

Johnny Foreigner

"Sometimes In The Bullring"

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I can't lose you in crowded rooms,
But this year we're not linking arms.
Slow walk out of the barfly,
Cold air and taxis and I'm biting my lip cos I know why
We're dragged here.
If you think this is primitive,
I can dye my hair and you can call me tracey tracey.

Just me and her and a casio.
I got a plan, new maps everyday,
I have found a happy obsession.
I might be drunk but at least I'm standing up,
And in this place, gestures are all we've got.

I will wait for you outside carpark,

Outside busy shopping centres,
I will wait for you at work when all your early shifts
Run late.
And sometimes in the bullring and always when you're
Sleeping,
I will look at your hands and think,
I could never explain what you had.
How some of us just don't quit.
Crossing the same lines since 1999.

How it's not hard to break your heart,
Sings jeff buckley across the bar,
Feel no shame for what you are,
Six years shame in what we are.
Me and her and a casio.

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