

Art Brut, Sound Of Summer

<All through the night
They begin to take shape
From the crack of the vinyl
To the hiss of the tape

Play and record
Held down together
Tabs pushed off
So you can't tape over it ever

Just a couple of friends
Hanging out with each other
We started to swap tapes
To soundtrack our summer

Tapes that are full
Of the things we can't say
To each other
During the day

All through the night
They begin to take shape
From the crack of the vinyl
To the hiss of the tape

Play and record
Held down together
Tabs pushed off
So you can't tape over it ever

It can't be just me
That's working it out
These songs that we've chosen
And what they're about

Are we after the same thing?
Am I crossing a line?
I'm checking the lyrics
I'm pressing rewind

All through the night
They begin to take shape
From the crack of the vinyl
To the hiss of the tape

These songs won't see the sun
Any time soon
Under the cover of headphones
And for the privacy of bedrooms

All the best pop songs
Are girl meets boy
And there wasn't one song
That I didn't enjoy

But I lacked confidence
When I was young
So things didn't work out
The way they get sung

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Held down together
Tabs pushed off
So you can't tape over it ever

A couple of friends
Hanging out with each other
Just swapping songs
To soundtrack our summer>