

Joined By An Ipod

Little Man Tate

Wherever you go, no matter how far
Even if I cannot reach you no more
I know that we're not perfect by far
But joined by the sound of a humble guitar.

Some people say, we're joined at the hip
But we're joined by a playlist,
Where we pick the hits
That got us through some of our worst times
Like broken hearts and dodgy lines
Broken hearts and dodgy lines

Don't know why I'm talking
Cos you don't hear what I say
I'm sure you'd love to listen
But the tune gets in the way

It's not ending, cos we're just at the start
We're not over, just confused and drifting apart
I'd play a song, but I've left my guitar in the car
You'd love to leave, but the headphones won't stretch
That far

Whatever I say, no matter how true
It's seems that I can't get through to you
But as soon as I put my thumb on play

All of the rows go away

Don't know why I'm talking
Cos you don't hear what I say
I'm sure you'd love to listen
But the tune gets in the way

It's not ending, cos we're just at the start
We're not over, just confused and drifting apart
I'd play a song, but I've left my guitar in the car
You'd love to leave, but the headphones won't stretch
That far

It's not ending, cos we're just at the start
We're not over, just confused and drifting apart
I'd play a song, but I've left my guitar in the car
You'd love to leave, but the headphones won't stretch
That far

It's not ending, cos we're just at the start
We're not over, just confused and drifting apart
I'd play a song, but I've left my guitar in the car
You'd love to leave, but the headphones won't stretch
That far