

## All Tight

Boston Manor

Let's head down to the crater  
With no coat and half a litre  
Friday nights on the beach  
We won't don't even fucking eat  
Let's build a fire 'cause  
Who needs sleep, not me

I won't lay it on to thick  
But it's important to me that these memories stick

Stuck in the middle of nowhere  
And I can't afford the bus fare  
Never mind 'cause we'll just walk  
Go for miles and only talk  
The week never fucking stopped us

I miss the times of no money  
When everything was what it seems  
When I fucking knew what I wanted to be  
But I wouldn't change a thing

Growing up gets me down  
When the whole world was your hometown  
Go away talk to me  
When you walked 20 miles on your own two feet  
The present is almost over

All tight Euan Cosh  
Middle finger's up!

Living for the memory  
Drunken nights at the Forgery  
Forgot the summer 'cause it's always grey  
But I wouldn't change a thing

Growing up gets me down  
When the whole world was your hometown  
Go away talk to me  
When you walked 20 miles on your own two feet  
The present is almost over