

Will We Talk?

Sam Fender

Blue Monday
Blaring loudly out the speakers
Fluorescent liquid in his beaker
Another night they've gone too far

She said
"I don't usually do this kind of thing
Does it change the way you think of me?"
Thinking isn't his forte

And she said
"If you dance with me darling
If you take me home
Will we talk in the morning?"

They leave
Weave around the night's commotion
And dodge a Mexican standoff
And catch the cab back to his flat

There's no romance
Sprawled out across the couch
Can't even make his fucking face out
An age old ritual

And she said
"If you dance with me darling
If you take me home
Will we talk in the morning?"

Sometimes I close my eyes
And sometimes I see a sign

She said
"If you dance with me darling
If you take me home
Will we talk in the morning?"