

## Number 24

Polly Scattergood

Honesty is killing me  
I feel you burning holes in me  
And ripping open threads  
Like I'm some big enchanting crossword

And I know I have to get back up  
But when I cry, I cry a lot  
And nothing much is going on  
The poet and the Vicar's son

And so maybe next time,  
Likely never,  
So strip the whips  
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,  
Hide the door  
Because it's pretty damn quiet,  
at number 24

And I live in a bedsit in the south  
So bite my nails and tape my mouth  
And pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet  
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting teeth

Fuck me up, sir, and then fade away  
Give me my own "Polly Day"  
And clean my boots or suck my toes  
And pretend like nobody knows

But I'm okay, I'm okay  
You're just fine  
And one day we might  
Have a good day

But maybe next time,  
Likely never,  
So strip the whips  
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,  
Hide the door  
Because it's pretty damn quiet,  
Number 24

And I live in bedsit in the south  
So bite my nails and tape my mouth  
In a pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet  
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting teeth

If I was still seventeen  
If I was twice as nice, if you were half as mean  
Then I might give you a second chance  
To feel the way it maybe should've been

Throw me a line, suck my cherry  
Say you love is dead and buried

And find a blonde girl that looks a bit like me  
Maybe this time you might get it

But maybe next time,  
Likely never,  
So you can strip my whips  
And you can burn that leather

You can paint the keys, sir,  
Hide the door  
Because it's pretty damn quiet,  
At number 24

And I live in a bedsit in the south  
So bite my nails and tape my mouth  
And a pretend life, life's so fucking sickly sweet  
You've got the bitter eyes, you've got these rotting teeth...