

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 tolerance for fakes
What's to say...

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

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...

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 for

Access...What little we possess
Any other pays the cover
But it wouldn't be the same

Access...Destined to impress
You can follow every model
But you always try to hover near fame

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