

Saint Etienne, Last Orders For Gary Stead

Tempers fraying in the Hat and Fan
Gets so hot in there, even in November
Heated words from slicked-back hair
It's too small a world for some people to share

Now Gary stares at an empty chair
Told her "five, or ten, and he'd join her out there"
Not again, she's not going in
She just sighs...

It's only half nine
There's time
Time for drinking
And still
More time
'Til he gets to thinking of her

She's in
Two minds
Maybe she'll board up her door

He's into pints
And that's how it goes

It's guaranteed he's a funny man
You can bet your life that he'll bring the house down
Always plays such a winning hand
He just cools it down
They should knight him for it

But outside
His former wife
Starts a solo drive
She's so tired of waiting
When he crawls in
Will she give him a surprise?

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There's time
Time for drinking
And still
More time
'Til he gets to thinking of her

She's in
Two minds
Maybe she'll board up her door

He's into pints
And that's how it goes