

Arab Strap, Holiday Girl

I'm telling you it's the same girl
She's always there on holidays when you're wee
She never grows and she's everywhere
She was in the lift in covent garden last week and she was in torquay when I was fourteen
She said she was called tina then and claims she was from germany

I watch her from the balcony as she swam in the pool and tanned herself all day
And spying on her from hotel windows when she was playing tennis with her mum and dad
I would try and impress her with my sensitive side by being usually affectionate to my wee brother

There was a royal wedding I dunno which one

But the hotel was a fancy do some sort of celebration thing
She sat at the table she usual sat at dinner just across from ours
It was the I'd first time in my formative years I'd had a drink
A champagne and cocktail affair

Later when there was a dance and all the parent were drunk
And my dad tried to make me join in the conga
I wasn't into it so I went outside and stood on the patio staring at the night sea trying to look date
She came and stood beside me
Her naked elbow touched mine, she turned round and smiled.....but I couldn't say a thing