

# The Streets, Too Much Brandy

Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder  
but where were you that cold December  
cos we were in the Grasshopper spending guilders  
Central Station, charged up like Scarface  
Amsterdam ain't a nice place off your face,  
we enter the race  
Walk down, been there before, done that,  
no joy, if you're bored, let's go see Roy,  
get fucked up with the boys  
Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit,  
oh hang on a minute, these mushrooms just kicked in,  
think I might be finished  
The ball game heads for the worse, for what it's worth  
I might just fall off the edge of the earth, brain's kind of surfing now  
We wander down darkened pathways in a daze,  
"Want to buy any cocaine?", am I paranoid?  
"Yes, you're paranoid"  
Charlie, darling, please save me, this is raving,  
take me home to my baby, two bags of mushrooms,  
room's mushed up and I need a cradle

In its own little way,  
my body was trying to say that you better stop drinking brandy  
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Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble  
So the Marlons'll have to be doubles  
Then you drink doubles  
The same speed you drink singles  
Ah beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass  
and I'm having all that's in the bubble in the bottom of the bottle  
Then by three or four, your head's a bit mangled  
Club's full, you mingle  
You dance the fandango  
You sing all your favourite jingles  
Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon  
One has a monocle and cigar  
Dickie-bow and long johns  
My utility belt tells me it's to the bar Batman  
Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dance-floor  
For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many amour  
Don't awe me with your little sidestep technique  
Get to the beat, loosen up, it's The Streets

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We eat junk food, sat drunk on the tube  
Every time the train clunks I feel like puking  
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring,  
Then it all goes hazy, these are the days  
we're walking up out and back to the road, talking  
Well shouting actually, loads more drunk, by Jove,  
mind's focused, balance fucked up  
Ra, ra, ra, it's all back to the Dogstar  
and if it's his round I'm quite partial to another Marlon at the bar  
Bad idea to start again late,  
should've given my brain a break  
Take it easy mate, you start to think you're a state,  
you definitely are a state

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