Cocksure

Stephen Duffy

The terraces of the Seventies
Are only filled with rain
The cornershops and B roads
Were flattened by the main
Our old estate's still standing
And shaken by each truck
But the house where we first made love
Went down
To let the tarmac up
Headstrong

The wallpaper curled and dirty
The curtain rail pulled off
The first time you cried and scratched my back
I heard your old dad cough
And after on our elbows
We watched the traffic crawl
Underneath the orange lights
And across your bedroom wall

Headstrong
And cocksure
Headstrong
And cocksure

I pick my friends like scabs
None of them heal
And when my finger stabs
None of them feel
Now the nightclubs are shut for you
You must be twenty-four at least
But I'll still come in spirit
First love won't rest in peace

Headstrong
And cocksure
Headstrong
And cocksure

Those were our horizons
Our holiday for two
Just beyond the cooling towers
A panoramic view
I don't remember leaving you
We both were in a state
There always are a lot of girls
Looking for a candidate who's

Headstrong
And cocksure
Headstrong
And cocksure
Headstrong
And cocksure

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