

Courteeners "Please Don't"

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four years and twenty two shades of blonde
is all that seperated us,
why couldn't we have carried on?
we could have got married,
you could have carried some of my sons.

you let me change the radio station in your car,
do you remember that time i raised my voice
because you said you'd never ever heard of the La's?

you continued to get intimidated,
but then your finger tips wrapped round those knuckles
of mine,
the fear walked home and your smile returned,
and all of a sudden everything was fine.

but those days have passed
and these types of relationship never last.

so please don't pretend that we'll stay friends,
because you know as well as i do that that,
well that just, it never happens,
well no that just never happens.

how come i always see you out
with those boys that we used to argue about?
you walk over all flustered and stuff
telling everyone inside that you've had enough.

you spend eighty five per cent of your night
trying to make me understand
why you were standing so close while you're kissing
him.
and why you left that place holding his hand,
oh darling can't you see that it's got fuck all to do with
me?

please don't pretend that we'll stay friends,
cos you know as well as i do that that,
well that just, it never happens

