

Kids In Glass Houses, No Better

Let me tell you about a four-walled, sleazy, sunk speak-easy
Low below the thieves and streets
Welcoming you into a four floor descent
Where even good boys need rent
Toothpaste for their yellow teeth
Because the days pass quickly, high above me
It's night forever where I dry
And the bar's too busy to get you dizzy
And everybody talks in cries
Because they know no better
When the weather never strikes a conversation here
We're down in Satan's cellar, Satan's cellar
Where they hold the wickedest so dear
Are you scared of what these four walls could say?
If they could speak, would they?
Blow for blow, they'll sell you out
In an Italian accent, laced with intent
Patience is the virtue now
Because the days pass quickly high above me
I'm doomed forever where I sit
And the barmaid's quiz me, please forgive me
For slurring all my alibis, for slurring all my alibis
Because they know no better
When the weather, never strikes a conversation here
We're down in Satan's cellar, Satan's cellar
Where they hold the wickedest so dear
Where they honour and they drink and they fear
Dear, they're not looking for your sympathy here
Where they drink just to drown what's inside
Dear, they swear the destination's the ride
Because they know no better
When the weather never strikes a conversation here
We're down in Satan's cellar, Satan's cellar
Where they hold the wickedest so dear
You know the fortune teller
Reaks of leather - he stole your wallet, now he knows your name
Yeah, he's a future seller: not too clever
Cause he worships at the cistern here