

Things Happen

Kirsty MacColl

Every Friday night she rides the whole way over town
Just to see some stupid boy who never turns around
He never sees the girl whose dreams have told her he's the one
Still she gets excited whenever Friday comes
There is no reason in love's sweet plan
It's deeper than the sea
Things happen, we fall in love
It just comes naturally

Anyone who saw her in the street would never know
The passion of the feeling she never puts on show
We can not choose the ones with whom we think that we belong
Just when you're not looking someone comes along

There is no reason in love's sweet plan
It's deeper than the sea
Things happen, we fall in love
It just comes naturally

There she stands, clothes around her feet
Choosing what to wear so she can just stand in his street
"Please, oh please, this time I'll make him mine"
She begs of her reflection in her dressing table shrine

Oh, there is no reason in love's sweet plan
It's deeper than the sea
Things happen, we fall in love
It just comes naturally