

The Courteeners, Please Don't

Four years and twenty-two shades of blonde
Is all that seperated us
Why couldn't we have carried on?
We could have got married
You could have carried some of my sons

You let me change the radio
Station in your car
Do you remember that time
I raised my voice
Because you said you'd never ever heard of the La's

You continued to get intimidated
But then your finger tips wrapped round those knuckles of mine
The fear walked home and your smile returned
And all of a sudden everything was fine
But those days have passed
And these types of relationship never last

So please don't pretend that we'll stay friends
Because you know as well as I do that that, well that just, it never happens

Well no, that just never happens

How come I always see you out
With those boys that we used to argue about?
You walk over all flustered and stuff
Telling everyone inside
That you've had enough

You spend eighty five per cent of your night
Trying to make me understand
Why you were standing so close while you're kissing him
Why you left that place holding his hand
Oh darling, can't you see
That it's got fuck all to do with me?

Please don't pretend that we'll stay friends
Cause you know as well as I do that that, well that just, it never happens