

Anti-Western

Camera Obscura

Sure to be a loner, I hear you're not the loving kind
Come on darling, I've something in mind

You're too good looking I'm always gonna put up a fight
Give in baby, be mine tonight

You talk about Lee but your words are untrue
Saying that Nancy's got nothing on you
You listen to rubbish I really despise
And tell me that sand is just grit in your eyes

Moved around honey, to stay here now would feel just fine
I'm taking your boots off, I'll keep them with mine

I'm coming around 'cause I know they say we only live twice
Well this is the first life, a need to entice

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