

Fast Life

Professor Green

I just woke up next to this chick who I don't know
And I'll probably never see her again
I can't remember what I did last night

When behind the shades is the only place you can hide
And your waking thought is more often than not "where am I?"
Still pissed, and a half-empty bottle of liquor's
The only liquid you can find
Too busy to reminisce over a time when you have time
And all you wanna do is chill, baby hold onto
Something that you can feel
That ain't too much to ask for, is it?
When you no longer look like the you in your passport picture
All you wanna do is turn over and find her
Normally turn over and you find her
But this time I turned over and I found you
Though we might not get to know what this might amount to

I just woke up next to this chick who I don't know
And I'll probably never see her again
I can't remember what I did last night
Let alone last weekend
I'd always wanted to live the fast life
Till it started speeding up
Now I'm here living the fast life
Good luck keeping up

A life that went from canapés to classic champagne
Cocktails to cigarette butts and champagne flutes
Rolled up notes, a few lines of coke
One hell of a headache and two piles of clothes
Room full of smoke, eyes full of sleep
A plane I've gotta catch and a bed I don't wanna leave
I don't wanna leave you, I wanna wake you
But I should let you sleep through, you look so peaceful
Tiptoeing as I'm rushing to get my things together
Too many pieces of puzzles for me to piece together
Maybe I'll leave a letter, in the hope that
When she wakes, she remembers me and that we fell asleep together
But likely she remembered nothing
Woke up in a rush and huffing at how Stephen kept her knocking
Grabbed her things, didn't see the letter, let alone open it
Stepped over it on her way out and never even noticed it