

One, two, one, two, three, four

Any more words? I think you've spoke enough
'Cause the pubs are empty and they're closing up
When you're spitting spite as fast as saliva
But with the prose of a standard English drunk, she says
"I hope the saltwater ruins your clothes
And I hope you spend the rest of your life sleeping alone
I hope the problems that make your life harder
Sit stubborn in your stomach like your kidney stones", and yet

All this, over a kiss!
You weren't there, why you pressed by this?
Now it's turning three in the morning
The bouncer's put you on his third warning
But I'm still here, I'm not leaving

You won't get what you need (All this over a kiss!)
You know it's always the same, it's all just a game
If I had it my way, you'd sleep on the concrete floor
What'd you say to me? (All this over a kiss!)
'Cause I'm not sure
I'm not sure they'd let you off easily

It's a pissed-off march up to the bus stop station
With pissed-up eyes glossed with earlier conversations
And the consequence of your desperation
Is the people on the nightbus have to listen to you!
And all I'm saying is (Woo!)
How can you look at yourself in the windowpane
Without wanting to hit yourself?
But your fist descends through the condensation

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