

The Devil-Tips

Arab Strap

If I could always be eighteen
You could always be eight
We'd draw monsters on your wall
I'd keep you up too lateCause getting served in pubs
It's all it's cracked up to be
I dreamt you were wee again
Arms stretched and pining for meCome here so I can help you
Tie your brand-new tie
Brush your coat, and remember
No one laughs if you cryWell fuck me, it's windy
We picked a good day
That's the first drink I've ever bought you
And I'm sure you're starting to sway

Songwriters

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