

# 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

Songwriters

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