

David Keenan, Cobwebs

I'm off to meet an Estonian girl by the Panama Cafe,
I'd give up the cigarettes if she asked me,
I'm obliging that way,
There's a wino barking at the pan
flute player at the top of Jervis Street
Urging him to get a real job,
Head bowed I smile at the irony,
And the air Today is moist,
Heavy with rain,
It feels like I'm walking through cobwebs

Long story short she informed me of my flaws,
As the Russian dolls smashed against the bedroom wall,
Come away from the window ledge,
You'll catch your death of cold and be no use to anyone,
Come away come away come away from the window ledge,
You'll catch your death of cold and you'll be no use to anyone,
Least of all me,
And the air tonight is moist and heavy with rain,
And we'll play good cop bad cop again

Feels like I'm walking through cobwebs