

Happy New Year

Camera Obscura

Did the ironing in a cowboy hat
Felt as fresh as the paint in this new flat
I will never tell you what to do
Have ambition simply to see things through

Did you know I could be a lot of fun
I'm aware that friendship can die young
As the glow from the street light bled
Down the Langlands Road we set off the best of friends

I know where I stand
I don't need you to hold my hand

Well, I've tried to get along with you
I have asked myself "What are we gonna do?"
I'm coming round to take a stand
Going to put us together with glue or an elastic band

I know where I stand
I don't need you to hold my hand

I am softer than my face would suggest
At times like these I'm at my lowest ebb
Now I can confide in you
If I cry to set the mood oh please could you cry too

Happy New Year
You are my only vice
Happy New Year
What if we compromised?
Happy New Year
I am open

Do you have to wear a frown like that?
You could have hit me with a baseball bat

Do you want to? (Yes I do)
Do you have to? (So do you)
Do you want to? (So do you)