

Write This Down

Maxïmo Park

You said you wanted someone just like me
you let me read it in your diary
I'd like to write this out of history
it was an awkward patch
I had an itch to scratch

We spent the summer kissing
in a basement room
learning all the rules
you made them up as you went along
and then your passion cooled
you really had me fooled

I'm not gonna be around
you better write this down
I'm gonna leave without a sound
you better write this down

I didn't really need to hear the facts
but you know me I couldn't help but ask
and now you're telling me I need to relax
I chose the warmest day
to rain on your parade

I learned to love the sickly sweet
in order to meet
all of my body's needs
you swore to keep me in your nest
how could you tell a lie
about the birth of a child?

I won't always be around...
day by day we assemble it all
and then we tear it away

Stealing post-punk posters
from your sister's room
(you opened your diary
I wish you'd never shown me)
Gossamer voices rising from speakers
in a prefabricated plume

Here's an entry for your diary:
dictation - are you ready?

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