And I do not have the energy

In a beat up England
With a beat up face
It's a why oh why did I ever get lost in this?
It's the tired old hands
Come to tire me out
And the tired old hands
They yearn to shout
But I do not have the energy