

The Dilettante

The Courteeners

Maybe I'll go travelling and marry a French girl, improve my verbs

And I can tell her that I think that her world is nothing short of superb

Get a cheap flight home, and take her to my mothers

Dream up absurd scenarios where I get on well with her brothers

Take her to town and see how new love beats jealousy

You're not the only one, you're not the only one

Who wants to get away, we wanna get away

Let's escape and make mistakes again

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Maybe I'll unravel and seek solace in Paris, get me away from here

Kick my loafers on the banks of the Saint Martin, it's such a preferable atmosphere

And if you happen to be there, go ahead and make my day

And we can chat about the labour reforms like we know, sipping on a Beaujolais

Take me to town and see how new love beats jealousy

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