

## Birthday Card

Example

I was on my last warning from Mrs Example,  
Clean up my act stop being an asshole,  
Didn't help my debacle,  
I'd just woken up from an all day, all night, filthy (barkle),  
Something quite (bait) about today's date,  
I'd was hard to locate I'd drunk too much Pernod,  
Took another swiipe with my Mach 3 Turbo,  
Then it hit me like a raging inferno.

I don't believe it I,  
Forgot her bloody birthday card,  
She won't be a happy gal,  
Forgot her bloody birthday card,  
She's gonna scream and yell,  
Forgot her bloody birthday card,  
She'll leave me man, she might as well,  
Forgot her bloody birthday card.

I try to keep things relative,  
Never give [?] to myself if I can,  
But I can only think negative,  
Used to tell her shit like I'd lost my pen,  
Now there's a chance I'll never see her face again,  
So I walk a fine line, but it's not the end,  
See I bought her a voucher for H and M,  
She can get a new skirt and she'll look the part,  
And if it don't work pour out my heart,

Look, yeah, I'm going to be completely honest with you,  
You know I love you, you know I respect you,  
At the end of the day, a birthday card,  
It's just a piece of paper isn't it?  
In an envelope.  
Yeah I know a voucher is a piece of paper too,  
Yeah, but you can get a skirt with that,  
Well you can get shoes then.

Wait, nah that's bullshit,  
I can't do that,  
Can't sound like a wanker, (a girly chat),  
So I gotta make a dash for the petrol station,  
Cause their cards are perfect for any occasion,  
I drop my razor and splash my (boat),  
I grab some tracky-d's and a random coat,  
Then I'm on it with a wallet,  
And I hit the pavement,  
I'm running down the street with my face half shaven,

I'm getting stronger and stronger my legs are burning,  
There's still hope yet just a couple of turn-in's,  
See the longer I wander the more I scream,  
She gets here at 10 and it's quarter to.

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I get to the garage,  
Panic scanning the rack,  
99 percent of the range is all crap,  
Happy Birthday Dad, Worlds Best Mother,  
I Love You Sister, You're a Special Brother,  
No other bloody card with a cover for a lover,  
Plus I'm getting kinda stressed as I search for another,  
But this one struck me,  
It's pink and funky,  
With a cartoon print of a drunken monkey.

There's a chance I'll make it I'm nearly done,  
I hand him the coins and it's time to run,  
Now it's 5 minutes too and I'm nearly home,  
I feel a vibration and check my phone.

The message reads, "Honey, I'll be there shortly",  
"I just got off the bus and I've started walking",  
So like Kelly Holmes I sprint the home straight,  
I rip my tracky-d's as I hurdle the gate,  
I crash through the door, I fall up the stairs,  
Looking like I've been in intensive care,  
The Biro's fucked, the pencil's broken,  
I grab a Magic Marker and write a token,  
Of my appreciation for her,  
And the things that make her so per-fect,  
Shit, there's the bell,  
I seal the envelope it should all be swell,  
Look, here she is, my Kiera Knightly,  
She gives me a kiss and I hug her tightly,  
She asks why I've only shaved half my face,  
And sweating like I've just come first in some race,

I got up extra early,  
To exercise and stretch my thighs,  
So I could see my special girly,  
She looks in my eyes and sees my lies,  
With a dubious face she accepts the card,  
She reads it, drops it and slaps me hard,  
I open it up and prepare for doom,  
The text in the card reads Get Well Soon.

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Ok, I admit, yeah, I messed up big time,  
But have I got a surprise for you?  
Yep, nah man, wait for it,  
I booked us a table,  
At Nandos,  
No ser... where you going?,  
Serious, where you going?,

It's only a card!