

## Common Things

Little Comets

When she first gave me coldsores  
On a park bench in Walsall  
I remember the feeling  
As the last of the light  
Dripped with might  
From the palms of the evening  
Like a psalm on the ceiling  
Of her home, of her home

I love those common things I do with her  
TV at six o'clock is de rigueur  
Don't need to fall apart to works of art  
Don't speak no Portuguese in the dark

And we can't be romantic  
Cos we don't live in France yet  
Get our kicks from the frantic  
Little movements of feet  
As I gallivant she keeps an atlas  
Sleeping under the mattress  
So I'm home, so I'm home

Don't need to run along to Chittagong  
Don't need to get to Delhi or Geelong  
Don't need to throw a coin into a fountain  
Don't need to digress in the Spanish Mountains  
Don't need to trek from Santander to Bilbao  
When I've got this better way to find out how  
Cos I love those common things,  
I love those common things,  
I love those common things,  
I love those common things.