

A Decent Cup Of Tea

Frank Turner

It hadn't been a day when everything had turned out right
She called me up and asked me to come over in the night
To make her cups of tea and listen quietly as she starts
To list the latest list of bastards who have trampled on her heart

I see her in the nightclubs, I see her in the bars
At rooftop after-parties, or crammed into friends' cars
And we talk about the weather, and how she drowns her pain in drink
And I nod and never ever dare to tell her what I think

She summers by my seas
But winters without me
And she cries into her tea
That she's secretly lonely
And oh me, what am I to do?
It's obvious to me
But she never seems to see
That it's not about the days when everything has turned out right
No it's more about the moments when she calls me in the night
To make her cups of tea and wash the weary worries from her head
And then to draw the pain out slowly as I put her into bed

And I slip this information
Into all our conversations
But she never seems to listen
And she never seems to see