

## Thursday's Child

Tanita Tikaram

I swear I wasn't cat-napping  
To edge into your life  
I didn't notice no sad thing  
(It's a sundance)  
To the strange strains that you entice  
Now you may walk into an ocean view  
(Exciting)  
It's like you have understood  
And I was just talking at you  
Talking at you  
For the good inside, the good inside of us

Do you send me?  
No, you're a kind of dream  
But somewhere in the scheme of things  
We'll find who's Thursday's Child

We don't have to undo you  
Or entertain your kind  
Only reason I talk to you  
Is 'cos I think you maybe, a heart attack is blind

And checking out your resume  
And making out your plans  
The kisses are not something we can talk about  
They happened - and you laughed about it  
Laugh out loud

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Once,  
Is our boast  
Do you?  
Would you?  
Only excite me

To join us is a talking clock  
He tells us everything - we want him to stop  
But somewhere in the corner  
He's a-laughin', he's a-crying out loud  
For some kind of attention which isn't shrouded by  
Nicety is something which hangs around this stage  
Believe me when I tell you - you can act around it  
Mewl and puke about it  
I don't want to hurt you  
I just want to join in  
This is a kindly creamer  
A kindly crematorium

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