

Last Orders For Gary Stead

Saint Etienne

Tempers fraying in the Hat and Fan
Gets so hot in there even in November
Heated words from slicked back hair
It's too small a world for some people to share Now Gary stares at an empty chair
Told her "Five or ten"
And he'd join her out there
Not again, she's not going in, she just sighs It's only half nine, there's time
Time for drinking
And still more time
Till he gets to thinking of her She's in two minds
Maybe she'll board up her door
He's into pints
And that's how it goes It's guaranteed he's a funny man
You can bet your life that he'll bring the house down
Always plays such a winning hand
He just cools it down, they should Knight him for it But outside, his former wife starts a solo drive
She's so tired of waiting
When he crawls in
Will she give him a surprise? It's only half nine, there's time
Time for drinking
And still more time
Till he gets to thinking of her She's in two minds
Maybe she'll board up her door
He's into pints
And that's how it goes

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>