

Confessions Of A Big Brother

Arab Strap

I used to be so proud of thinking I was such a liar
In the covert world of romance, brother, I was just a try-er
Woman was the enemy and victory the point
Where I'd successfully knocked someone's heart out of joint

And it's hilarious to think I thought by now I'd have a wife
But I've always been so desperate to give away my life
Then I just get lazy, I've got everything assumed
Sometimes there's nothing sexier than knowing that you're doomed

And I bed you got a fright
When you took that girl to bed
It was only your first night
When she grabbed your head and said,
"Look at me. Hey, look at me
You don't love me, I can see.
You just want me for some fun
I might as well be anyone."

I hope you'll reap the benefits of our ten years apart
But when I tell you not to give a fuck, don't take it to heart
Try and be a gentleman and always tell the truth
I'm not just a hypocrite, I'm jealous of your youth

And I can't give you a lecture on how to be a man
I've not much advice to offer, no solid, foolproof plan
But even though you're certain that it's just a bit of fun
You'll soon get sick of microwaving low-fat meals for one

So when you ignore her call
And you just delete her text
It might make you feel tall
As you make room for the next
But look at me, hey, look at me
You know I love you, obviously
And I don't want to spoil your fun
But you don't have to hurt someone.