

Oxford Street

Everything But the Girl

When I was ten I thought my brother was God - he'd lie in bed and turn out the light with a fishing rod.
I learned the names of all his football team, and I still remembered them when I was nineteen.
Strange the things deal that I remember still - shouts from the playground when I was home and ill.
My sister taught me all that she learned there; when we grow up, we said, we'd share a flat somewhere.
When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street.
Where I grow up there were no factories.
There was a school and shops and some fields and trees, and rows of houses one by one appeared.
I was born in one and lived there for eighteen years.
Then when I was nineteen.
I thought the Humber would be the gateway from my little world into the real world.
But there is no real world - we live side by side, and sometimes collide.
When I was seventeen, London meant Oxford Street.
It was a little world; I grew up in a little world.