

Cool-Cruel

Song written by Brighid Fry, November 2015

Creaky floorboards bouncing under pounding feet.
I don't want to be forward, so I don't talk to people I meet.

What would you do if you were here?
Would you make it clear it don't matter?

What will I do when you get here?
I'll make it clear that I matter.

CHORUS

It's kinda cool, it's kinda cruel.
You're a fool and I don't mind.
Biding my time for someone interesting to come along. (x2)

The faucet's leaking.
You say it's just the kitchen crying.
I wash my hands with warm water,
to cut the cold. Yeah look at me trying.

But you don't know me.
You don't know who I want to be.
And I don't know you.
You don't need me to, you don't want me to.

CHORUS

It's kinda cool, it's kinda cruel.
You're a fool but I don't mind.
Biding my time for someone interesting to come along. (x2)

CHORUS

You're kinda cool, I'm kinda cruel.
You're a fool but I don't mind.
Biding our time for something interesting to come along. (x2)