

Cobwebs

David Keenan

I'm off to meet an Estonian girl by the Panama Cafe
I'd give up the cigarettes if she asked me
I'm obliging that way

There's a wino barking at the pan flute player at the top of Je
rvis Street
Urging him to get a real job, head bowed I smile at the irony

And the air today is moist, heavy with rain
Feels like I'm walking through cobwebs
Oh, oh, oh

Long story short she informed me of my flaws
As the Russian dolls smashed against the bedroom wall
Come away from the window ledge
You'll catch your death of cold and be no use to anyone

Come away, come away, come away from the window ledge
You'll catch your death of cold and you'll be no use to anyone
Least of all me

And the air tonight is moist and heavy with rain
And we'll play good cop/bad cop again

Feels like I'm walking through cobwebs