

# 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.