

Don't Flake Out On Me

Hefner

Don't flake out on me, Oh you promised you'd write before Easter,
And now you damn well know that it's Autumn, and I missed you through those summer months. Oh you
promised yourself you'd stop drinking and I know it's none of my business,
But you were mighty and graceful when sober, but all that gin, but all that wine. We will always talk this way,
Tired and slightly jaded,
We will waste our tears and we'll be waiting years,
For the friends who always promised that they'd phone us. We will always feel this way,
Faintly optimistic,
But we will speak the truth and we will never lose,
Oh the feeling that our hearts could be unbroken. Don't wimp out on me,
Oh I know you've got the strength of 12 oxen,
I've seen you get through these things before,
Just like you've seen me get through these things before. We will always talk this way,
Tired and slightly jaded,
We will waste our tears and we'll be waiting years,
For the friends who always promised that they'd phone us. We will always feel this way,
Faintly optimistic,
But we will speak the truth and we will never lose,
Oh the feeling that our hearts could be unbroken. We will always feel dismayed, it will only ever be OK.
What's the point in getting laid? We're waiting for the better days.

Songwriters

DARREN HAYMAN Published by

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