

Brief Encounters

Franz Ferdinand

We are bored
We are married
We are young
On the edge of the city
The edge of Ambrosia
Rolls upon rolls upon
Rolls upon the tongue

A certain party
A certain cul-de-sac
A certain outcome
A certain piece of me

Car keys choose your keys

Outside alone
Crossing a perfect lawn
Could it be you
Could it be you
Or could it be
This is what freedom is?

We are brief encounters
We all lose our keys
We all choose our partners
We all choose our keys
Car keys choose your keys

Pull back
Pull back
Into the drive
Rigid in the matrimonial superking bed
Pretend to sleep
Pretend to sleep
Come on pretend
Yeah, lets pretend

We are brief encounters...