

Brettell, You Never Gave Me Your Number

You never gave me your number
I only got yours cause I asked for it though
And in the middle of our get together
You left out.

I really wanted your number
In fact I wanted it so, I just broke down
And when I got it I just tried to text you,
You replied '

'went to college
your moneys spent
got no future, but pay no debts
all your moneys gone
no where to go
any job will do me fine
early morning, weekends off
yellow warnings, got nowhere to go'

And all that Brettell feeling, knows where to go
All that Brettell feeling, which one' his home
which one' his home

Ahhhh ahhhhh ahhhhh
Ahhhh ahhhhh ahhhhh

What a dream
Pick up the bags, get some liberties
Soon I'll be away from here
Step on the gas and hide the fears away
What a dream,
Is true, someday
So true, someday
Be true, someday (Yes it is)

1 2 3 4 5 6 7, can't believe you come from Devon
1 2 3 4 5 6 7, can't believe you lived in Devon
1 2 3 4 5 6 7, all that time you were from Devon
1 2 3 4 5 6 7, can't believe you came from Devon

(Repeat till fade)