

Art Brut, People In Love

People in love, lie around and get fat
I didn't want us to end up like that
This isn't the first time you've fallen apart
Now you're indulging in just playing a part

The more it happens, the easier it gets
You can learn to enjoy this type of upset
So pass me the wine, a cigarette too
We've about a week and a half to get through

To every girl, that's ever been with me
I'm got over you all, eventually
What becomes of the broken-hearted?
They're drunk for a few weeks,
And then back where they started
So pass me the wine, a cigarette too
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You can tell how bad you feel
By how long you're in the shower
You're in and out in minutes
Whereas it used to take hours

It's not the breaking up,
It's the starting again
Meeting new people, taking them out as a friend
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