

# Tyla, Another Night In The Life Of A Day

Drinking your fine French cognac, Smoking a long filter cigarette  
Playing blackjack with some jugglers  
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.