

It was a very normal night
I was attending a party
And I had many different drinks
Made from sweet fermented fruit

I convinced myself
Of certain little things
I convinced myself
On a b-b-bed of strings

That home is just the rent
Where the goodie kids repent
And the blu-tack posters infiltrate my...

I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
I fucking love you
All of the time
I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
And I wanna make you mine

I remember the first time
That I got to kiss you sober
I remember the first time
As if it is right now

I was just myself
Maybe I was less (who knows)
Now I have been both
And I'm convinced

That home is on a bus seat
Home can go without me
Home can reinvent itself today...

I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
I fucking love you
All of the time
I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
And I wanna make you mine
Alright

Sometimes

Everybody's birthday
Signifies their first day
Going it alone in love (love, in love)

I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
I fucking love you
All of the time
I fucking love you
I think you're pretty

And I wanna make you mine

I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
I fucking love you
All of the time
I fucking love you
I think you're pretty
And I wanna make you mine
All mine, all mine