

# Basketball Shoes

Black Country, New Road

Concorde flies in my room  
Tears the house to shreds  
Defines the night as such:  
A home for us, stick insects  
And leaves no trace of luck  
At every market town that we intersect  
I die like fifteen times  
A dark blue stem brings me to their breast

And I'm feeling kinda normal with a packed lunch  
Train rides don't hurt much these days  
We're all working on ourselves  
And we're praying that the rest don't mind how much we've changed  
So if you see me looking strange with a fresh style  
I'm still not feeling that great  
And then it's in soft focus all around you  
You can't see the football game  
On my dad's sofa we are still  
And we never look at our phones anymore

Oh, I can't think of anything better  
Pick a hair off my sweater  
And drown in me  
Like boyfriend jeans  
Oh, I haven't felt this way in like ever  
I am the convo, you are the weather  
And the clamp is a cracked smile cheek  
And it tortures me

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In my bed sheets now wet  
Of Charlie I pray to forget  
All I've been forms the drone  
We sing the rest  
Ah, your generous loan to me  
Your crippling interest

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