

Bring Back the Funk

Paul Weller

Once upon a time
There was a time, there was
When the brightest half of the sky
Let us know we were loved
And there was a feeling old and gold
And bold
And beautiful
Something noble, something lost
Safe yet curious

When you bring back the funk y'all
Slip up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
With no place left to hide
No place left to hide

When not only the wind in our sails
Some magic too
Sometimes we forget
Just how high the moon
It was something bright and fine
And in time
Became the world
It would shed stars and bars
All kinds of hearts
Were together again

When you bring back the funk y'all
Slip up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
With no place left to hide
When you bring back the funk y'all
Slip up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
With no place left to hide
No place left to hide

When you learn to speak
Whenever you want or need
When you learn to cry
When it passes you by
It is something, something to me now
It is something, something to me now
Give me something, something to me now

Once upon a dream
In the midnight hour
There was nothing like scene
And we thank the crowd
Now its a feeling tame and small
And though it all
I'll look for word
Just one more night exists
Just what if
We dream't for all

When you bring back the funk y'all

Slip up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
With no place left to hide
When you bring back the funk y'all
Get up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
With no place left to hide

When you bring back the funk y'all
Get up and slide
When you bring back the funk y'all
There'll be no place left to hide
When you bring back the funk y'all
When you bring back the funk y'all
When you bring back the love y'all
When you bring back the love y'all
When you bring back the funk y'all
When you bring back the love y'all
When you bring back the funk y'all