

I say admit your a masochist
Pretend you don't exist
We both know you're too awake to go home like this

Go to the doctor
You stressed your mum out
Don't disappoint her again
It's been 3 months now

I'm waiting at your work
We'll take the backstreets home
So you can smoke a second cigarette

Feel it like a warm breeze on our backs
Haven't you always wanted to feel like that?

Our parents raised us
Believing in love
Mine stuck it out
Yours gave it up
But which was better?

My regos overdue
My green slip too
You'll have to walk home but
I'll have a rollie waiting for you
On the back stairs

We'll take them up the hill
We'll yell into the wind
We'll shake hands in our fake wedding rings

Feel it like a warm breeze on our backs
Haven't you always wanted to feel like that
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She says she's a masochist
She says she don't exist
Haven't you always wanted to feel like that?