

Tip Toes

The Courteeners

Now I'm coming up like the sun

When we were 18, you said we'd meet up when we were 30
And see where the land lies, but now we're fucked 'cause there
isn't landlines
And I don't have your email, just the 0161 and then some
But if you can here this then my sister's got a number for dresses

Table tennis shoes at the cash register
then I register just how much you mean
Turning me on like a fragile wind
Turning into a steam train
Slowly knocking me down and taking me on to the next place
Turn me on to the next phase

Now I'm coming up like the sun,
like that July morning at yours

You've got both hands flat down on the window frame
And I am, I am right behind you
And you are, you are on your tip toes
Your tip toes, you are on your tip toes

The thrill of the thigh as it lies against mine
Underneath the duvet, under the cover of the night
A first team if there ever was one
Making plans in our heads, creating history in your bed
That no one will ever be aware of
Except the gods and next door

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