

Courteeners, The

"How Come"

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How come you are always off your head,
And yet you still end up in your bed,
With some fit blonde I've never seen before,
And you get away with kicking her face first out of your
front door

You get admiration from all of the lads,
The mothers take a shine to you, that's not the case
with the dads,
They have to keep both eyes on you just in case you
make a move,
But we all know that you'd never be so daft and that's
what makes you so smooth.

So next time you're out,
Can I stand and watch from the bar?
Just to see if it's true how far,
You will take your good looks, your wit and charm,
Walk out of this place with sixteen girls on each arm.

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The mothers take a shine to you, that's not the case
with the dads,
They have to keep both eyes on you just in case you
make a move,
But we all know that you'd never be so daft and that's
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