

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 look 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

(Chorus)

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