

## The Dilettante

### The Courteeners

Maybe I'll go travelling and marry a French girl, improve my verbs  
And I can tell her that I think that her world is nothing short of superb  
Get a cheap flight home, and take her to my mothers  
Dream up absurd scenarios where I get on well with her brothers

Take her to town and see how new love beats jealousy  
You're not the only one, you're not the only one  
Who wants to get away, we wanna get away  
Let's escape and make mistakes again

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Maybe I'll unravel and seek solace in Paris, get me away from here  
Kick my loafers on the banks of the Saint Martin, it's such a preferable atmosphere  
And if you happen to be there, go ahead and make my day  
And we can chat about the labour reforms like we know, sipping on a Beaujolais

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