

Tyla, Another Night In The Life Of A Day

Drinking your fine French cognac, Smoking a long filter cigarette

Playing blackjack with some jugglersC

South of the river, A place called Tooting Bec

I rolled the dice into Soho, scored some grass

from a cat named Verge, turned out to be pedals from some
unlucky punters purse.

We paid a Lady Godiva on entry, took the stairs to the second floor

We cut through the smoke, the smell of dope and some guy throwing up in
the hall.

We took a table by the window with some wooden glass in a frame

I took a slug of nameless vodka, I hit the jukebox, it hit sustained.

And a guy looking both ways came right up to me, he said

"You sure do look familiar." I said "I'm the guy you used to be."

Well she leaned across the table and she whispered in me ear

There are two places in my bed tonight

One for you and someone else here.

Well I smiled and lit us both a cigarette and one for a passer-by

and before I even noticed we'd rolled the dice in the direction of Eel

Pie

I told my story of the goblin and the man in a dress

and the crazy women from Hampstead who caused myself

and my friend Jay much distress. Well, we all laughed

and so did the driver, as he took the last of our cash

via the all night ship in Willesden Lane and the take away

in Charing Cross. Well the passer-by happened to

work for vice, and the lady she was on the game

so we all ended up down the local nick with me trying hard to explain

It's just another night in the life

It could only happen to me

It's just another night in the life of a day that you see.