

# Arab Strap, The Devil-Tips

If I could always be eighteen.  
You could always be eight.  
We'd draw monsters on your walls.  
I'll keep you up too late.  
'Cause getting served in pubs  
isn't all it's cracked up to be.  
I dreamt you were wee again.  
Arms stretched out and pining for me.  
Come here so I can help you  
tie your brand new tie,  
brush your coat and remember  
no-one laughs if you cry.  
Well fuck me, it's windy.  
We picked a good day.  
That's the first drink I've ever bought you  
and I'm sure you're starting to sway.