

Fast One

Tindersticks

Some kind of machine has been hollowed out inside me
Don't know what I became or what I've left behind
See I don't remember when
Something plain about a girl brought me back here again
Stumbled round her house tonight
I could give her a call Stumbled over the curbstone on the way to her door
And I squandered her love
It's the biggest kick I ever got Now I squandered her love
Nothing else hits the spot
Everybody's perfect and yet everybody's away
Everybody's got pictures that they can't contain Yet I squandered your love
It hangs there in my mind
It's an ugly thing I can't leave behind

Songwriters

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