

Arab Strap, Confessions Of A Big Brother

I used to be so proud of thinking I was such a liar.
In the covert world of romance, brother, I was just a try-er.
Woman was the enemy and victory the point
where I'd successfully knocked someone's heart out of joint.

And it's hilarious to think I thought by now I'd have a wife,
but I've always been so desperate to give away my life.
Then I just get lazy, I've got everything assumed.
Sometimes there's nothing sexier than knowing that you're doomed.

And I bet you got a fright
when you took that girl to bed,
it was only your first night
when she grabbed your head and said,

"Look at me, hey, look at me,
you don't love me, I can see.
You just want me for some fun,
I might as well be anyone".

I hope you'll reap the benefits of our ten years apart.
When I tell you not give a fuck, don't take it to heart
- try and be a gentleman and always tell the truth
- I'm not just a hypocrite, I'm jealous of your youth.

And I can't give you a lecture on how to be a man.
I've not much advice to offer, no solid foolproof plan.
Even though I was so certain that it's just a bit of fun
I soon got sick of micro-waving low-fat meals for one.

So when you ignore her call
and you just delete her text,
it might make you feel tall
as you make room for the next.

But look at me, hey, look at me,
you know I love you, obviously,
and I don't want to spoil your fun,
but you don't have to hurt someone.