

Catch, A New Soul

You're adamant
So loose limbed I give in
Although your bed is warm
The worn springs creak of regret
And lust is the thief who crept away
While we were sleeping
Now you're doing my head in
The lines, the blinds are drawn
We are intimate strangers
I'm reborn, it's a false dawn
Where we've been I forget
And Saturday's fuss is just small town lust
It's me I'm cheating
Now you're doing my head in