New York Ivy

Paul Heaton & Jacqui Abbott

He had a massive gong by the side of his bed Where most folk just had a lamp And the tattoos where family names usually read He had 'Legend' and 'I Am The Champ'

And in this dark age of plasticity
His beard, it felt somehow so real
Something he could touch right next to his skin
Whilst attempting all along to conceal

Conceal his hidden intent
He ain't after women and he certainly ain't bent
He's a new man, not the old, old, type
He don't drink pints or carry the wife

And every time he opens his mouth, it's like New York ivy Clinging to the conversation like the densest of fogs And the words that he chooses to use are simply New York ivy Twirling round and snapping your ankles like the neighbour's dogs

And it was 'kinda' instead of 'sort of', 'bunch' instead of 'group', and eve ry second word was 'guys'

They grab a shower, grab a coffee, jump into a cab, and then they do some st eak and fries

And the beard grows down his face like New York ivy And the beard grows down his face like New York ivy

She liked her rap like she liked her coffee Tepid and most definitely white And her football team, like her taste in fellas Was entertaining, but incredibly shite

And in this easier age of domesticity Something made her cling to the cloth And long for the day when he came home from work And demanded that she got her kit off

And it was retro kit, sign of the day Another one claiming Macclesfield away A season ticket holder since '72 A Stone Roses hat and a bee tattoo

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In survival of the hippest, the hippest survive You can't shake hands, you can only high-five It's a fist bump after every joke Banal conversation that'll cause you to choke

On a posh pork pie, pretentious beer Spit and sawdust got expensive round here It's a new 'joint', the latest place Where they wouldn't know style if it smacked them in the face

A slap round the chops is what the world needs A bath full of water and a couple of leads Couple of leads, couple of leads A couple of leads