

## Hunstanton Pier

Deaf Havana

It was 2004 if I'm not mistake, when the poison hit my lips  
And I haven't looked back since  
I had friends back then and a PMA to match, we were young  
And out of touch with the things we'd grow up to hate to much,  
in time

Back when my hair was long and Phil was still alive  
We spent our days trying to speak, to the girls that left us we  
ak  
But now I'm ageing badly and my friends' been laid to rest  
And the ones who let us in are pushing prams or raising twins

To tell you the truth I'd be lying if I said I didn't hate the  
city  
I need the pier and the fresh sea air of the town that made me

In my heart and in my soul are all the people that I've known  
And the places I called home  
But in my head and in my mind they're all just things I left be  
hind  
Reminders of changing times, and these ageing bones of mine

Lee and me were schooled in a tourist town  
With less culture than Jeremy Kyle  
But it stole our hearts for a while  
And most weekends I found nothing but regret  
Between many a drink girls' legs  
And in many a strangers' bed

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The one's who haven't died or started families  
Are all just working on building sites or battling with univers  
ity fees  
And a girl I used to know made me a promise once  
I wonder if she kept it, or if she even remembers it...

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