Number One

This Many Boyfriends

The first time I wrote you a letter,
was on the back of a cheaply made newsletter
The words were well spaced and well weathered,
we were number one in a sweaterWe were caught out bathing
In our winter clothes it was raining
Our faces flushed, our bodies shivered
Wet clothes were never consideredYou should be my
Number One
Take some time off
Number One
Two hour train trip
Number One
We never stayed here
Number OneThe next time was warmer outside
Cling tightly to a pair of neon signs
A reflection in the back of a table
We were willing and God were we ableWe were tired and useless
But reinvigorated in our trainers
Holes picked with nervous tension
Parents names never given a mentionYou should be my
Number One
Take some time off
Number One
Two hour train trip
Number One
We never stayed here
Number OneYou should be my
Number One
Take some time off
Number One
Two hour train trip
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We never stay here
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