

Such a Twat

The Streets

Yeah safe man, you ok?
Just calling to ensure you got back in
Hope you coped yesterday, cos I felt well damn grim
But yeah in the air on the plane my stomach was turning
Man I was hanging
head-to-sted on the headrest in pain
Prayed away all my bad sins
Lost count of the plain chardonnays before the fourth or maybe the fifth
In future I need to abstain
If only id had a bit of discipline
But worth every bit of spare change
Pure clowning down to the last drink

(Hang on let me slam the door mate; just pause that thought for a bit)

Why did I have to go and do a stupid thing like that
Coz yeah it felt like we were through though
But I could've ruined it, I'm such a twat

I've been pacing the place well paralysed since I got back in with my bags t
hough
Yeah I'm too aware that last night was way mad slack
I know
Carried in a gang I lost sight of Simone
On her own back at home
Distracted from the fact it weren't right
could have raised up the hand but no
Simone was moaning and that about me playing away on this holiday
She was watching the box at her dad's house
there, preparing spliffs away
As I'm smacking glasses down at George Best's best session rate

(Can you hear me? Na sorry mate your fuzzy mate I can't hear ya)

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(I lost you for a minute yeah yeah I can hear you now)

See I mean that the true thing though I suppose I chose myself to allow
I was weak and stupid but as far as I viewed anyhow
She couldn't have been it for me, the only girl id ever go out with

I didn't want to waste my youth in a girl's house to the sound of spliffs
And when she got in a mood with me in that text about that thing
I just switched off the phone when she started shouting
Coming to a conclusion I couldn't be bothered with anymore rowing

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(Nah nah nah)

And then after shots made me lose the plot
It all got a bit bizarre

And that incident with the ice cream I forgot, it all ended in our vodka
What I can remembers a blotch
I got a fat bruise on my arm
She weren't even much too hot but she totally mugged me up like rah
She knew exactly what she was doing and it all went a bit too far
She was with that bloke in the white top in McDonalds car park
And then she let me chat her up later on in that lovely little bar

(Hello? Ahh fucking phones man)

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(Yeah I think we got cut off, yeah I got crap reception in my house.
I have to stand in a certain spot in my kitchen or it cuts out)

Yeah you know I was potty to even let myself allow it
I would if I could just swap what happened then for right now
And if she ever found out how far it got it would be more than just a row
This whole thing just got on top but its her that I want, no doubt
So in a way its helped me doing wrong
I know I've fucked up now
This is where that dodgy shit stops
She's just gotta not find out

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