

What Do I Do Now?

Sleeper

Quickly she came dressed up for fame
Riding her perfume downstairs
Make-up like glue she danced round the room
To the sound of her corduroy flares
Lets go to town taxis all round
We could stop for a couple of beers
He looks at it all stifles a yawn
She tries not to look like she cares
What do I do now? Are we going under?
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted
Out the other day, maybe I'm just stupid
Can't we try again?
No-one told me it was raining
Can't face a club they walk to a nearby pub
Watch a couple of bands, draining the glass
They walk home at last, reaching for each others hands
Nothing is said he goes to bed
Dreaming of her on his own
She stays up all week, watching him sleep
Scared that she'll wake up alone
Oh I'll miss you every day of your life
Oh you'll feel it too, you're not that strong
You know I'm on to you
Oh I'll miss you every day of your life
And maybe when you're dead
I'll get some rest from holding on to you
What do I do now then? Are we going under?
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted
Is there someone else? Or am I too familiar?
Was it when I said I wanted to have children?
Tore up all your photos, didn't feel too clever
Spent the whole of Sunday sticking you together
Now I'd like to call you but I feel too awkward
Some things need explaining
No-one told me it was raining

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