

Down in the Street Below

The Divine Comedy

Press the doorbell and push the door
Climb the darkened stairwell to the second floor
She'll be waiting for you in her dressing-gown
With the drink she poured you when she heard the sound
Watch the film, eat the food she cooked
Talk of how the film ain't half as good as the book
Kiss her sleepy eyes closed and say 'it's time'
To slip beneath the shadows of the bedroom blinds

Well it's always a pleasure and never a chore
But you just don't know whether you're doing it for the right reasons
It's cold for the season down in the street below

Men and women go about their business
Picking up the last few things for Christmas
Trying not to step upon the pigeons
Praying to the gods of their religions
That they might be spared a little longer
That they might become a little stronger
Down in the street below

Everybody's on a secret mission
Everybody's got their own ambitions
They would tell you if they thought you'd listen
They would say how lately they've been wishing
For the chance to meet a handsome stranger
Lead a life of elegance and danger
Down in the street below
Down in the street below

Way up high in a phallic tower

You're swimming in a tiny galaxy of stars

Knocking back mojitos at the cocktail bar

Talking 'bout burritos and conceptual art

Your armchair's round and your glass is square

The clientele's straight out of this month's Vanity Fair

Well look around the place, something's not quite right

Yours is the only face that you don't recognize

Well it's always a pleasure and never a chore

But you just don't know whether you're doing it for the right reasons

It's cold for the season down in the street below