

# Roller Disco Dreams

Maxïmo Park

We shared a bed but never touched  
Next time we compensated in a rush  
We're showing no signs of fatigue  
I've Got a friend to act as a go-between  
There's a distant drawl to your delivery  
You deliver me.  
And when I'm dry you resuscitate me  
You resuscitate me.

This bed's too tight  
Stepped upon your records in the night.  
Put on your favourite skirt  
I've got a plan that will never work.  
This isn't the first time but it still feels innocent  
I just want to kiss you.  
There won't be a time when my mind strays to you  
No, I'm not going to miss you.

Under fireworks in Brixton  
Two carousel hearts spinning  
If it's a grower  
Why can't we take things slower?

She dreams of the roller disco  
A head full of curls on the pillow  
If it's a grower  
Then why can't we take things slower?

I don't know if you made it  
But you accommodated me  
When my mind was elsewhere.  
Out on deck the dawn arrived.  
In your grey sweater, oversized.  
The rooftops glimmered for our eyes...

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We were straying  
At the lock-in, after hours  
If it's a grower  
Why can't we take things slower?