

When I was a boy I lived on Poplar St  
Just a little child with plasters on my knees  
Watching all the world from high up in the trees  
I saw Mrs Moore sleep around with Mr Keats

I feel like a new man  
Red flowers in my bed  
Breathe straight through the crisp air  
Dead flowers in the sand

I am a true romantic  
Free falling love addict  
I am a true romantic  
Free falling love addict, yeah

Mama always called that woman prosti-tits  
For wearing lower cuts than most and red lipstick  
One night Mrs Moore she made her eyes at me  
Pulled me through her door and stuck her teeth in deep

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Red flowers in my bed  
Breathe straight through the crisp air  
Dead flowers in the sand

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Free falling love addict  
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And all your days are gone  
Sitting on the floor  
In your underwear  
Begging me for more

And all your days are gone  
Sitting on the floor  
In my underwear  
Begging you for more

I feel like a new man  
Red flowers in my bed  
Breathe straight through the crisp air  
Dead flowers in the sand

I am a true romantic  
Free falling love addict  
I am a true romantic  
Free falling love addict, yeah

Just another boy who lived on Poplar St  
Tangled up in lust and her exotic needs  
One night Mrs Moore she called collect to me  
I don't love you anymore she said and ceased to be