

Wakeful aching early mornings  
Prise the desperation from your hands  
Leaning out of bedroom windows  
Books and hooks we steal from last night's bands.

Take a girl's name for the chorus  
Repetition and repetition  
Write it on a piece of paper  
Add some words that I don't understand.

Just drinking formula  
Every think is wasted  
We're drinking formula  
Every think is wasted

Seven years, seven years of implication  
Debonair, critically self-effacing  
Unaware, unaware of hours we've wasted  
Far from here, soluble from weeks spent

Drinking formula  
Every think is wasted  
We're drinking formula  
Every think is wasted.

Cold and clear  
Sentiment is spent  
It's closure  
I'm a tear  
Rolling down  
An endless cheek  
A metaphor  
I'll disregard  
With total mercy.

You're drinking formula  
Every think is wasted.