

Stephen Duffy

"Cocksure"

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The terraces of the 70's
Are only filled with rain
The corner shops and B-roads
Were flattened by the main
Our old estate's still standing
And shaken by each truck
But the house where we first made love
Went down to let the tarmac up

Headstrong

The wallpaper curled and dirtied
The curtain rail pulled off
The first time you cried and scratched my back
I heard your old Dad cough
And after on our elbows
We watched the traffic crawl
Underneath the orange lights
And across your bedroom wall

Headstrong and cocksure

I pick my friends like scabs
And none of them heal
And when my finger stabs
None of them feel
Now the nightclubs are shut for you
You must be 24 at least
But I'll still come in spirit
First love won't rest in peace

Headstrong and cocksure

Those were our horizons
Our holiday for two
Just beyond the cooling towers
Our panoramic view
I don't remember leaving you
We both were in a state
There always are a lot of girls
Looking for a candidate who's...

Headstrong and cocksure
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