

# Lloyd Cole, Charlotte Street

i was looking for a rhyme for the new york times  
when i sensed i was not alone  
she said d'you know how to spell audaciously  
i could tell i was in luck  
and so i forced a smile contrary to my style  
and she looked into my eyes  
she said d'you want to go heaven  
or would you rather not be saved  
here comes my train  
i'm on my way, will you not see  
i don't need your sympathy  
i won't read your poetry, oh sweetness please  
so she took me back to her basement flat  
which was down on charlotte street  
though it was never my intention  
we were not intense, not least because  
well if you must just take then i'm a piece of cake  
that is what she said to me  
and so i gave myself to her charity  
well at least that's how it seemed  
here comes my train  
i'm on my way, what got into me  
i don't need your sympathy  
i won't read your poetry, oh bittersweets  
i was looking for a rhyme for the new times when i was distracted  
yes those were precious times together that we wasted  
now i'm working hard for my union card  
i must be leaving charlotte street  
though it was never my intention to stay so long  
so long