Bottom Bunk

Graham Coxon

Threw my glasses in the dirt
Tell you 'man that really hurt'
So I'm lying in the bottom bunk
Then he slammed me in the door
Got me feeling pretty sore
So I'm lying in the bottom bunkNow we've gone too far astray
I do believe you've had your way with me
Not much of a holiday
I do believe you've had your way with me
Your way with meVery pretty and you're tanned
But I rather sleep with my right hand
So I'm lying in the bottom bunk
'cause baby things just get too rough
When we get together in above
So I'm lying in the bottom bunkNow we've gone too far astray
I do believe you've had your way with me
Not much of a holiday
I do believe you've had your way with me
Your way with me

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