

# **This Town Needs Guns**

## **"Wanna Come Back To My Room And Listen To Some Belle And Sebastian?"**

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Another night with my friends that I'm starting to regret  
Another drink and I'm anyones, smoke fills the air.  
Walking back to the bar I catch a glimpse of a face that  
I recognise.  
It's not long before she carries me away to the dance  
floor,  
To 'get down with my bad-self' and hold her in my  
arms.

Only then do I see that we're destined for failure  
Cos the shapes that she makes are like pen down to  
paper  
And the lines that she draws are like maps  
To my heart.

So long this night.  
It's not quite our time.  
Now there's nothing left to say,  
Just goodnight.

Walking out to the street my head swims through seas  
And we start the float back home.  
Catching feet on the cracks in the pavement,  
We sing the songs that made our evening,  
But a thousand sickly sweet love songs are a shadow  
on the spark you've ignited in me.

See you're not for these blue eyes turned an envious  
green.  
You were made for a man much better than me.  
If I believe this or not is irrelevant,  
It's clear to me now that we were never meant to be.

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