

Ballad Of Tindersticks

Tindersticks

The first time we flew it
It was cheap and cramped
The vodka running out half-way across the Atlantic
Even the steward screamed and joined in it

We didn't think we were going to make it
Now we're stretched out in wide, furry seats
Flicking through menus
A walk to the bar and there's as much screw-top champagne
As we can drink, we're so easy

Taking turns having our photos taken
Sitting in front of smoked windows
Decanters of cheap whiskey in our hands
Drive into Manhattan on a date with a starlet who's just talent
That's what people pay the money to see

Who're we to argue?
Five hours now it's been going on
And still we're watchin' all of it
Can you really believe all this?
Can he really lie in bed at night and marvel at his own genius?

When do you lose the ability to step back
And get a sense of your own ridiculousness?
They're only songs
Midnight, and it's all over
Now it can really make us laugh

We're standing on our heads drinking sours of Crystel Schnapps
Now we're unable to step back or step forward
Swallowing a swallow
Tasting it again, it's not so unpleasant
Perhaps it's an acquired taste

The first time, it makes you sick
Then, little by little, it becomes delicious
Showbiz people
Always there to be interested in what you have say

We are artists, we are sensitive and important
We nod our heads earnestly
Already half-way down the champagne
On our way to leaving the place dry
A \$2,000 bar bill

Showbiz picks up the tab
And we're on our way laughing
Laughing at what?
Los Angeles, eight days in
And our sense of irony's running pretty thin

All the friends we've made
It's 2 a.m., it's closing time at the Dresden
Marty and Layton play one last sleepy "Strangers in the Night"
And the last of the martinis dribble down our chins
We're sittin', chasin' the conversation around the table

Jesus, how long have I been in this state?
The limousine's still waiting outside
Anything you want to do?
Anywhere you want to go?
We're on our way to the airport and a plane to Vegas

So many nights lying in bed shaking
Dreaming of pushing my daughter around the supermarket
The joy of seein' all those colors and shapes reflect in her wide eyes
My head leaning on the window
And we're driving through the empty L.A. streets
And everything seems silent and beautiful

A guy's face hits the floor
Police revolvers glistening in the streetlight
Onto Melrose and lurching through a sea of Halloween transvestites
The flight's canceled, but it doesn't matter
We turn this corner to a way that takes us wherever up to sunset
We creep up the drive to the Shattuck
The suite Belushi died in

Or the one Morrison hung out the window
Oh, I'll go for Jim's
I would fancy a hotel window-hanging, myself tonight, man
Straight over to the mini-bar
Open the champagne, one sip and it's left to wake up to

Anyone hungry?
A team of uniformed waiters
Lay out an elaborate table for all us to ignore
Oh, the irony
How we're used to living

And back in London on a cold Friday night
Do you want another drink?
Well, I could try
Perhaps we could make it to the Atlantic
600 yards, twenty minutes later
We're pushing through the waiting crowd, all fish eyes

An exclusive door policy
Exclusively for arseholes
And tonight? Well, a nod of our heads, and we're inside
Falling down the red, velvety stairs
Limbs flaying, hands searching for something to steady

Pick ourselves up, nothing broken
Just aches in the morning
No one seems to notice
I find a table, champagne arrives

I've been so drunk, I sit and look at you
We try and talk for the first time in a long time
Drunken confession
You shiver, it made you feel sick

We use the rent money to pay the bill
Bumping shoulders, we stumble out into Soho
Slipping over the sleeping bags
Shouting for taxis