## Arab Strap, Serenade

And I'd serenade you every night but you'd never be home to hear it. I wrote your name with fireworks in the sky but you never turned up to see it.

So let me take you out and buy you drinks and I can mumble through an explanation. I hear you know that's when you're getting old, when all you really want's a conversation.

Don't get me wrong, I've always had plans for your lips and my lips. The first time I saw you I saw all my future right between your hips.

You're a woman who can teach me stuff. The kind of girl I want to bathe and dance with. But just ignore me now I understand; I only go for girls i've got no chance with.

Look up right now, the sky's on fire. I want your breath when I retire. I want your feet to scratch my shin, to make me bleed and scar the skin.