Casanova Lament

Frank Turner

I check that I've got all my things before I leave the house,
Because when I'm gone I'm never coming back.
I'm not being melodramatic, it's just I neither have your number or a key.
An evening spent pretending that we're just becoming friends,
Or this goes any further than going back;
I'm not being pessimistic, it's just you and I were never meant to be.It isn't love, but every time I kind of wish it was.I've picked up this silly habit in the last few years of going out
In the evening with my friends into the town,
Of packing a spare T-shirt in my bag in case I do not make it home.
It's pathetic and I know it, but the truth is there've been mornings
I've proved prudent taking toothpaste to the pub.
But that's precious little comfort against the knowledge of the person I've become.It isn't love, but every time I kind of wish it was,
And I can see that in your eyes you wish it was,
But every time I leave you just because
It isn't love.

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