

## **Others, The**

### **"Stan Bowles"**

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When I first met you  
You were wearing, wearing a tunic  
Eyes glazed over, stripped right back like a hollow  
We'd talk for days in a room off Cambridge Heath  
Road  
Smoking bone in your backroom  
While your sister, while your sister phoned  
While your sister, while your sister phoned  
While your sister, while your sister phoned  
I'd stare at your eyes as you helped the children  
You're quoting Voltaire or Ginsberg  
To the adorned in your kitchen  
Sipping ice tea in the summer  
Picture a park, yeah

Playing at being Stan Bowles  
QPR Nineteen seventy five  
QPR Nineteen seventy five  
QPR Nineteen seventy five  
QPR Nineteen seventy five  
QPR Nineteen seventy five

Then you helped me out  
You gave me a break, a break from the boredom  
I quit my job  
I took a gamble, a gamble on a new life  
I'll always remember staying with you in your hotel  
I'll always owe you son  
Gratitude gratitude my friend  
Gratitude gratitude my friend  
Gratitude gratitude my friend  
Gratitude gratitude my friend

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