

All About Eve, Hard Spaniard

A red neon sign draws him
Into a wine bar
Where a woman is crying
Unaware of the whisky he's buying her
"Can I join you a while ma'am?"
"Honey, when you're as broken up as I am
You'd have to be Jesus to join up all these pieces"

The night before the morning after

"Are you here alone
Can I take you home?
It's a real disgrace
Seeing your pretty face
In this ugly place"

A ride in a taxi
To a rented apartment in a back street
Whisky-bottle graveyard
Rent is low so she's trying to save hard
To get out of the city
It takes time but she won't take his pity
They carry on drinking
And she knows what he's thinking

And her stockings are torn
And the heels of her shoes are worn
She could be a waitress
She could be an actress
But he thinks she's a temptress

There's a space in her bed
Where the stranger laid his head
She remembers him kissing her
He was such a good listener
But he sure won't be missing her