

Damien Rice, Boring Afternoon

She would spend another afternoon drinking wine
Sitting on your door, just wasting time
Talking about the way it used to be
So much better

Or another night baby in your arms
Still another one could do no harm
Reminds me of how it used to feel
So much wetter

I never know what's right for her
There's always something I never notice wrong

To giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out
You're gonna be gone, before you get found
In another boring...

Spin another bottle in a low-lit room
Nothing tastes better than young flowers in bloom
I know that's how it used to be
We were so much younger

Over that now and I can count the years
Everybody now is just counting tears
And plastic bills and their protective pills
And I just took my time

I never know what's right for her
There's always something I never notice wrong

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out
You're gonna be gone before you get found
In another boring afternoon

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out, get out, get out, get out...

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out
You're gonna be gone before you get found
In another boring afternoon

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out, get out, get out, get out...

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out
You're gonna be gone
Before you get found in another boring afternoon

Giving it up before you get down
You gotta be in before you get out
You're gonna be gone before you get found
In another boring...

Giving it up for,
Giving it up for
Giving it up for
Another boring afternoon