Umm

Scritti Politti

RAPPER: God damn, body slam, programme a jam (just push the button) Now this is a warning, yeah But you're not listening Just watch where you walk Or these footsteps will be your last (you hear?)

GREEN: I didn't know if the sun was shining
I didn't know if it's night or day
I didn't care 'bout the dark cloud, baby
I'm watching Salome
I took a blade to the Vale of Galen
I cut out, baby, I shut down
I took a vow to be true to someone
Who watched my sorrow drown

All of us start, the moon and stars above Oh all of that hurt, girl, I got to stay in love All of us heard that nothing else will do All of the girls say it's gotta be: I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead" Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa

RAPPER: Oh shit, it don't quit, so don't trip (just push the button) Now all soundboy When you set out on the journey Make sure you step with surety

GREEN: I'm cuttin' down on the stuff I'm thinking Too much 'umm' drives a man insane Promised my world to a girl forever Now she can't take the blame I should have gone where the sun was shining Green can't come to the 'phone right now (my baby) I could have shone like a dark star, baby Like baby won't allow

All of us start, the moon and stars above Oh all of that hurt, girl, I got to stay in love All of us heard that nothing else will do All of the girls say it's gotta be: I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead" Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa I wrote you a letter and I told you "you were dead" Ooh la la laa, ooh la la laa

RAPPER: How many times have I loved you? How many times have I said I'm thinking of you? When you was hurting, how many times did I rub you? Hug you and I dug you, thought nobody's above you Laugh if you want to or you can even Walk past if you want to, want to (I warned you, haunt you) And in ya dreams I'm a stalk you I taught, look at everything you gone through

When you spoke of walk through, so sick And I'm a sick man (man) Inna sick land (land) With no plan, same old shit, man Same old quicksand taking me under Same old nightclub, same old number Same uncertainty making me wonder Same old lightning (quiet) thunder

I'm enda my rope, girl, there's nowhere to run to I can't stop (stop), don't stop (stop) Don't stop (stop), can't drop And I'm getting to my roadblock I can't let it go to my head So I wrote you a letter, it said: You was dead Yeah