

It was a very normal night  
I was attending a party  
And I had many different drinks  
Made from sweet fermented fruit

I convinced myself  
Of certain little things  
I convinced myself  
On a b-b-bed of strings

That home is just the rent  
Where the goodie kids repent  
And the blu-tack posters infiltrate my...

I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
I fucking love you  
All of the time  
I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
And I wanna make you mine

I remember the first time  
That I got to kiss you sober  
I remember the first time  
As if it is right now

I was just myself  
Maybe I was less (who knows)  
Now I have been both  
And I'm convinced

That home is on a bus seat  
Home can go without me  
Home can reinvent itself today...

I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
I fucking love you  
All of the time  
I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
And I wanna make you mine  
Alright

Sometimes

Everybody's birthday  
Signifies their first day  
Going it alone in love (love, in love)

I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
I fucking love you  
All of the time  
I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty

And I wanna make you mine

I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
I fucking love you  
All of the time  
I fucking love you  
I think you're pretty  
And I wanna make you mine  
All mine, all mine