

# I Will Be Your Pockets

The Zutons

I will be your pockets  
Built to hold all of your stuff  
Your magazine, your vaseline  
I'll hold your brand new powder buff

I will be the cigarette  
That you smoke right down to the letters  
And be flicked away and stamped on  
Cause I knew I won't be better

I'll step to you with tiptoeing feet  
(Careful how you go  
watch your step, tiptoe)  
So I can hear your heart and never miss a beat

I will be your footstools  
You go when you need a rest  
I woulda walk the miles for you  
Had a new (hoof?) for your tread

If I were to be your teardrop  
That would be an awful fate  
But at least I'd get to touch you  
As I roll on down your face

I'll step to you with tiptoeing feet  
(Careful how you go  
watch your step, tiptoe)  
So I can hear your heart and never miss a beat

I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands  
And if you're sick, your ambulance  
I am here just for you  
So give me all your saddest news  
If you're tired I'll be your rest  
Believe you when you know what's best  
I will

Yeah, I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands  
And if you're sick, your ambulance  
I am here just for you  
So give me all your saddest news  
If you're tired I'll be your rest  
Believe you when you know what's best  
I will

Yeah, I'll be your legs, I'll be your hands  
And if you're sick, your ambulance  
I am here just for you  
So give me all your saddest news  
If you're tired I'll be your rest  
Believe you when you know what's best  
I will

I will  
Oh, I will  
Yeah, I will

I will