

Kitchen

The Courteeners

When the clouds form heavy over me then I'm gonna remember
That dance that you did in the angel outfit in December
Clear the tables and fill the fridge
The tambourines, make the call and dispatch
Clear the tables, the world abridge
For the limousines, go on, put the door on the latch

Too much love in this, too much love in this
Too much love in this kitchen to go to bed
Too much love in this, too much love in this
Too much love in this kitchen to go to bed

When the nights not finished and you're looking for someone to
kick on with
Well just take my hand 'cause I know a little face you can love
with
Clear the tables and fill the fridge
The tambourines, make the call and dispatch
Clear the tables, the world abridge
For the limousines, go on, put the door on the latch

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Your loving is a death, the sun casts a mad man's silhouette
Realization's hard to swallow, we're not going to work tomorrow

There's too much love in this, too much love in this
Too much love in this kitchen
Too much love in this, too much love in this
Too much love in this kitchen to go to bed