

You won't count to seven  
It's usually 'til ten  
To hell with Sydney girls  
You're much better than them

On my mattress I've been drawing a line  
Where I'll shut my eyes and where you should lie  
You should lie  
If you should lie  
I'll be a lighter of fires  
You be the fighter of fires  
I'll be the lighter of fires  
You be the fighter of fires

Should I choose to stay here now all depends  
On buildings, buses, streets, trees, rain and friends

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