

Chat In Amsterdam Winter 2003

Arab Strap

If we're having so much fun then why am I crying every Monday?
Is it just to cancel out the laughter from Thursday through to Sunday?

I spend the next two days in my bed and wonder what its all about.

And as soon as I feel ok I know it's time to go back out.

I've had the same look on my face for the past two lonely years
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24 months of bargain pills and cheeky lines and stolen beers.
In all the pictures that I took my eyes are so black and wide
That you don't have to look too hard to see there's not much life inside

A new home to hang my heart is what I thought I'd never find.
Fate has always intervened and now I've got a girl in mind.
And I'm meeting her next week when we get back to Glasgow.
That's if we ever make it and don't get buried in the Dutch snow.

And if my instincts are right I will fall in love and then
Have a laugh from time to time and you'll never see me there again.

When I get home in the morning Trisha's hosting a debate.
She says if you don't like the fish you're catching you've got to change the bait.