

You Am I, Plans

Brush your hair to some Eurodisco trash
Two prophelactics and forty-five dollars cash
Corduroy jacket and some fifty buck shoes
That can lead like a lamp when they're a scrubbing up new
Sunday best on a Friday night alright
I'll meet you at the corner beneath the Goodyear foot sign
Where all dates are made by mobile
I'll send you a smoke signal just be there by nine

This smoke, I left it for you
To show Mum and Dad your new tattoo alright
So they're my plans, how'd they fit with you?

There's a streetlight for each night your heart hit the deck
This drink says I love you, this drink says I couldn't care less
Kiss me so I know I'm alive
The drinks taste crap but they keep coming til five

Numbers on the wall, I got my ears like a shell
The phone stinks of chips, cheap wine, mouthwash and gel
C'mon we'll drink the last of the rent
And I'll leave my number right down on the strap of your dress

And it's late, and she's Sue
Cos I read it on the back of her boyfriends neck alright
So they're my plans, how'd they fit with you?

Yeah, I had a plan, but how'd it fit with you?