

Frank Turner

"A Decent Cup Of Tea"

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It hadn't been a day when everything had turned out
right
She called me up and asked me to come over in the
night,
To make her cups of tea and listen quietly as she starts
To list the latest list of bastards who have trampled on
her heart.

I see her in the nightclubs, I see her in the bars,
At rooftop after-parties, or crammed into friends' cars,
And we talk about the weather, and how she drowns
her pain in drink,
And I nod and never ever dare to tell her what I think.

She summers by my seas
But winters without me,
And she cries into her tea
That she's secretly lonely.
And oh me, what am I to do?
It's obvious to me,
But she never seems to see
That it's not about the days when everything has turned
out right,
No it's more about the moments when she calls me in
the night
To make her cups of tea and wash the weary worries
from her head
And then to draw the pain out slowly as I put her into
bed.

And I slip this information
Into all our conversations
But she never seems to listen
And she never seems to see.

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