

# 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 me Come here, so I can help you  
Tie your brand new tie  
Brush your coat and remember  
No one laughs if you cry Well, 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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