

Jeans

"Baltic Ballet"

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Remember the curse we called sixteen and that summer was the hottest it had ever been we went walking just walking through those brown brick rows called the suburbs the only world that anyone there knows you almost lost your balance walking the fence one side was cold like ice the other hot like fire events spiralled just like some baltic ballet and given half the chance to do it over could you do it again remember the joy we called eighteen and that summer we were more drunk than we'd ever been and the night time always heralded something new and the only thing we needed was me and just me and you yeah I was singing your tune every afternoon I kept on singing your tune remember do you only you could love this I got a gut when I sit down it seems that you don't even care at all and those summer tunes can make you forget almost anything you want to

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