

# The 17th

## The Courteeners

When you come home the neighbours look at you funny  
Thank someone, I don't know, maybe God  
That you're not new money  
So it's up the stairs and lock the world away  
And then it's phone off for the rest of the day  
The afternoon is peppered with regret  
And all the things that you're trying to forget  
Well just know that you're not on your own  
No, you're not on your own  
Yellow Lambretta is knocked on its side  
It's begging you to steal it and go for a ride  
Just let me know and I'll meet you in the 17th  
And you can bore me again with how much you love Halloween  
How much you love Halloween  
Your afternoons are peppered with regret  
And all the things that you wanna forget  
Well just know that you're not on your own  
No, you're not on your own  
If you've risen just the second that the sun goes down  
You wash away your sins and feel the pull of the town  
Know that you're not on your own  
No, you're not on your own  
Everyone can hear you but nobody's listening  
We've got another wedding and another christening  
We have to go to before we get to the summer  
Might have to back door it and do another runner  
Like someone I used to know  
But please don't go there  
Because we're having such a good time  
Having such a good time  
We're having such a good time  
Having such a good time  
The Irish bar is kicking out for the first time  
It seems nobody is playing Shanghai like last night  
So let's find that place with the pink neon sign  
The one that points to you and says, "Do you wanna be mine?"  
Everyone can hear you but nobody's listening  
I wanna be someone but haven't got the discipline  
A perfect picture for everyone to see  
Never get emotional, get another degree  
Like someone I used to know  
But please don't go there  
Because we're having such a good time  
Having such a good time  
We're having such a good time  
Having such a good time

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