

(Still a) Weirdo

Kt Tunstall

No I know I took for granted that things
Would always go the way I wanted oh
I was going to be a treetop
A sea, a boat, a rock of ages

I dont always get it right
I'd see it in a different kind of light

Pay my lip service
Keep it eloquent
Optimistic but
Never quite elegant
Still a weirdo
Still a weirdo, after all these years

I'd always thought it's automatic
To grow into a soul less static
But here I am upon the same spot
Attempting to lift off into space

I dont always get it right
But a thousand different ways
And I just might

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