

# 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  
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