# Joan Of Arc

## Jamie T

From the Hamilton to the A3
She must have been about 17 going on 18
They used to undercharge her at the overpass
Cigarettes taste best when they taste like daydreams
But the days are long gone now
But she still looks back
Back to the first ever boy she loved
Who didn't love her backMy Joan of Arc
A martyr in my bed
There's three kind words
She never heard saidI was caravans, bands, cans and backseats
She was more diazepam, trams, tans and spreadsheets
Looking back then we both laugh
Funny how you never give a fuck when you're 20
But she was alone then
And it still makes her mad
How the boys used to lead her on
Just to get in her pantsMy Joan of Arc
A martyr in my bed
Her lonely heart
Can find it hard to forgive and forget
The love she once had
Would run as soon as he read
Those three kind words
She never heard saidSo from the anagrams to the flat keys
Spend most of our time now counting back from 30
My old mate Terry just got discharged
At her majesty's pleasure he was never that cosy
But these older days we know now
Though they're not all that
They're some of the best ever days
That I'll ever haveMy Joan of Arc
A martyr in my bed
Her lonely heart
Can find it hard to forgive and forget
The love she once had
Would run as soon as he read
Those three kind words

She never heard said

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