

# Last Orders

## The Clientele

We used to do it to ease the tension  
Pretend that sex wasn't our intention  
Even weeks later when they all knew  
It always helped just to have a few But now what's the point  
If we're not going out?  
It only makes you tired  
And it makes me shout Always the last chance for you and me  
First come apologies then the plea  
I wash the walls as you pack your stuff  
I've had too much and you've had enough So what's the point  
When we're not meeting friends?  
From midday to morning  
On weekdays or weekends We could pretend that this never started  
That you're still shy, I'm still broken hearted  
And we'll get pissed just to watch the telly  
I'll get worked up when you flash your belly But what's the point  
If we're just staying in?  
It's a lot of effort  
For one big din

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