Seconds

Bullerbyne

She, she used to live with his brother
Now she's an unmarried mother with another on the way
He's second rate, twisted out of shape
Oh God, he looks a state, it costs so much to look so rough
They go to town, they like to shop around
And look at all those things, yeah, all those things
They never wanted anyway
She hates his hair that stupid coat he wears
But sometimes second best, is the best that you can get
Oh yes, oh somebody told me
'Cause seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days
But still it feels like morning
The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place
And still it feels like morning
At night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes
And they hit the ground in the morning
But in the morning it's raining
Oh Christ, you're always complaining
Can't you think of something else?
It's nearly new, a bargain basement made for two
And if you blur your eyes you could be anywhere
You want yourself to be
Oh yeah, it's bad, I know you want to laugh, so laugh
But sometimes second best is all that you can get
Oh yeah, oh somebody told me
The seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days
But still it feels like morning
The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place
And still it feels like morning
At night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes
And they hit the ground in the morning
But you're so perfect, you don't interest me at all
You're golden boy fell down
Don't you know he hasn't got a personality?
He said he'd last all night and then gave you seconds, yeah
The seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days
But still it feels like morning
The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place
And still it feels like morning

At night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes
And they hit the ground in the morning
My god, they're still alive, they got it wrong but they still tried
And they made it through to the morning

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