

Lush Life

Rickie Lee Jones

I used to visit all the very gay places

Those come-what-may places

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Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life

To get the feel of life

From jazz and cocktails.

The girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces

With distinguish traces

That used to be there

You could see where they'd been washed away

By too many through the day

Twelve o'clock tales

Then you came along with your siren song

To tempt me to madness

I thought for a while that your poignant smile

Was tinged with the sadness

Of a great love for me.

Ah yes, I was wrong.

Again, I was wrong.

Life is lonely again,

And only last year, everything seemed so sure.

Now life is awful again,

A trough full of hearts could only be a bore.

A week in Paris will ease the bite of it

All I care is to smile in spite of it

I'll forget you, I will

While yet you are still

Burning inside my brain

Romance is mush

Stifling those who strive

I'll live a lush life in some small dive

And there I'll be, while I rot with the rest

Of those whose lives are lonely too.