

## Pick Pocket

Iwan Rheon

Pickpockets for an hour or two  
I'm glad I picked you  
We're steppingstones across broken lives  
Our boots are new blued  
And I lost myself out on the street last night  
I told you I could  
Tread egg shells and plastic cups  
And walk with sly lust

Go get her  
Go get her  
Shed water for an hour or two  
Fantasm kung fu  
Our feet can touch the floor if they want  
We're drawn in cartoons  
And we lost ourselves out on the streets last night  
I hoped that we would  
'Cuz icicles will melt or they'll pop  
When this is hard rock

Go get her  
Go get her  
'Cuz we lost ourselves out on the streets last night  
I told you we could  
Saved ourselves for these Saturday fights  
Well most are assured  
They say that I've been waiting way too long  
Well could, would, I should

A liar for an hour or two  
Think this thing through  
No ticking clocks or fear of loss  
Wrapped prayers and shamed truths  
Well if we lost ourselves out on the streets last night  
Then maybe we should  
Throwing these precious and pints  
Hearts flutter and then fine

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I told you we could  
Save ourselves for these Saturday fights  
Most are assured  
They say I've been waiting way too long  
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Pickpockets for an hour or two

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