Arab Strap, There Is No Ending

Not everything must end
Not every romance must descend
Not every lover's pact decays
Not every sad mistake replays

If you can love my growing gut
My rotten teeth and greying hair
Then I can guarantee I'll do
The same as long as you can bear

If you love my little poofy hands
My skinny arms and reeking feet
The way I dance, the way I eat
If you love the morning spots I try
And squeeze before you're up to see
Each torn ankle, each weak knee

But still my moods must swing
To solitude I must still cling
And you won't love me every day
And suffer many a display

But plates may smash and doors may slam
My comments may be less than kind
But that won't mean I've changed my mind
I'm a huffy prick the best of times

I love to sulf and shout and squeal
But please don't doubt the way I feel
Cause when the Sun burns up the earth
Our progeny will raise a can
Here's to where it all began
And every day I hear the world
Is cracking up, the end is near
I hear we all should live in fear

Bullies, burglers, paedophiles
Bird flu and passive smoke
(They're coming!)
Volcanoes, earthquakes, tidal waves
Heart disease and strokes
(They're coming!)
Terrorists with homemade poisons
And factions everywhere
(They're coming!)
They're drinking in the street
And they could steal your name
And I don't care!