

Arab Strap, I Work In A Saloon

I work in a saloon, pulling shit pints for shit wages.

It's a busy night tonight.

And the bar is full of all the girls I've ever shagged, or tampered with, or kissed, or even just fancied

A pub full of conquests, knockbacks.

Between the laughter I can here my name.

And then, through the gap between the swing doors and floor, I see your feet.

You push open the doors and walk in

And as always all heads turn.

And the room becomse silent, except for the sound or your DM's scuffing on the floor.

You stroll through the jealous gaze straight to the bar, smile, and ask for some exotic cocktail.

But I don't know how to make it.

So you just shrug, smile again, Turnaround and leave

And I pull another pint.