

Pick Pocket

Iwan Rheon

Pickpockets for an hour or two
I'm glad I picked you
We're steppingstones across broken lives
Our boots are new blued
And I lost myself out on the street last night
I told you I could
Tread egg shells and plastic cups
And walk with sly lust

Go get her
Go get her
Shed water for an hour or two
Fantasm kung fu
Our feet can touch the floor if they want
We're drawn in cartoons
And we lost ourselves out on the streets last night
I hoped that we would
'Cuz icicles will melt or they'll pop
When this is hard rock

Go get her
Go get her
'Cuz we lost ourselves out on the streets last night
I told you we could
Saved ourselves for these Saturday fights
Well most are assured
They say that I've been waiting way too long
Well could, would, I should

A liar for an hour or two
Think this thing through
No ticking clocks or fear of loss
Wrapped prayers and shamed truths
Well if we lost ourselves out on the streets last night
Then maybe we should
Throwing these precious and pints
Hearts flutter and then fine

Go get her
Go get her
'Cuz we lost ourselves out on the streets last night
I told you we could
Save ourselves for these Saturday fights
Most are assured
They say I've been waiting way too long
Well could, would, I should

Go get her
Go get her
'Cuz we lost ourselves out on the streets last night
I told you we could
Save ourselves for these Saturday fights
Most are assured
They say I've been waiting way too long
Well could, would, I should

Pickpockets for an hour or two

I'm glad I picked you