

## 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