

The Courteeners, Bide Your Time

The temptation is all too great
To know it's gone and it's all too late
I tried and I tried, but I never applied
To any of the morals that I wish I had

You wait 50 whole weeks
Through all of your hides and all of your seeks
When the time finally arrives
It dawns on me that your attention derives
From the girlfriend that you left at home
Sitting in the living room all alone

You hate the suntan
And you can't stand to be around the short sleeved man
And the gaggle of girls that are singing too loud
Well, they do my head in

You hate the tattoos
And you can't handle the skinheads, the ones who cannot handle the booze
They're making you scared to be proud
Yeah, you're scared to be proud
I cannot still be
Come and sing your heart out with me

But if you bide your time and you stand there and you wait in line
It won't be long before her sarong is lying on your bedroom floor
But what about the girlfriend that you left at home
Sitting in the living room all alone

You hate the suntan
And you can't stand to be around the short sleeved man
And the gaggle of girls that are singing too loud
Well, they do my head in

You hate the tattoos
And you can't handle the skinheads the ones who cannot handle their booze
They're making you scared to be proud
Oh, is that still allowed?
You're scared to be proud
When you're on cloud #9

And the girlfriend that you left at home
Sitting in the living room all alone

You hate the suntan
And you can't stand to be around the short sleeved man
And the gaggle of girls that are singing too loud
Well, they fucking do my head in

You hate the tattoos
And you can't handle the skinheads the ones who cannot handle their booze
They're making you scared to be proud
Oh, you're scared to be proud
Oh, is that still allowed?
When you're on cloud #9