

Nothing Clever

Old Sea Brigade

Your house near 8 South
I don't remember right but I think that we were high
My mouth near your mouth
Working out if we're aloud to say the things we feel out loud
You wanted me to go first
You waited for me to speak

It's nothing clever
It was the simplest thing
Just a terrified kid
Once he had what he needed
Your skin on my skin
Just feeling you breathing
That was five years ago
It was nearly the spring
That was five years ago
It was nearly the spring

And now we've calmed down
I guess we're getting older
But I still want to hold you
You moved from 8 South
Now I don't drive to see you I could just whisper in your ear
Are we doing alright
Now we don't say it all the time

It's nothing clever
It was the simplest thing
Just a terrified kid
Once he had what he needed
Your skin on my skin
Just feeling you breathing
That was five years ago
It was nearly the spring
That was five years ago
It was nearly the spring

We started this thing on fire
Now we're a quiet glow
It's not like there's no desire
Just so much more we know

It's nothing clever
Was the simplest thing
Just a terrified kid
Once he had what he needed
Your skin on my skin
I miss the way you breathe
That was 5 years ago
It was nearly the spring
That was 5 years ago
It was nearly the spring