

Could Well Be In

The Streets

Cause her last relationship fucked her up.
Got hurt majorly, finds it tough to trust.
Looked at the ashtray, then looked back up,
Spinning it away on the tabletop.
She looked much fitter than Saturday just.
She worked in JD's with dan.
Back then I figured she was pretty damn rough,
But she was only wearing her work stuff.
And in these clothes she looked more than buff,
She stirred her straw, sat up to adjust.
I told her I thought it was important,
That you could get lost in conversation.
Chattin shit, sittin in, oblivion
With that person who's your special one.
She said she was the worst pool player under the sun,
But blokes go easy so she always won.

I saw this thing on ITV the other week,
Said, that if she played with her hair, she's probably keen
She's playing with her hair, well regularly,
So I reckon I could well be in.

She didn't look too bored with what I was saying.
Her hair looked much better than the other day.
She had her fingers 'round her hair, playin'.
I Saw on the telly that's a good indication.
She didn't offer to buy the next drink though, "Nay."
Suppose that's just our girl's way.
I'm trying to think what else I could say,
Peelin' the label off, spinning the ashtray.
Yeah actually, yes, she did look pretty neat.
Her perfume smelled expensive and sweet.
I felt like my hair looked a bit cheap,
Wished I'd had it cut back last week.
She kept giving me this look, cause she would speak.
Was she only friendly, or was she a keep?
Asked her if she wanted the same again to drink.
Started to turn and get up out my seat.

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She said that her close mates all were
Always the most important thing to her.
I said I thought it was a bit more blurred.
She asked what I meant by that as she stirred.
I told her about the money and what had occurred
With it going missing from the living room, so.
With my best mates all there standing by,
Right where I left it, under their eyes.
So surely one of them might have spied
What happened to my money at that time.
I felt like they were all smiling on the side.
She was like "fair play" she couldn't say why.
She didn't know what all my mates were like.

And I said she just might be right.
Wish I had someone I could always rely,
Someone to get lost chattin to all night.

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As I walked back with more drinks to our place,
She had her phone stuck to the side of her face.
I sat for a minute while she chatted away
'bout somethin with her mom and her birthday.
Played for a bit with the same ashtray,
Thought about things while I sat and waited.
It was nice to chat about the shit in my head,
Someone who just listens to you instead.
I looked at the barman, wiping down again,
Looked at the football on the TV set,
Trying to look like I weren't just waiting there
For her conversation to come to an end.
I look at my watch and realized right then
That, for three hours, been in conversation.
Before she put her phone down, she switched to silent,
And we carried on chattin for more than that again.

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