

# Same Size Feet

## Stereophonics

A week's too long not to ring  
Re-colors her hair and waits for him  
No cat against dog, just head over heels  
Sex twice a day, best time in years  
Oh no, why hasn't he phoned?  
She has to wait until he's on his own  
Lyin' and denyin' till nobody knows  
I'll tell her this week is what he tells her to keep her on loan  
He'll buy her one day Sex drives, oral highs, cheated wives and spies  
Cream cakes, coffee dates, floral gifts, goodbye  
Passed away, for the day, had a change of kind  
Sex change, too mundane for the average mind  
Haa no, she just can't see where he is or where he's been  
Looked prime and straight like she's always been  
All that she saved for went missin' again She could be, she could be  
She could be wrong  
She could be, she could be  
She could be wrong  
She could be, she could be  
She could be wrong  
It looks like, it looks like the word's got round They found a body in the lake  
Maybe, it wasn't really his name  
Same color, same weight, same size feet  
It's the not knowing that kills you  
Oh no, the clock's stopped slow  
Every time you're on your own  
You hide from the spies so nobody knows  
Scratch through the pages of a lazy days news for a clue  
Still looking for you

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