

# Chess

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So long  
Your sleeves don't fall on your wrists  
You're all smiles and limb  
Opened up and wrapped in

Red curls  
Falling on the bathroom sink  
You cut them off and look like a kid  
I run around collecting

Skipping down Green Lanes  
You stole a glass again  
From the pub we play chess in  
They'll never let us back in  
We're criminals and boring  
And we'll never need more than this

Day out  
Riding on the 29  
Fleshing out the storyline  
Pointing at for sale signs

As if  
Golds aren't twenty a pack  
We'll never get our money and our breath back  
We'll never hit the fast track

Skipping down Green Lanes  
You stole a glass again  
From the pub we play chess in  
They'll never let us back in  
We're criminals and boring  
And we'll never need more

We're driving on the West Coast  
Gàidhlig radio  
We love everything that we don't know  
Paris, Texas  
Next exit  
I'm home and I'll never need more than this