

Daffodils

I'm walking through a super market
I'm trying to grab myself a bargain
Hoping for a royal pardon
From my queen
I put some flowers in the basket
I'm hoping that they pass the mustard
Cos I've been such a selfish bastard
Recently

Out of date daffodils won't save us
what do we now, the magic has run out
I don't know what we are any more
And out of date, daffodils from Sainsburys
what do we do now, the magic has run out
I don't know what we are, anymore, anymore

And my mother will probable faint, when she finds out

Will you appreciate my empty gesture?
whilst I self-medicate to ease the pressure
Our love became a work of fiction
Once you accused me of my addictions
My demons came to crash the party
They've always been a big part of me
I should have read the invitation
no alcoholic sons of satan, sons of satan, sons of satan with

Out of date, daffodils from Sainsburys
Oh what do we do now, the magic has run out
I don't know what we are anymore
And out of date, daffodils won't save us
Oh what do we do now, the magic has run out
I don't know what we are, any more, any more.

And my mother will probably faint when she finds out
And my father will try to hide, the pain in his eyes
And my brother will probably stick the boot in
But that won't change the way I'm feeling...

Out of date, daffodils won't save us
Out of date, daffodils won't save us
Out of date, daffodils won't save us

La la la, la la la la la,
La la la la la, La la la la la
La la la la la la la la

La la la, la la la la la,
La la la la la, La la la la la
La la la la la Any more
Any more, any more, any more.

And my mother will probably faint when she finds out.