

It's nearly eleven
Do you think we'll stand the test of time
You're a cloud short of heaven
But you know I want you to be mine
Am I sitting here waiting
Yeah, and it's getting frustrating

Got to go to the garage
Got to get some fags and make some tea
Can you lend me enough wedge
Do you want to walk up there with me
And I'm sitting here waiting
Yeah, I'm tired of debating

We've been up all night
I can feel a strange attraction
Now it's getting light
But I can't spur you into action
Sure not alone
But so on my own, oh.

It's a quarter to seven
Don't you think we've stayed up half the night
You're a cloud short of heaven
But I'd love to see you strut your stuff
And I'm sitting here waiting
Yeah, and it could be X-rated
We could be oh so happy,
We could be oh so happy.