

The Last Royals, Crystal Vases

If I die a lonely death,
I'm sure it's from the cigarettes.
I smoked each day after you left me
standing all alone.

Alone in my Park Avenue apartment
that smelled fresh and new.
The extra set of keys from you
are going to the maid.

The maid has been my only friend.
She's always there to apprehend
the dust and grime that settles in
around the crystal vase.

The crystal vase, a wedding gift.
That through the years, has made the shift.
What once held flowers, now holds ash
from my two packs a day.

Ooh baby, she walks with a thorn in her side.
Them big sunglasses on her eyes.
All the uptown girls say "hi, old woman"
"I can't take another day of this", she says.
"All I wanted was a drink and a kiss,
but I guess I'll just have to call on my bank
'cause it's Swiss."

She never knew no better than to follow her nose,
so I ask for your forgiveness 'cause I'm part of the show.
Now she's gone and all she's left with is a house full of clothes.
Sometimes, Madam it's okay to cry.

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