

The Long Sea

Arab Strap

You've always thought the first time was that night on the boat
Cramped up in the bottom bunk while she slept above
I suppose it's more glamorous out at sea under the moon
Instead of pissed at a party while they laughed there instead
Twenty-three years of foreplay led up to this
But sometimes I envy my friends, sometimes I see a world of opportunity
And what if it stays out there anchored in the middle of nowhere
Maybe we should arrange to meet somewhere
You go out with yours, I'll go out with mine
You always thought the first time was on the boat
And you don't even like boats
When we got one on holiday all you could say was don't go out too far
And what if it never comes back? It just stays out there on the sea
All my favorite memories are of you and all the best times were with you
But sometimes I see a world of opportunity
And I envy my friends, twenty-three years of foreplay led up to this
What if, if it comes back?