Brief Encounters

Franz Ferdinand

We are bored We are married We are young On the edge of the city The edge of Ambrosia Rolls upon rolls upon Rolls upon the tongue

A certain party A certain cul-de-sac A certain outcome A certain piece of me

Car keys choose your keys

Outside alone Crossing a perfect lawn Could it be you Could it be you Or could it be This is what freedom is?

We are brief encounters We all lose our keys We all choose our partners We all choose our keys Car keys choose your keys

Pull back Pull back Into the drive Rigid in the matrimonial superking bed Pretend to sleep Pretend to sleep Come on pretend Yeah, lets pretend

We are brief encounters...