Elastica, All Nighter

"What'd you mean tig goes while I'm out?"

It's nearly eleven, Do you think we'll stand the test of time
You're a cloud short of heaven, But you know I want you to be mine
And I'm sitting here, And it is getting frustrating

Got to go to the garage,
Got to get some fags and make some tea
Can you lend me enough wedge
Do you want to walk up there with me?
And i'm sitting here waiting, yeah and its getting frustating

Oh we've been here all night
I can feel a strange attraction
And It's getting light
Yeah I can't spur you into action
Do you know?
That someone.. Oh.. Oh!

It's a quarter to seven
Don't you think we've stayed up long enough
You're a cloud short of heaven
But I'd love to see you strut your stuff
And I'm sitting here waiting
Yeah, and it could be X-rated

We could be oh so happy
We could be oh so happy!