

It's good that you're home  
It's good to spend a night without him  
Checking my phone for you, baby  
Talk about life, you call me up in drinks in no time

And oh, before you know  
We'll be falling in drunk and I'll be letting you know

That when you wrap me round your fingers baby  
And you make me do that shit that I'd never do  
And you pick me up on Sauchiehall Street  
And I want you to myself again

The bar that you love  
Lock us in and let us keep on  
Singing our lungs on the bar stools  
And I walk her back yards  
You make me fall in love with Glasgow

And oh, before you know  
I'll be carrying you over the threshold

Cause, when you wrap me round your fingers baby  
And you make me do that shit that I'd never do  
And you prop me up on Sauchiehall Street  
And I want you to myself again

And oh, before you know  
We'll be falling in drunk and I'll be letting you know

That when you wrap me round your fingers baby  
And you make me do that shit that I'd never do  
And I piss you off on Sauchiehall Street  
And I want you to myself again