

# Too Much Brandy

## The Streets

Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder but where were you that c  
old December  
cos we were in the Grasshopper spending guilders  
Central Station, charged up like Scarface Amsterdam ain't a nice place off y  
our face, we  
enter the race  
Walk down, been there before, done that, no joy, if you're bored, let's go s  
ee Roy, get  
fucked up with the boys  
Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit, oh hang on a minute, these mush  
rooms just  
kicked in, think I might be finished  
The ball game heads for the worse, for what it's worth I might just fall off  
the edge of  
the earth, brain's kind of surfing now  
We wander down darkened pathways in a daze, "Want to buy any cocaine?", am I  
paranoid? "Yes,  
you're paranoid"  
Charlie, darling, please save me, this is raving, take me home to my baby, t  
wo bags of  
mushrooms, room's mushed up and I need a cradle

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Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble  
So the Marlons'll have to be doubles  
Then you drink doubles  
The same speed you drink singles  
Ah beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass and I'm having all th  
at's in the  
bubble in the bottom of the bottle  
Then by three or four, your head's a bit mangled  
Club's full, you mingle  
You dance the fandango  
You sing all your favourite jingles  
Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon  
One has a monocle and cigar  
Dickie-bow and long johns  
My utility belt tells me it's to the bar Batman  
Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dance-floor  
For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many amour  
Don't awe me with your little sidestep technique  
Gget to the beat, loosen up, it's The Streets

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We eat junk food, sat drunk on the tube  
Every time the train clunks I feel like puking  
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring,  
Then it all goes hazy, these are the days we're walking up out and back to t  
he road, talking

Well shouting actually, loads more drunk, by Jove, mind's focused, balance f  
ucked up

Ra, ra, ra, it's all back to the Dogstar and if it's his round I'm quite par  
tial to another

Marlon at the bar

Bad idea to start again late, should've given my brain a break

Take it easy mate, you start to think you're a state, you definitely are a s  
tate

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