

Arab Strap, The Drinking Eye

It doesn't matter how hard you try to deny
What I can see clearly with my drinking eye.
You know I'd never stop until I see you cry,
Make you insist through snot and tears that you'd never lie.
Now my Friday nights have many uses.
I can forget what happens and make up bad excuses.
It doesn't need a weapon or much motivation,
Just a bit beer spilt on my Playstaion.
It makes me sure I've seen him try it on a few times before
As I shake my head and sigh, standing halfway through the door.
You might have shared a school, a street, you might've known him for years.
It makes no odds to me, I just want to see the tears.