

Tindersticks, Ballad Of Tindersticks

The first time we flew it
It was ?????? and cramped
The vodka running out half-way across the Atlantic
Even the steward screamed and joined in it
We didn't think we were going to make it
Now we're stretched out in wide, furry seats
Flicking through menus
A walk to the bar and there's as much screw-top champagne as we can drink
We're so easy
Taking turns having our photos taken
Sitting in front of smoked windows
Decanters of cheap whiskey in our hands
Drive into Manhattan on a date with a starlet who's just talent
That's what people pay the money to see
Who are we to argue?
Five hours now it's been going on
And still we're watching all of it
Can you really believe all this?
Can he really lie in bed at night and marvel at his own genius?
When do you lose the ability to step back
And get a sense of your own ridiculousness?
They're only songs
Midnight, and it's all over
Now it can really make us laugh
We're standing on our heads drinking sours of Crystel Schnapps
Now we're unable to step back or step forward
Swallowing a swallow
Tasting it again, it's not so unpleasant
Perhaps it's an acquired taste
The first time, it makes you sick
Then, bit by bit, it becomes delicious
Showbiz people
Always there to be interested in what you say
We are artists; we are sensitive and important
We nod our heads earnestly
Already half-way down the champagne
On our way to leaving the place dry
A \$2,000 bar bill
Showbiz picks up the tab
And we're on our way laughing
Laughing at what?
Los Angeles, eight days in
And our sense of irony's running pretty thin
All the friends we've made
piano interlude not transcribed this time, sorry...just improvise
It's 2 am, it's closing time at the Dresden
Marty and Layton play one last sleepy "Strangers in the Night"
And the last of the martinis dribble down our chins
We're sitting, chasing the conversation around the table
Jesus, how long have I been in this state?
The limousine's still waiting outside
Anything you want to do?
Anywhere you want to go?
We're on our way to the airport and a plane to Vegas
So many nights lying in bed shaking
Dreaming of pushing my daughter around the supermarket
The joy of seeing all those colours and shapes reflect in her wide eyes
My head leaning on the window
And we're driving through the empty L.A. streets
And everything seems silent and beautiful
A guy's face hits the floor
Police revolvers glistening in the streetlight
Onto Melrose and lurching through a sea of Halloween transvestites
The flight's cancelled, but it doesn't matter

We turn this corner to a way that takes us wherever
Up to Sunset
We creep up the drive to the Shattuck
The suite Belushi died in
Or the one Morrison hung out the window
Oh, I'll go for Jim's
I would fancy a hotel window-hanging, myself, tonight, man
Straight over to the mini-bar
Open the champagne -- one sip and it's left to wake up to
Anyone hungry?
A team of uniformed waiters lay out an elaborate table for all us to ignore
Oh, the irony
How we're used to living
Back in London on a cold Friday night
Do you want another drink?
Well, I could try
Perhaps we could make it to the Atlantic
600 yards, twenty minutes later
We're pushing through the waiting crowd, all fish eyes
An exclusive door policy
Exclusively for arseholes
And tonight? Well, a nod of our heads, and we're inside
Falling down the red, velvety stairs
Limbs flaying, hands searching for something to steady
Pick ourselves up, nothing broken
Just aches in the morning
No one seems to notice
I find a table, champagne arrives
I've been so drunk, I sit and look at you
We try and talk for the first time in a long time
Drunken confession
You shiver, it made you feel sick
We use the rent money to pay the bill
Bumping shoulders, we stumble out into Soho
Slipping over the sleeping bags
Shouting for taxis