

I Will Be Your Pockets

The Zutons

I will be your pockets
Built to hold all of your stuff
Your magazine, your vaseline
I'll hold your brand new powder buff

I will be the cigarette
That you smoke right down to the letters
And be flicked away and stamped on
Cause I knew I won't be better

I'll step to you with tiptoeing feet
(Careful how you go
watch your step, tiptoe)
So I can hear your heart and never miss a beat

I will be your footstools
You go when you need a rest
I woulda walk the miles for you
Had a new (hoof?) for your tread

If I were to be your teardrop
That would be an awful fate
But at least I'd get to touch you
As I roll on down your face

I'll step to you with tiptoeing feet
(Careful how you go
watch your step, tiptoe)
So I can hear your heart and never miss a beat

I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands
And if you're sick, your ambulance
I am here just for you
So give me all your saddest news
If you're tired I'll be your rest
Believe you when you know what's best
I will

Yeah, I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands
And if you're sick, your ambulance
I am here just for you
So give me all your saddest news
If you're tired I'll be your rest
Believe you when you know what's best
I will

Yeah, I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands
And if you're sick, your ambulance
I am here just for you
So give me all your saddest news
If you're tired I'll be your rest
Believe you when you know what's best
I will

I will
Oh, I will
Yeah, I will

I will