

# The Shy Retirer

## Arab Strap

Another bloated disco, another sniff of romance I'll forget. We promised to ourselves before we came out we'd do something we regret. These people are your friends, this cunt'd circus never ends. I won't remember anything you say. I lost my social skills a while ago but now I feel them coming back. My eyes were rolling when we met and now they are preparing for attack. I want to fall in love tonight and form the perfect unbreakable bond. You can be my teenage Jenny Agutter, swimming naked in a pond. You know I'm always moaning but you jump-start my serotonin. But how do you know you've ever really loved? But when I feel like this, I know it doesn't matter. When I eat when I'm not hungry, I'm sure I feel my face get fatter. Then I thin out every weekend and I think that she might want me. But I always slip off on my own 'cause I let those feelings haunt me, they control me but tonight I'm letting go. You're more than just a photo album, you're more than what some people let you know and if we ever make it home, I'll tell you all the things that shaped me thus. Something forged in a phonebox but lost in a restaurant, we've got so much to discuss. Here, have you tried the blue ones? I hear he's got some new ones. Sleep is not an option tonight. Look at us just stand and stare, look at them just pose and pout, and we'll all be standing here until the pigs chuck us out.

Songwriters

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