You got the lights on in the afternoon
And the nights are drawn out long
And you're kissing to cut through the gloom
With a cough drop coloured tongue
You were sitting in the corner with the coats all piled high
In a small world on an exceptionally rainy Tuesday night
In the right place and time

When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste And your knee socks

Well you cured my January blues, yeah you made it all alright I got a feeling I might've lit the very fuse that you were trying not to light

You were a stranger in my phonebook I was acting like I knew Cause I had nothing to lose

When the Winter's in full swing and your dreams just aren't coming true

Ain't it funny what you'll do?

When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste And your knee socks

In late afternoon, the ghost in your room
That you always thought didn't approve of you knocking boots
Never stopped you letting me get hold of the sweet spot
By the scruff of your knee socks

You and me could've been a team
Each had a half of a king-and-queen seat
Like the beginning of Mean Streets you could Be My Baby

(The zeros lined up but the number's blocked) (When you've come undone)

When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste And your knee socks