This Many Boyfriends "Number One"

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The first time I wrote you a letter, was on the back of a cheaply made newsletter The words were well spaced and well weathered, we were number one in a sweater

We were caught out bathing
In our winter clothes it was raining
Our faces flushed, our bodies shivered
Wet clothes were never considered

You should be my
Number One
Take some time off
Number One
Two hour train trip
Number One
We never stayed here
Number One

The next time was warmer outside Cling tightly to a pair of neon signs A reflection in the back of a table We were willing and God were we able

We were tired and useless
But reinvigorated in our trainers
Holes picked with nervous tension
Parents names never given a mention

You should be my
Number One
Take some time off
Number One
Two hour train trip
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We never stayed here
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You should be my Number One Take some time off Number One Two hour train trip Number One We never stay here Number One

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