

King Creosote

"Bootprints"

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We sit, we think, we drink, we fall upstairs and dress,
Confess the mess, our lives are indepressed, we rest,
we
Jest, we love ourselves to death, but reek of garlic
Breath, and to the bathroom next, we rush, we flush,
we
Brush, we splash on smells, we squeeze, we tease, oh
Please let me take you now, but no, suppose she knows
we
Really ought to go, she's picking up the phone, just you
Wait 'til we get home, see we're sneaking home, you've
Got your ripped jeans on, you leave doc bootprints on
the
Lawn, swearing hard is this the girl I used to know,
Uncouth words I miss the girl that I fell for, we arrive,
The wives want clive to show us to our seats, he bleats,
We speak of things we'd like to eat, we cheat, repeat
the
Order of last week, he shrugs in mock defeat and
ponses
Off to fetch the wine, we dine, goes fine, the girls are
Plied with drink, we wink, and they chink, and true to
Form they start to flirt, their skirts are hitched way
Beyond the decent height, clive smiles with sheer
Delight, how he'd love to take us all home, see we're
Sneaking home, you've got your ripped jeans on, you
leave
Doc bootprints on the lawn, swearing hard is this the
Girl I used to know, uncouth words, I miss the girl that
I fell for, I hope I'm wrong, it may be drink that woke
This whore inside, alone, she has a rattling in store.

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