

Paul Heaton

"Barstool"

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Whilst other couples look for love
In a love so obviously dead
Ours still takes us by surprise
Like a bar-stool over the head

Whilst she cowers away in a cupboard
And he cowers away in the she'd
Ours still takes us from behind
Like a bar-stool over the head

We could swap this helter-skelter ride
And take tranquility instead
But excitement and uncertainty
Are the girl you actually wed

For so many love is a minefield
Spent fearing where you tread
But ours just flies across the room
Like a bar-stool aimed at head

And if your down on your luck
Just duck
Chances it'll probably miss
And if it ever hits
And your head splits
It's a hell of a good night kiss

A hell of a good night kiss

And the day you feel like ordinary loving
When we've grown too old for the stools
We can bring our bruised bodies together
And start loving like ordinary fools

And the day you feel like ordinary loving
When we've grown too old for the stools
We can bring our bruised bodies together
And start loving like ordinary fools

