

Deaf Havana, Hunstanton Pier

It was 2004 if I'm not mistake, when the poison hit my lips
And I haven't looked back since
I had friends back then and a PMA to match, we were young
And out of touch with the things we'd grow up to hate so much, in time.

Back when my hair was long and Phil was still alive
We spent our days trying to speak, to the girls that left us weak
But now I'm ageing badly and my friends' been laid to rest
And the ones who let us in are pushing prams or raising twins.

To tell you the truth I'd be lying if I said I didn't hate the city
I need the pier and the fresh sea air of the town that made me.

In my heart and in my soul are all the people that I've known
And the places I called home
But in my mind they're all just things I left behind
Reminders of the changing times, and these ageing bones of mine.

Lee and me were schooled in a tourist town
With less culture than Jeremy Kyle
But it stole our hearts for a while
And most weekends I found nothing but regret
Between many a drunk girls' legs
And in many a strangers' bed.

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The one's who haven't died or started families
Are all just working on building sites or battling with university fees
And a girl I used to know made me a promise once
I wonder if she kept it, or if she even remembers it...

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These ageing bones of mine