

The Devil-Tips

Arab Strap

If I could always be eighteen
You could always be eight
We'd draw monsters on your walls
I'll keep you up too late'Cause gettin' served in pubs
It's not always cracked up to be
I dreamt you were wee again
Arms stretched out, pinin' for meCome here, so I can help you
Tie your brand new tie
Brush your coat and remember
No one laughs if you cryWell, fuck me, it's windy
We picked a good day
That's the first drink I've ever, ever bought to you
And I'm sure you're startin' to sway

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