

Your Urge

Maxïmo Park

You don't have to deny your urge
It doesn't make you bad.
On our admission the makeweight lifted
Stop dwelling on the past.
I think about the three of us. I wonder how we tessellate
It would've been much wiser to allow these feelings to abate

Empty words, so free of connotations
All dreams come to an end.
Codify your utterance, communicate your needs
Prepare your vocabulary.
My nervous system fails me, my thoughts are becoming fugitive
And when I'm in your arms, I wonder how much I can give

The weekend is a Godsend
The night-time is a lifeline
Another useless fumble
Another drunken stumble.
The pinkness 'round your iris
Reveals that you've been crying
But I don't know what my crime is
I cause upset without trying.

People are judged on their mistakes
And how much money they make
No-one wants to lose their youth
In a trench like this
Visiting the same places
Kissing all the same faces
Building up support
Looking for rapport
I empty out my pockets at the end of the night
Another scrawled first name
Another sense of shame

I need to get to bed before I fail myself again
We got too close that night and I reached out for your hand.

The night-time is my lifeline
The weekend is a Godsend
Another useless fumble
Another drunken stumble

Oh, but the pinkness near your iris
Reveals that you've been crying
But I don't know what my crime is
Behind my crumbling veneer.

My strength is sapping
My heartstrings are snapping.