

# Kate Nash, Like Maybe

Standing in the bathroom  
Fixing up her hair  
He thought she looked alright  
And she didn't really care  
Cos she had a boyfriend  
Who treated her unkindly  
Didn't speak to her nicely  
Was always sort of icy  
Wasn't complimenting  
Always undermining  
And he had made her cry  
Once Or Twice

And she was like...uhh..maybe?  
And he was like...uhh...yeah tonight!

Sippin by the bar  
On his Stella Artois  
Came here after work  
So he could show her..  
He wasn't just a loser  
Working with computers  
In an office daily  
Making databases  
Seeing the same faces  
Watching time get wasted  
And he could fuck a girl  
Just as interesting as her

And she was like...uhh..maybe?  
And he was like...uhh...yeah tonight!  
Uhh..maybe?  
And he was like..uhh....yeah tonight!

Red light, shadow fight  
In the corner bar  
Spilt a drink,  
Stumbled an arisen opportunity,  
Goosebumps, feeling lovers heart pumps,  
Touching sense, alcohol takes off their edges

And she was like...uhh..maybe?  
And he was like...uhh...yeah tonight!  
Uhh..maybe?  
And he was like..uhh....yeah tonight!