

Courteeners, The

"Cross My Heart & Hope to Fly"

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How can I create a work of art?
Tangled over a dishwasher that just won't start,
Domestic bliss are you taking the piss,
I need a minute on my own,
Minute on my own.

So I cross my heart and hope to fly,
and fuck right off into the middle of the sky
Where no one can find me,
and no one can see,
That would be my ecstasy.

Our clothes around the floor and so are our hearts,
Your necklace and your pearls are your entourage,
A pictured locket, her ring in my pocket,
I need a minute on my own,
Minute on my own.

So I cross my heart and hope to fly,
and fuck right off into the middle of the sky,
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