

Amy

Flyte

In the garden
Capri Suns
With Amy and her sister's
Golden Virginia
In the deckchair
Closing up
Her paperback Bronte
Dark and stormy Mondays

Making rain
Wasting the days
Filling bars
Tuning guitars
All of our friends are tired
Of singing for free, Amy

At the press tent
Throwing shade
With Amy in the folk charts
Breaking into three part
In a transit
Breaking up
While weathered old rock stars
Advertise fast cars

Making rain
As we watch from the drain
Falling stars
Tune their guitars
All of our friends are tired
Of singing with me and Amy