

Corinne Bailey Rae

"Concierge"

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It was a terrible day. My legs felt like four pounds of cheese in a two-pound bag. I didn't know what to do. My eyes were bloodshot, and actually my legs were bloodshot as well. It was strange, but I was happy. I got into my car. I decided I was going to leave the city. Gonna go south, gonna have a holiday.

So I got in my car and I wondered why it wasn't running and then I realized I didn't have any keys. So I went in the house, found my keys, came back out, started the car, and drove down the highway.

The highway shimmered like black incense on the bald head of a Buddhist monk. I drove down the highway and I got to that big city of Miami. The steaming, seedy city - the city that's so seedy, the have trees there. Well I went into the nearest hotel and I went up to the door and I said, "I'd like a room." Then I realized I was outside and I had to go inside. So I went inside and I walked up to the desk and I said, "I'd like a room, please."

They said alright, and they gave me a key. Then I turned around, and there waiting for me was the Concierge.

Concierge! (repeated many times)

Well he looked at me, then I looked at him, then he looked back at me, and then I took a putty knife and I rubbed it against his cheeks in a very provocative way. And he turned around and said, "Follow me."

So I followed him up the stairs. I went to my room. He opened the door for me, and then he hit me in the back of the head with a big silver shovel. I said, "What's that about?"

He said, "You get it free with the room." Who was I to argue?

And I went in. My whole room was covered with soap.
Little soaps, all over the room, everywhere! In the bed,
on the ceiling, everywhere! I said, "What's with the
soap?"

And he says, "What, you don't like soap?"

I said, "No, I'll take it, thanks."

He left the room, and then gave me a stare that almost
turned my blood to blood. Anyway, I lay down on the
bed, and it was a hot day so I was tossing and turning,
and tossing and turning. And then the soap started to
lather up and lather up! And I was gonna die! I was
gonna suffocate! So I called the front desk, and they
sent up the Concierge!

Concierge! (repeated many times)

Well he looked at me up and down, and he looked at
me like I was four pounds of shit in a two- pound bag.
And I looked back at him like he was four pounds of
shit in a four-pound bag. And then he looked at me like
I was six pounds of shit in a pound-and-a-half-bag. And
I looked at him like he was 18 kilograms of shit in a
thimble. And then I stabbed him in the face. And then
he bit my head off and put it in a bag. And that's when I
fell in love with the Concierge.

Concierge! (repeated many times)

Now we live in a small beach house on a small beach
on Long Island - it's a long, small island, but I love it
well. And he loves me well. And sometimes we take a
trip down the highway that's glistening like a Buddhist
monk with incense ablaze, and we think of the day we
first met - me, and the Concierge.

Concierge...

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