

The Devil-tips

Arab Strap

If I could always be eighteen.
You could always be eight.
We'd draw monsters on your walls.
I'll keep you up too late.

'Cause getting served in pubs
isn't all it's cracked up to be.
I dreamt you were wee again.
Arms stretched out and pining for me.

Come here so I can help you
tie your brand new tie,
brush your coat and remember
no-one laughs if you cry.

Well fuck me, it's windy.
We picked a good day.
That's the first drink I've ever bought you
and I'm sure you're starting to sway.