

Mustard Plug, Tell Me

We met on the dance floor,
Quarter to one
Time slipping by like the gin in my cup
And the way you looked at me
I should have known
What was up, yeah

But I'm a fool for a better sounding story
And the way you talk is quite a leap from boring
So I thought I'd just sit around, watch the show
Didn't know then that I was in trouble

All this time
I'm waiting here for you,
My pride is on the line
Tell me, tell me, tell me what it's worth
Tell me. I'm still waiting

Face to face in my bathroom 10am
Bloodshot and underwhelmed in the morning sun
And the way you looked away I should have known
What was up, yeah

But I'm an optimist in spite of knowing better
And I'll break every rule unto the letter
So I thought I'd just, wait around, sort it out
I'd rather be a victim than be a martyr