

## **Futureheads, The**

### **"Sleet"**

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Look at that, what a treat  
Like winter without any sleet  
It's getting late but we're still on our feet  
Let's stay awake so I can hear you speak

Look at that, what a shame  
So many words follow his name  
None of them are complimentary  
None of them are anything but grief

We make it harder  
Harder than it needs to be  
But it makes us happy  
Like happy used to be

The week is long but the strong are the weak  
It's getting late but we're still on our feet  
Let's stay awake so I can hear you speak  
Let's got to bed but let's not go to sleep

Look at that, what a shock  
Didn't care if you were ready or not  
What a boy, what a fool, what a cheat  
But you can tell that there is love in my deceit

We make it harder  
Harder than it needs to be  
But it makes us happy  
Like happy used to be

The week is long but the strong are the weak  
It's getting late but we're still on our feet  
Let's stay awake so I can hear you speak  
Let's got to bed but let's not go to sleep

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