

Too Much Brandy

The Streets

Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder but where were you that cold December
cos we were in the Grasshopper spending guilders
Central Station, charged up like Scarface Amsterdam ain't a nice place off y
our face, we
enter the race
Walk down, been there before, done that, no joy, if you're bored, let's go see Roy, get
fucked up with the boys
Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit, oh hang on a minute, these mush
rooms just
kicked in, think I might be finished
The ball game heads for the worse, for what it's worth I might just fall off
the edge of
the earth, brain's kind of surfing now
We wander down darkened pathways in a daze, "Want to buy any cocaine?", am I
paranoid? "Yes,
you're paranoid"
Charlie, darling, please save me, this is raving, take me home to my baby, t
wo bags of
mushrooms, room's mashed up and I need a cradle

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Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble
So the Marlons'll have to be doubles
Then you drink doubles
The same speed you drink singles
Ah beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass and I'm having all th
at's in the
bubble in the bottom of the bottle
Then by three or four, your head's a bit mangled
Club's full, you mingle
You dance the fandango
You sing all your favourite jingles
Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon
One has a monocle and cigar
Dickie-bow and long johns
My utility belt tells me it's to the bar Batman
Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dance-floor
For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many amour
Don't awe me with your little sidestep technique
Get to the beat, loosen up, it's The Streets

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We eat junk food, sat drunk on the tube
Every time the train clunks I feel like puking
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring,
Then it all goes hazy, these are the days we're walking up out and back to t
he road, talking

Well shouting actually, loads more drunk, by Jove, mind's focused, balance f ucked up

Ra, ra, ra, it's all back to the Dogstar and if it's his round I'm quite par tial to another

Marlon at the bar

Bad idea to start again late, should've given my brain a break

Take it easy mate, you start to think you're a state, you definitely are a s tate

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