

Ezio, Tuesday Night

No one knows me in this place
Never heard my name, they've never seen my face
No one's walking the street outside
It's late, it's raining, it's Tuesday night

Spanish girls clap quickly
And their bodies turn slowly
And their heels go
tap, tap, tap tap, tap on the floor
And the barman he ignores me
He won't stop his conversation
With the poster of his hero on the door

And the young girls smile sweetly
And they cross their legs discretely
And pretend to be much older than they are
Well me, I can't stop staring
At their breasts and at what they are wearing
And at the mirror they are facing at the bar

And I want you, I want you from afar
I want you the way I want a Vibra-slim guitar
Yes I want you

Let me stand in your hallway light
It's late, it's raining, it's Tuesday night

Why does my glass keep disappearing
Why have I lost all sense of hearing
Why do I wonder if I ever really had a friend
Let me revel in the madness
Let me aggravate my sadness
Is there a heart that I can break
Or one that I can mend
How about you?

Did he swear he'd never leave you
Did he promise he'd never deceive you
And now does he ever speak your name
Do you recognise your sorrow
In my eyes look out, by tomorrow
You'll regret having been taken in again

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