

Arab Strap, The Long Sea

You've always thought the first time was that night on the boat,
Ccramped up in the bottom bunk while she slept above.

I suppose it's more glamorous out at sea under the moon.

Instead of pissed at a party while they laughed below.

Twenty-three years of foreplay led up to this.

But sometimes I envy my friends, sometimes I see a world of opportunity.

And what if stays out there anchored in the middle of nowhere.

Maybe we should arrange to meet somewhere, you go out with yours,

I'll go out with mine.

You always thought the first time was on the boat, and you don't even like boats.

When we got one on holiday all you could say was "don't go out too far";

And what if it never comes back, it just stays out there on the sea.

All my favourite memories are of you.

All the best times were with you, but sometimes I see a world of opportunity.