

The Courteeners, How Come

How come you are always off your head?
And yet you still end up in your bed
With some mint blonde I've never seen before?
And you get away with kicking her face first out of your front door

You get admiration from all of the lads
The mothers take a shine to you, that's not the case with the dads
They have to keep both eyes upon you just in case you make a move
But we know that you wouldn't be so daft and that's what makes you so smooth

So next time you're out, can I stand and watch from the bar?
Just to see if it's true how far
You will take your good looks, your wit and charm
And walk out of the place with sixteen girls on each arm

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