

The Verve Pipe, Cup Of Tea

I'm visiting
the ground's a little weathered where I stood
right field in my neighborhood
I was mostly last, always least
dig it

At graduation everyone
will throw their hats into the sun
then they'll drop like flies to the sea
this is not my cup of tea

And valerie
the winter won't be keeping her around
I'm nailing leaves to the ground
but it feels like sand underneath
dig it

She's never letting me forget
I've always been an idiot
and at times like this I agree
this is not my cup of tea

Crash

In a wrinkle of steel we are gone
will my last breath be a yawn
watching them sorting debris
this is not my cup of tea