

Hot Club De Paris, Hello, I Wrote A Song For You

we broke into the swimming pool after dark
I was sleeping through chains and padlocks
and she was all smiles and thighs
some girls know just how to wink
as they climb lonely steel gates

eyelash to eyelash to
eyelash to eyelash to
eyelash to eyelash to

well she drops bombs and her name is gunshots
and my name is daggers and payphones
because the nights too young
for punk rock kids like us to grow old
and her with the photo of the seas and out of town
and me with my shock realisation that suddenly i didn't nearly say
good morning the local lonely cyclist
and loathsome adoped small town kid
small town kid
small town kiss

she looks good when she looks back to leave
she looks good when she looks back to leave
oh she looks good when she looks back to leave
she looks good when she looks back to leave
when she looks back to leave
when she looks back to leave
when she looks back to leave