

UK

Roy Blair

There's a party at my house
I'd like you to come
Play with the house phone
Cord when you're drunk

She's something out the blue
But she doesn't make me cry
I guess she's sorta like
A dull steak knife, alright

They stop watching
When dinners on the table
A bit late but I've clocked in now
Unwilling and able
Put on my hairnet
My khakis
You, laughing
The wardrobe we live in
I was just wishing
That we could fit in

I won't forget it
Swear to god Imma have my day
One day (yeah)