

# We Will

Rumer

It's over now you've had your fun  
Get up them stairs go on quickly  
Don't run  
Take off your shoes the both of you's  
Leave them down outside the door  
Turn the landing light off,  
No wait, leave it on,  
It might make the night  
That much easier to be gone  
And in the morning who'll be wide awake  
And eating snowflakes  
As opposed to those flakes.

We will, we will

That afternoon we spent the day  
With uncle Frank and his wife auntie Mae  
Well do you know since then  
I've received up to four letters  
All of which repeat the same  
They say thrilled to bits  
Can't believe you came  
We've relived it both  
Over time and time again  
And if there's even a chance  
Or even half you might be our way  
Would you promise to stay

We will, we will

Oh it's not easy pretending that you cannot hear  
Once you've suffered the affliction within  
It's no use in an ending to proclaim from the start  
That the moral of the story's to begin.  
On Sunday next if the weather holds  
We'll have that game  
But I bagsy-being-in-goal  
Not because I'm good  
Or because I think I should  
It's just that well at my age  
I think standing still  
Would really suit me best  
Do we all agree?  
Hands up those who do,  
Hands up those who don't  
I see well in that case  
Will we please be kind enough  
If not on Sunday,  
To go to mass on Monday

We will, we will, we will