

# All Nighter

## Gazeebo

It's nearly eleven  
Do you think we'll stand the test of time  
You're a cloud short of heaven  
But you know I want you to be mine  
Am I sitting here waiting  
Yeah, and it's getting frustrating

Got to go to the garage  
Got to get some fags and make some tea  
Can you lend me enough wedge  
Do you want to walk up there with me  
And I'm sitting here waiting  
Yeah, I'm tired of debating

We've been up all night  
I can feel a strange attraction  
Now it's getting light  
But I can't spur you into action  
Sure not alone  
But so on my own, oh.

It's a quarter to seven  
Don't you think we've stayed up half the night  
You're a cloud short of heaven  
But I'd love to see you strut your stuff  
And I'm sitting here waiting  
Yeah, and it could be X-rated  
We could be oh so happy,  
We could be oh so happy.

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