

Art Rush, Ice Rink

When she was eight
She went to someone's birthday
Someone that he hadn't known
Since he was five
Their parents met by chance
In aisle 6.3
She was invited just to be polite
Just to be polite

One boy and one girl
Same awkward situations

They went to the ice rink
And no-one knew her name
She tried to smile
but they were busy
with their own friends
They went to the ice rink
That day they shared a cake
But no-one cared about him
And that he couldn't skate
He couldn't skate

One boy and one girl
Same awkward situation

When he was fourteen
He made some new friends
Many of them
new and shiny girls
And one girl was
earmarked for him
Though she could not care less
The others pushed
and prodded anyway
They tried to set them up
They tried to set them up

They went to the icerink
And his hopes were secondhand
The girl was nice
but she could not care less
They went to the icerink
That day they all held hands
But no-one cared about him
And that he couldn't skate

His hopes were secondhand,
His hopes were secondhand