

# Tricky, Poems

Tricky :

I confide to anything  
So I have to hide from everything.  
Everybody wants a piece of me.  
You see origin and cease to be.  
Sit back and let it happen,  
Let us take your time away.  
I don't understand you.  
I don't want your time of day.  
If you're gonna walk, might as well walk your way,  
Always up the hallways,  
Forget the punk, I pack the funk.  
I'm gonna take a piece of you.  
Making money for good health,  
But first I learn to see myself (x2)  
You've promised me poems (x3)

Terry Hall :

I rue the day that I ever met you,  
And deeply regret you getting close to me.  
I cannot wait to deeply neglect you,  
Deeply forget you, Jesus believe me,  
You promised me poems.  
You might have been my reason for livin'  
I gave up on givin', gave up everything.  
We were a right pair of believers  
A couple of dreamers,  
So how come you hate me?  
You promised me poems (x4).

Martina :

Dreamed of ringing voices,  
And contemplated choices.  
Taste like a fresh kiss,  
To heighten my awareness.  
With all fairness, greatness, with gratitude.  
And simply rhymes with gratitude  
Now do promotion and TV, and ya still can't see. We  
Down the hill cascade  
And keep away the masquerade,  
Dreamed of ringing voices,  
And you promised me poems (x4).