

Moves

Joan Armatrading

Here comes the glare
Here comes the glare
I cannot see, I cannot see
When you appear, you dazzle

Poor me, pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
And now the knees
They start to shake

And all the people
Take a look
And once again
I'm thinking

Poor me, pitiful me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
And stand there vacant
Rooted to the stupid floor

And too scared to think
Get out the door
Water, running down my back

Is this what it's like
Before the soldiers attach?
I'm gonna sharpen up my act
I'm gonna get ya

Poor me, pity for me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
Trying to be the invisible man
And so scared, in case you don't see who I am

I don't want the label of an also ran
I wanna be the guy
With the flowers
And the champagne

Other guys run around
They pick and choose
I choose you
And I don't want to lose

I want you

To alleviate my blues
Just as long as you talk to me
Just as long as you talk to me

Poor me, pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
Why don't I know how to make you mine?