

You won't count to seven
It's usually 'til ten
To hell with Sydney girls
You're much better than them

On my mattress I've been drawing a line
Where I'll shut my eyes and where you should lie
You should lie
If you should lie
I'll be a lighter of fires
You be the fighter of fires
I'll be the lighter of fires
You be the fighter of fires

Should I choose to stay here now all depends
On buildings, buses, streets, trees, rain and friends

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