

10.15 Saturday Night

The Cure

10.15 on a Saturday night
And the tap drips
Under the strip light And I'm sitting
In the kitchen sink
And the tap drips
Drip, drip, drip Waiting for the
Telephone to ring
And I'm wondering
Where she's been And I'm crying
For yesterday
And the tap drips
Drip, drip, drip It's always the same

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