The Frames, Roger

Your big mouth, steelish stare
It fills my wings, enough to fly

I sent a letter on a stone
Through your window down the hall

One more day, still stuck in here
I burnt my words, on a beaten stove

I sent my love a golden song
But a simple tune to hum along
She played my hearts strings with a bow
And the bow fire cracked out like a drum

I sent my love a golden song
But a simple beat to tap along
She plays me like a rubber bow
And the bow fire fizzed out with the dawn
I feel in love with a girl called Roger