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