

# Christenings

Blackfield

I met you in a record store,  
You had slept in the clothes you wore,  
But I knew I'd seen you somewhere before,

What happened to your guitar?  
What happened to the prettiest star?  
Can you still play the songs that got you so far?

Hey you with your shadow in the gutter,  
How low have you got to go before you're through?  
High times, a butler in the morning,  
All your memories are coming out of your shoes,

Black dog, sitting in the park,  
Odd looks from the mothers of the devil's own,  
Shoplifting getting your essentials,  
Gate crashing christenings and funerals  
And weddings too

I used to see you all the time on MTV,  
Read your life story in a magazine,  
I guess you thought that's the way it would always be,  
But I believe in you,  
Cause I think that'd you'd want me to,  
Though I never really liked your songs it's true

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