

# Owen, Poor Souls

Long night. Last call.

Bloodshot eyes from some drinks too tall.

Breathe in deep and I swear to god I'll die if I go home alone tonight.

I raise my head slow hoping to find a girl I don't know

who wouldn't mind showing a good time,

to feeling alright with doing something we might regret in the morning.

You in a cardigan, tired of all your friends.

You, in love with the COCTEAU TWINS bored with your boyfriend.

I want to be with you tonight, with our legs crossed, our tongues tied.

Which one of you poor souls wants to drive me home?

I swear to god I'll die if I go home alone tonight.