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...

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?

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

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