

# 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