

There was a wayward lad
Stepped out one morning
The ground to be his bed
The sky his awning

Neon, neon, neon
A blue neon lamp in a midnight country field
Can't surround so you lean on, lean on
So much your heart's become fond of this

Oh, these three worn words
Oh, that we whisper
Like the rubbing hands
Of tourists in Verona
I just want to love you in my own language

Well, that smell of sex
Good like burning wood
The wayward lad laid claim
To two thirsty girls from Hornsea
Who left a note when morning came

Girls from the pool say "Hi" (hi)
The road erodes at five feet per year
Along England's east coastline
Was this your first time?
Love is just a button we pressed
Last night by the campfire

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