Paris

The 1975

She said "hello"
She was letting me knowWe share friends is SohoShe's a pain in the nose -
I'm a pain in women's clothes
You're a walking overdose in a great coatSo she wrote a plan for it on the back of a fag packet
she had to leave cos she couldn't hack it -
not enough noise and too much racket
"I think i've spent all my money and your friends""oh, how i'd love to go to Paris again"Mr. Serotonin man lend me a gram - you call
yourself a friend?
I've got two left feet and i'm starting to cheat
on my girlfriend again"
I caught her picking her nose as the crowd cheered
for an overdose - and "I don't suppose you know
where this train goes?"There was a party that she had to miss
because her friend kept cutting her wrists
hyper-politicised sexual trysts - " I think my boyfriend's a nihilist" as i said - "Hey kids we're all just the same, what a shame" and "oh , how i'd love to go to Paris again""Oh stop being an arsehole and counting my eye rolls"
"They're like piss holes in the snow!! Uh oh"
Keeping a tab on my health, man you're putting me up on a shelf "we;;, i'll believe you're clean but only by seeing your face for myself"The she pointed at the bag of her dreams in a well posh magazine I said "I'm done, babe i'm out of the scene", but I was picking up on Bethnal GreenShe said i'd been romanticising heroin"oh how i'd love to got to Paris again"

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