

Dears, The

"Expect The Worst/'Cos She's A Tourist"

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This town
A likely down
Well, my summer in Perth was nice
Gimme Corona
Aeroplanes
And buxom dames
Oh I haven't been sleeping well
I've been a loner

My heart is aching
My back is breaking
It's me
It's you
It's me
It's you

So you've decided on an art school
So it's not that you were trying to be cruel
All she wanted was a boyfriend
Or a means to justifiable ends
Thirty years ago this wouldn't be
I was happy
Last night I flickered off to sleep at four AM
Now it's seven
Well, the ocean is long and deep but I'm gonna try
Maybe I'll die (don't hold me back, don't hold me back,
don't hold me back, don't hold me back)
Maybe I'll die (don't hold me back, don't hold me back,
don't hold me back, don't hold me back)
Maybe I'll die (don't hold me back, don't hold me back,
don't hold me back, don't hold me back)
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