

Arab Strap

"Chat In Amsterdam, Winter 2003"

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If we're having so much fun, how come I'm crying every Monday? Is it just to cancel out the laughter from Thursday 'til Sunday? I spend the next two days in bed and wonder what it's all about, and when I start to feel okay I know it's time to go back out. I've had the same look on my face for the last two lonely years. Twenty-four months of bargain pills, cheeky lines and stolen beers. In all the pictures that I've got, my eyes are so black and wide, and if you look long enough you'll see there's not much life inside. A new host for my heart is what I thought I'd never find but fate, as always, intervened. And now I've got a girl in mind, and I'm meeting her next week when we get back home to Glasgow. That's if we even make it and don't get buried in the Dutch snow. And if my instincts are right, I will fall in love and then we can have a laugh from time to time, but you won't see me there again. When I get home in the morning, Trisha's hosting a debate - If you don't like the fish you're catching then you've got to change the bait.

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