

Cross My Heart & Hope To Fly

The Courteeners

How can I create a work of art?
Angled over a dishwasher that just won't start
Domestic bliss are you taking the piss
I need a minute on my own, minute on my own

So I cross my heart and hope to fly,
and fuck right off into the middle of the sky
Where no one can find me
and no one can see, that would be my ecstasy

Our clothes are on the floor and so are our hearts
Your necklace and your pearls are your entourage
A picture, a locket, a ring in my pocket

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