

Could Well Be In

The Streets

'Cause her last relationship fucked her up
Got hurt majorly, finds it tough to trust
Looked at the ashtray, then looked back up
Spinnin' it away on the tabletop
She looked much fitter than Saturday just
She worked in JD's with Dan
Back then I figured she was pretty damn rough
But she was only wearin' her work stuff
And in these clothes she looked more than buff
She stirred her straw, sat up to adjust
I told her I thought it was important
That you could get lost in conversation
Chattin' shit, sittin' in, oblivion
With that person who's your special one
She said she was the worst pool player under the sun
But blokes go easy so she always won

[Chorus]

I saw this thing on ITV the other week
Said, that if she played with her hair, she's probably keen
She's playin' with her hair, well regularly
So I reckon I could well be in

She didn't look too bored with what I was sayin'
Her hair looked much better than the other day
She had her fingers 'round her hair, playin'
I Saw on the telly that's a good indication
Stood up to buy the next drink though, "Nay."
Suppose that's just our girl's way
I'm tryin' to think what else I could say
Peelin' the label off, spinnin' the ashtray
Yeah actually, yes, she did look pretty neat
Her perfume smelled expensive and sweet
I felt like my hair looked a bit cheap
Wished I'd had it cut back last week
She kept givin' me this look, cause she would speak
Was she only friendly, or was she a keep?
Asked her if she wanted the same again to drink

Started to turn and get up out my seat

[Chorus]

She said that her close mates all were
Always the most important thing to her
I said I thought it was a bit more blurred
She asked what I meant by that as she stirred
I told her about the money and what had occurred
With it goin' missing from the living room, so
With my best mates all there standin' by
Right where I left it, under their eyes
So surely one of them might have spied
What happened to my money at that time
I felt like they were all smilin' on the side
She was like "fair play" she couldn't say why
She didn't know what all my mates were like
And I said she just might be right
Wish I had someone I could always rely
Someone to get lost chattin' to all night

[Chorus]

As I walked back with more drinks to our place
She had her phone stuck to the side of her face
I sat for a minute while she chatted away
'Bout somethin' with her mom and her birthday
Played for a bit with the same ashtray
Thought about things while I sat and waited
It was nice to chat about the shit in my head
Someone who just listens to you instead
I looked at the barman, wiping down again
Looked at the football on the TV set
Tryin' to look like I weren't just waitin' there
For her conversation to come to an end
I look at my watch and realized right then
That, for three hours, been in conversation
Before she put her phone down, she switched to silent
And we carried on chattin' for more than that again

[Chorus: Repeat 2X]

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