## New Amsterdams, Hover Near Fame

(Ready?)

I trust as far as I can spit You can read deep into it New York nightlife isn't shit Without a storyboard I don't think much impresses me Like a drunk celebrity Just fall down and fall asleep Like the rest

On your way out Don't bother picking up your tab It's a stake out Hanging on with baited breath You're just milking this to death

So sad I have to disappoint
Her need is not a selling point
The drinks are better in this joint
Everyone's a friend
Not that the nightlife isn't great
And if I seem to be irate
Don't have tolerence for fakes
What's to say...

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Somewhere the novelty wore thin Every city I was in There was an actor soaked in gin With an entourage This is my home away from home Get a barstool of your own I watch you sinking like a stone What a sight...

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