

Next Time You Call

The Courteeners

Back down, wind your neck in
Feel the paranoia set in.
All in all, a normal day for you.
A life of people saying, yes
Has left you in a right mess.
All in all, a normal day for you.

You know the feelings that I have for you
You try and reel me in and then you choose
To make me wait a week and then perhaps you will see,
But, I'm not sure I will be there next time you call.

Because I hate you, love
You know that I hate you, love
I know that I hate you, love
Uh baby I hate you, love

Come down, buckle up
She presses her lip to the cup
All in all, a normal day for you.
Sixth street, watch your back
Count the cars that have been stacked.
All in all, a normal day for you.

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