

## Streets, The "Such a Twat"

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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 though  
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)

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 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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