

# 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

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