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 fewBut now what's the point
If we're not going out?
It only makes you tired
And it makes me shoutAlways 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 enoughSo what's the point
When we're not meeting friends?
From midday to morning
On weekdays or weekendsWe 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 bellyBut what's the point
If we're just staying in?
It's a lot of effort
For one big din

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