

Pull up at the bottle o
The lady she wants to know
Why I got my crinkled passport
Instead of my licence
Say I lost my wallet
Life's a bit of a crisis lately

Yeah I'm a little bit sunburnt
A little bit sad
My cheeks are red
And I think I've been had
By that old sun
Tricking me outside
It probably meant for the best
But I'm a reflective surface of light

Jog up the shops for a money dash
ATM doesn't do cardless cash
Catch my reflection in the black of the screen
I'm a disappointing fuck and I don't like what I see anymore

Yeah I'm a little bit sunburnt
A little bit sad
My cheeks are red
And I think I've been had
By that old sun
Tricking me outside
It probably meant for the best
But I'm a reflective surface of light

Guess I'll just stay in tonight
Take my careless losses as a sign
If I get high enough I can pretend that you're here
And that my wallet might just reappear
It's all wishful thinking