Nervous

Sodastream

Seated by the window don't you know
Don't you know you make me nervous
Though the fire outside is making me feel kind of strange
We'll sit in the dark, talk of purpose and all the

Wishes around our bed
Though the lines are down I think this is coming to an end

Been living too long under sunny posts I had a record
And the record shows and the chorus blows a certain share
In the dark of a Tuesday night I had a reason to listen
To what was said
And the record shows that my heart was thrown against the stair

We had a punishing lesson
And the chips they fell on you
Oh what a comical blessing
Now there's sadness in my shoes
Now there's sadness in my shoes

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