

Little Man Tate "European Lover"

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Would believe me, if I told you that I'm sorry
I didn't mean to make you sad
When I heard that you were leaving home to travel
I didn't get chance to take it back
But what I wanna know is...

How was London, how was Crete?
How was Amsterdam and gay Parie?
How was Barcelona and Sciliy?
And did you spare a little thought for me?
Did you spare a little thought for me?
(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?

Do you remember when we queued outside forever?
Just to go and get IDed
I walked you home, you blagged a bottle of Sambucca
And you tasted of Aniseed
But what I wanna know is...

How was London, how was Crete?
How was Amsterdam and gay Parie?
How was Barcelona and Sciliy?
And did you spare a little thought for me?
(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?
(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?

I saw your dad last week
He told me you'd got married
He was glad you settled down
I told him if you ever came back home to visit
To ask you to pop around
Cause what I wanna know is...

How was London, how was Crete?
How was Amsterdam and gay Parie?
How was Barcelona and Sciliy?
And did you spare a little thought for me?
(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?

(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?
How was London, how was Crete?
How was Amsterdam and gay Parie?
How was Barcelona and Sciliy?
And did you spare a little thought for me?
(Oh Angelene)
Did you spare a little thought for me?

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