

Crowded Rooms

Baxter Dury

Golden eyebrows, these crowded rooms
They talk so loud, breathe in, breathe out
Don't smile
They're spitting at your heels
Look away, don't dance
See the light where they prey on the weak
Say you're the best
Please don't walk this way, right now

So what, I'm never gonna be like you
This world you occupy in these crowded rooms

West London lounge syndicate
Less dinner, sons and daughters of Dracula
Talking in riddles and class jigsaws
I tried to talk lowbrow like pappy
Spit on you from his balcony
Slice of lemon cherry pie

So what, I'm never gonna be like you
This world you occupy in these crowded rooms

Like street cell
Like stick sell
Like Duracell
Like fuck swell
Like fucking legs swell
Like treat smell
Like fucking trees swell
Causing pain like wheat well
And I tell you so many times
I slice the lemon for your tea, baby

So what, I'm never gonna be like you
This world you occupy in these crowded rooms

So what, I'm never gonna be like you
This world you occupy in these crowded rooms