

Poor Souls

Owen

Long night, last call
Bloodshot eyes from some drinks too tall
I breathe in deep and I swear to God
I'll die if I go home alone tonight

I raise my head slow
Hoping to find a girl I don't know
Wouldn't mind showing a good time
To feeling alright with doing something
We might regret in the morning

You in a cardigan, tired of all your friends
You in love with the Cocteau Twins
You're bored with your boyfriend

I want to be with you tonight
With our legs crossed
Our tongues tied

Which one of you poor souls
Wants to drive me home?

I swear to God
I'll die if I go home alone tonight