

Largs

King Creosote

So who cares if nothing comes out of this morning,
But an earful of sea,
And a neck-full of sun,
And a deckchair always broken, when sunbathed upon. Each of us is as backwards, coming
forwards,
Silence from me, whilst you're keeping schtum,
My minds still as blank as that postcard we've barely begun. So would you look at this gang and
we all
burst forward that summer from our caravan parks,
Whilst the kids are going mental kicking up sand,
I shall take this chance-
to slope off, find the Queen of Ice-creams and
she'll ask me to dance while she dithers with wafers,
99'ers, the number of men on backs (?)
The water here doesn't get any warmer
and she won't let me get anything near her,
I'm just looking for a bandstand, or any only romance,
Or at least share a slider while sitting beside her
How - (?)
get on her Morecambe and Wisser
- (?) -
And only from wax.
So would you look at this gang and we all
burst forth that summer from our caravan parks,
Whilst the kids are going mental kicking up sand,
they're kicking up sand

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>