Moves

Joan Armatrading

Here comes the glare
Here comes the glare
I cannot see, I cannot see
When you appear, you dazzle

Poor me, pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face From a thousand smiles And now the knees They start to shake

And all the people Take a look And once again I'm thinking

Poor me, pitiful me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face From a thousand smiles And stand there vacant Rooted to the stupid floor

And too scared to think Get out the door Water, running down my back

Is this what it's like
Before the soldiers attach?
I'm gonna sharpen up my act
I'm gonna get ya

Poor me, pity for me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face
From a thousand smiles
Trying to be the invisible man
And so scared, in case you don't see who I am

I don't want the label of an also ran I wanna be the guy With the flowers And the champagne

Other guys run around They pick and choose I choose you And I don't want to lose

I want you

To alleviate my blues

Just as long as you talk to me

Just as long as you talk to me

Poor me, pity on me
Why don't I know
How to make those moves?

I picked your face From a thousand smiles Why don't I know how to make you mine?