

# All-Nighter

## Elastica

Its nearly eleven  
Do you think well stand the test of time?  
Youre a cloud short of heaven  
But you know I want you to be mine  
I'm sitting here waiting  
Yeah, and its getting frustratingGot to, go to the garage  
Got to get some fags and make some tea  
Can you lend me enough wedge  
Do you want to walk up there with me?  
Im sitting here waiting  
Yeah, Im tired of debating  
[Incomprehensible]Weve been up all night  
I can feel a strange attraction  
Now its getting light  
But I cant spur you into action  
Sure not alone  
But so on my own, ohIts a quarter to seven  
Dont you think weve stayed up half the night?  
Youre a cloud short of heaven  
But Id love to see you strut your stuff  
And Im sitting here waiting  
Yeah, and it could be X-rated  
We could be, oh, so happy  
We could be, oh, so happy

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