

Arab Strap, (If There's) No Hope For Us

If our words were once sweethearts,
now they're ugly, violent thugs.
How did our language come to this?
We speak in grunts and sighs and shrugs,

and we never used to let just one spare moment go to waste
now you're hardly ever here, and when you are, you're bored and chaste.

So when did you decide that I was vile,
I've tried and tried to talk but talking's never been your style.

You said we can still be friends but we both know that we won't.
And your mates all laugh and smile as if they know something I don't.

And every night a taxi softly sneaks you up our street.
You used to say you'd broke your phone, now you don't care if you're discreet.

So why won't you just tell me who was there?
There's a buzz about you now, there's something funny in the air.

If there's no hope for us then there's no hope for anyone,
what chance can they have if even you and me can't have fun?
Was it so long ago our friends said we were disgraceful?
But how could they ever know that we could be so unfaithful?

You weren't wearing much of note;
just hold-ups and your long grey coat.
The three-bar fire lit up our skin, we whispered 'cause your Mum was in
and when we went to use the phone and noticed that we weren't alone,
we shrugged and let the pervert see how he could only hope to be.

But that was in the haze of new romance,
when we floated hand in hand right through it's vague, deceitful trance.

If there's no hope for us then there's no hope for anyone...

That's me, then, I'm all packed, you know I need some time to think.
You just keep what you think you might need. I think we both might need a drink.
And all the secrets that I keep, you know I keep because I care,
but now there's no hope left for us so, darling, let's just leave it there.