

## Bootprints

King Creosote

We sit, we think, we drink, we fall upstairs and dress,  
Confess the mess, our lives are indepressed, we rest, we  
Jest, we love ourselves to death, but reek of garlic  
Breath, and to the bathroom next, we rush, we flush, we  
Brush, we splash on smells, we squeeze, we tease, oh  
Please let me take you now, but no, suppose she knows we  
Really ought to go, she's picking up the phone, just you  
Wait 'til we get home, see we're sneaking home, you've  
Got your ripped jeans on, you leave doc bootprints on the  
Lawn, swearing hard is this the girl I used to know,  
Uncouth words I miss the girl that I fell for, we arrive,  
The wives want clive to show us to our seats, he bleats,  
We speak of things we'd like to eat, we cheat, repeat the  
Order of last week, he shrugs in mock defeat and ponses  
Off to fetch the wine, we dine, goes fine, the girls are  
Plied with drink, we wink, and they chink, and true to  
Form they start to flirt, their skirts are hitched way  
Beyond the decent height, clive smiles with sheer  
Delight, how he'd love to take us all home, see we're  
Sneaking home, you've got your ripped jeans on, you leave  
Doc bootprints on the lawn, swearing hard is this the  
Girl I used to know, uncouth words, I miss the girl that  
I fell for, I hope I'm wrong, it may be drink that woke  
This whore inside, alone, she has a rattling in store.