

## **Graham Coxon**

### **"Bottom Bunk"**

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Threw my glasses in the dirt  
Tell you 'man that really hurt  
So I'm lying in the bottom bunk

Then he slammed me in the door  
Got me feeling pretty sore  
So I'm lying in the bottom bunk

Now we've gone too far astray  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Not much of a holiday  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Your way with me

Very pretty and you're tanned  
But I rather sleep with my right hand  
So I'm lying in the bottom bunk  
'Cause baby things just get too rough  
When we get together in above  
So, I'm lying in the bottom bunk

Now we've gone too far astray  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Not much of a holiday  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Your way with me

Now we've gone too far astray  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Not much of a holiday  
I do believe you've had your way with me  
Your way with me

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