

# knee socks

## Skort

You got the lights on in the afternoon  
And the nights are drawn out long  
And you're kissing to cut through the gloom  
With a cough drop coloured tongue  
You were sitting in the corner with the coats all piled high  
And I thought you might be mine  
In a small world on an exceptionally rainy Tuesday night  
In the right place and time When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock  
When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked  
When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste  
And your knee socks Well you cured my January blues, yeah you made it all alright  
I got a feeling I might've lit the very fuse that you were trying not to light  
You were a stranger in my phonebook I was acting like I knew  
Cause I had nothing to lose  
When the Winter's in full swing and your dreams just aren't coming true  
Ain't it funny what you'll do? When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock  
When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked  
When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste  
And your knee socks In late afternoon, the ghost in your room  
That you always thought didn't approve of you knocking boots  
Never stopped you letting me get hold of the sweet spot  
By the scruff of your knee socks You and me could've been a team  
Each had a half of a king-and-queen seat  
Like the beginning of Mean Streets you could Be My Baby (The zeros lined up but the number's blocked)  
(When you've come undone) When the zeros line up on the 24 hour clock  
When you know who's calling even though the number is blocked  
When you walked around your house wearing my sky blue Lacoste  
And your knee socks  
Knee socks

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