

# Put Your Records On - Corinne Bailey Rae

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Three little birds sat on my window  
And they told me I don't need to worry  
Summer came like cinnamon  
So sweet  
Little girls double-dutch on the concrete

Maybe sometimes we've got it wrong, but it's alright  
The more things seem to change, the more they stay the same  
Oh, don't you hesitate

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down

You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

Blue as the sky, sunburnt and lonely  
Sipping tea in a bar by the roadside  
(Just relax, just relax)  
Don't you let those other boys fool you  
Got to love that afro hair do

Maybe sometimes we feel afraid, but it's alright  
The more you stay the same, the more they seem to change  
Don't you think it's strange?

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down

You're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow

'Twas more than I could take, pity for pity's sake  
Some nights kept me awake, I thought that I was stronger  
When you gonna realise, that you don't even have to try any longer?  
Do what you want to

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down  
Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down

Girl, put your records on, tell me your favourite song  
You go ahead, let your hair down

Sapphire and faded jeans, I hope you get your dreams  
Just go ahead, let your hair down

Oh, you're gonna find yourself somewhere, somehow