

# I'd Probably Do It Again

Jamie Cullum

I met a girl at the beach  
It was underneath a blazing sun,  
Just like usual I was looking for a little fun,  
I was sitting and chilling out  
And listening to the braking waves  
That's when the day really started to change

Rising out of the sea like Excalibur's sword,  
All the men they're staring and the women they scorn  
A glorious vision, the seventh deadly sin,  
Tall, tanned and lovely like songs from Jobim

I started to gather my one thousand things,  
The sand's in my shoes and my skins' been burning  
It's very different where I'm from  
So its hard to be like a true beach bum  
I just get dizzy in the midday sun

She seems to dance around, she's born for this place,  
Always next to her she keeps the same old battered books  
Sometimes right over her face  
A beautiful full moon party  
She lives in the light of day  
And is she reading 'A Picture of Dorian Gray'  
Okay

She's a towering inferno of restless energy  
But she's as patient as students of ornithology  
She seems to wait for nothing but the close of the day  
Then all of a sudden, just like I had prayed  
I see her start to look my way  
I'm as self-conscious and nervous as a first time virgin drug smuggler  
I'm doing my best to keep my eyes from constantly being obvious and staring  
at her  
I play with my phone, start texting a mate,  
I hope they call back, that sucks  
'Cause I'm here, she's hot and it's great

I take a little walk, over to the bar on the beach  
The other English guys are as burnt as me  
I order a beer 'cause I'm feeling real thirsty  
I know it should be water 'cause this'll dehydrate me

To my surprise as I am sitting here  
She sits right down right next to me and orders a beer  
She speaks just like a native girl, she's humming a song  
I'm resisting every tempting moment where I'm thinking I can just sing right  
along  
Singing along

And now I can't believe it  
But she asked me where I'm from,  
Her accent is thick  
I definitely wasn't wrong,  
I tell her I'm from London  
And she seems impressed  
We start joking about the cold

The wind, the rain and the fog  
Well all I try and do is stop staring at her chest

She'd love to move away and pursue her career  
She studied at the university over here  
She said she had some trouble getting hold of a visa  
I said I would marry her, seem to please her

It was all going well so I ordered some shots (shots)  
It went straight to my head 'cause I was tired and hot (hot)  
This girl she had no problems with all of the tequila  
I was just so shamelessly trying to feed her

I knew I was mangled when I tried to stand  
I had double vision and the room span  
She grabbed my arm to keep me steady  
And she asked me in that cute voice "Are you feeling horny?"

We were staggering up the four flights of stairs together  
I began to imagine me pursuing pleasure  
As we entered the room she began to undress  
She seductively asked me to turn around quickly to increase the suspense  
Closing my eyes was like entering a vortex  
Was I even going to manage to get through the sex  
And so before it even all began  
She battered me over the head with the bedside lamp

I awoke the next morning  
And I was feeling like crap  
All that was left was the shirt on my back  
She must have spiked my drink  
I could feel it in my throat  
On the side of the table she'd left me a note  
Thanks for last night, I don't need a visa  
Why would I move, life is just easier

There's no moral in this tale  
Which I guess is a shame  
Cause the truth be told  
I'd probably do it again  
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