

# The Streets, Could Well Be In

Cause the last relationship fucked her up  
Got hurt majorly, finds it tough to trust  
Looked at the ashtray then looked back up  
Spinning it away on the table top  
She looked much fitter than Saturday just  
She worked in JD's with Dan  
Back then I figured she was pretty damn rough  
But she was only wearing her work stuff  
And in these clothes she looked more than buff  
She stirred her straw, sat up to adjust  
I told her I thought it was important  
That you could get lost in conversation  
Chatting shit, sitting in oblivion  
With that person who's your special one  
She said she was the worst pool player under the sun  
The blokes go easy so she always won

(Chorus)

I saw this thing on ITV the other week  
Said that if she played with her hair, she's probably keen  
She's playing with her hair well regularly  
So I reckon I could well be in

She didn't looked too bored with what I was saying  
Hair looked much better than the other day  
She had her fingers round her hair playing  
I saw on tele that's a good indication  
She didn't offer to buy the next drink though, nay  
But I suppose that's just our girl's way  
I'm trying to think what else I can say  
Peeling the label off, spinning the ashtray  
Yeah, actually yeah she did look pretty neat  
Her perfume smelt expensive and sweet  
But I felt my hair looked a bit shit  
Wished I had it cut back last week  
She kept giving me this look as she would speak  
Was she only friendly or was she a keen  
Asked her if she wanted the same again to drink  
Just started to turn and get up out my seat

(Chorus)

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She said that her close mates all were  
Always the most important thing to her  
I said I thought it was a bit more blurred  
She asked what I meant by that and she stirred  
I told her about the money and what had occurred  
With it going missing from the living room side  
With my best mates all there standing by  
Right where I left it under their eyes  
So surely one of them might have spied  
What happened to my money at that time  
I felt like they were all smiling on the side  
She was like fair play, she couldn't say why  
She didn't know what all my mates were like  
And I said she just might be right  
Wish I had someone I could always rely  
Someone to get lost chatting to all night

(Chorus)

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As I walked back with more drinks to our place  
She had her phone stuck to the side of her face  
And sat for a minute while she chatted away  
About something with her mum and her birthday  
Played for a bit with the same ashtray  
Thought about things while I sat and waited  
It's nice to chat about the shit in my head  
Someone who just listens to you instead  
I looked at the barman wiping down again  
Looked at the football on the TV set  
Trying to look like I just weren't waiting there  
For her conversation to come to an end  
I looked at my watch and realised right then  
That for three hours been in conversation  
Before she put her phone down, switched to silent  
And we carried on chatting on for more than that again

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