

## A Decent Cup Of Tea

Frank Turner

It hadn't been a day when everything had turned out right  
She called me up and asked me to come over in the night  
To make her cups of tea and listen quietly as she starts  
To list the latest list of bastards who have trampled on her heart

I see her in the nightclubs, I see her in the bars  
At rooftop after-parties, or crammed into friends' cars  
And we talk about the weather, and how she drowns her pain in drink  
And I nod and never ever dare to tell her what I think

She summers by my seas  
But winters without me  
And she cries into her tea  
That she's secretly lonely  
And oh me, what am I to do?  
It's obvious to me  
But she never seems to see  
That it's not about the days when everything has turned out right  
No it's more about the moments when she calls me in the night  
To make her cups of tea and wash the weary worries from her head  
And then to draw the pain out slowly as I put her into bed

And I slip this information  
Into all our conversations  
But she never seems to listen  
And she never seems to see