

All Tight

Boston Manor

Let's head down to the crater
With no coat and half a litre
Friday nights on the beach
We won't don't even fucking eat
Let's build a fire 'cause
Who needs sleep, not me

I won't lay it on to thick
But it's important to me that these memories stick

Stuck in the middle of nowhere
And I can't afford the bus fare
Never mind 'cause we'll just walk
Go for miles and only talk
The week never fucking stopped us

I miss the times of no money
When everything was what it seems
When I fucking knew what I wanted to be
But I wouldn't change a thing

Growing up gets me down
When the whole world was your hometown
Go away talk to me
When you walked 20 miles on your own two feet
The present is almost over

All tight Euan Cosh
Middle finger's up!

Living for the memory
Drunken nights at the Forgery
Forgot the summer 'cause it's always grey
But I wouldn't change a thing

Growing up gets me down
When the whole world was your hometown
Go away talk to me
When you walked 20 miles on your own two feet
The present is almost over