

# Expect The Worst-'cos She's A Tourist

The Dears

This town  
A likely down  
Well, my summer in Perth was nice  
Gimme Corona  
Aeroplanes  
And buxom dames  
Oh I haven't been sleeping well  
I've been a loner

My heart is aching  
My back is breaking  
It's me  
It's you  
It's me  
It's you

So you've decided on an art school  
So it's not that you were trying to be cruel  
All she wanted was a boyfriend  
Or a means to justifiable ends  
Thirty years ago this wouldn't be  
I was happy  
Last night I flickered off to sleep at four AM  
Now it's seven  
Well, the ocean is long and deep but I'm gonna try  
Maybe I'll die (don't hold me back, don't hold me back,  
don't hold me back, don't hold me back)  
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don't hold me back, don't hold me back)  
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