

Twang, The "Don't Wait Up"

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Said don't wait up for me cos I'll be gone till well past
three

Yeah it's one of those again where a couple's just
turned into ten

I know it sounds it, it ain't funny
I've just spent the shopping money
It's not my fault she's too good natured
My mind's set on getting wanked
So I drink myself into a state
With a silly grin upon my face

Don't wait up
Say don't wait up

And she'll be waiting by the phone
But it was her decision to stay at home
And all my thoughts for her are gone
But my thoughts for HER are very wrong
And pulling weren't on my agenda
The fact I've got a bird just makes 'em keener
I don't care my tool needs shining
She looks game for a bit of grinding
So we slither off like slithery snakes
With a silly grin upon my face
And I...

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

Now it hadn't crossed my mind all night
Then the convoy went from blue to white
There's faces I ain't seen in ages
They're all out to cane their wages
Proper chuffed that we turned up

Cos a week of work can get you wound up
Jukebox has got a great selection
A little groove might ease the tension
So we bounce around like we own the place
With a silly grin upon my face
And I...

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

And if she was a fly upon the wall
I don't think she'd wanna be my girlfriend any more
And if she was a fly upon the wall
She would see me slowly drink myself into a hole

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

Don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side of me
Say don't wait up
It's just that naughtier side

It's up the bar for one last round
One, two, three, let's slam 'em down
This night's getting pretty lairy
Geezers flexing, looking scary
Some lad tries to call my bluff
The silly boy, there's enough of us
It's a shame man it was going well
It's going off, oh fucking hell

We're fucked

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