

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.