

# Broken Bones

Lucy Spraggan

He sees life through a two pint glasses,  
Sticks to a bottle like a back stage pass,  
Starting to feel like he's disappeared from view.

Find him in the bathroom, racking one for that dude,  
Out on the dance floor, tracks he can dance to,  
Spilling his drink on his brand new pair of shoes.

In line for a cider, says I'm no fighter,  
Craves that a day on his nine-to-fiver,  
Out with the lads man, he's not scared of you.

Boasts about his black eye,  
But don't be that guy.

Working nights,  
Starting fights,  
Time to take you home.  
Say goodnight,  
Think it twice,  
Sleep with broken bones.

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She's sees a middle-aged used car sales man,  
Decides she needs entertaining,  
She's got it so she can flaunt,  
She's aware she gets what she wants.

He offers her a drink when she throws a wink in,  
She practises this every weekend,  
Takes both drinks and struts away from the bar.

She takes a picture, posts it on insta,  
Looks much better through an iPhone filter,  
Hashtag mean girls get what basics can't.

It might be hard to resist,  
But don't be that bitch.

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Turn it up and forgot your neighbour,  
Take your chances, shot gun reverse,  
You go mental on your vodka and red bull,  
We're here all weekend, it's whatever you're into.

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