

W times five

I don't think you know her,
but I've known her a while now,
but just as friends, though, just as friends,
well, so far, anyway.

Sally Jones (pally Sally, they call her,
she's so bubbly and nice)
and everyone likes her
and she's always helpful
helps everyone, helped me with my essay
so I got quite a good mark for a change.

She kissed me, just like that,
— just like that, right out of the blue,
she suddenly stopped walking,
turned towards me,
pulled my head forward with both hands
and kissed me, a real smacker,
didn't know what to do.

But I didn't mind at all.

And then we carried on walking.

Last night on the way home.

We had a great night with Jo and Joe,

Pete and Linda, Sean and Mandy,

the usual crowd, the usual thing,
a few beers, a game or two of pool,
a lot of laughs,
and then I walked her home,
and then it happened.

Near her flat, down that small lane
by the bus shelter, past the shop, yeah, that's right,
before the petrol station,
she lives there with her mum.

Been drizzling for a bit, but it had stopped
and everything was lovely, cool and really fresh,
the clouds were gone,
and the Moon was out, a really lovely night.

Well, I suppose she likes me, got to be.
Got to be. And I like her.
I'm seeing her again, Tuesday,
on our own this time, not with all the others,
We're going for a pizza.