

# Damien Rice, Boring Shelf

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