

The Rest Of The World Has Gone Home

The Courteeners

Mark was there, he was chasing tail, the urban genie
On the door got offered the manners test and he failed
That girl who said she was your friend but you really hated her
was there in her element
As two chunky thick set skinheads gyrated her

I was sulking by the cigarette machine by the back bar
This time you've gone too far
I'll be minding your drink as you go to the RBS Cash machine
Don't sniff keep it clean

What should I do now I am all alone?
The rest of the world has gone home

I tried to paint my feelings through this verse
Just like Neil Young did in the back of his hearse
But you won't hear much of that though in here though
It's full of cheerful chaps who whistle and leer and live on th
eir own

I'll be sulking by the cigarette machine by the back bar
This time you've gone too far
I'll be minding your drink as you go to the RBS Cash machine
Don't sniff, keep it clean

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The Deansgate fireflies they blink and wink at me
I haven't felt this alone since my art GCSE
And don't bother with the tears tomorrow
You're always doing it, you're always doing it
You're always bloody doing it

I'll be sulking by the cigarette machine by the back bar
This time you've gone too far
I'll be minding your drink as you go to the RBS Cash machine
Don't swear, keep it clean

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