

## **Kirsty Maccoll**

### **"Clubland"**

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I tried to phone a friend tonight  
I paid to get in here and now  
The loneliness has found me in the nightclub of my  
nightmares  
The choice between this sweaty hell?  
Pornography at novotel,  
The redneck show on cnn  
And the picture on the wall

Clubland  
Clubland  
Clubland never meant that much to me  
Clubland  
Clubland  
Clubland never held that much for me

All the little draculas  
The suckers and the vacuous  
The throbbing of the temples now  
And the prices at the bar  
Did God send you to kill my joy?  
Am I a girl? are you a boy?  
If you are prince then I'm rob roy  
And the writing's on the wall

Clubland  
Clubland

Clubland never meant that much to me  
Clubland  
Clubland  
Clubland never meant a damn to me

I came, I saw, I left and then  
I went back to my bed again  
I cursed the orange counter pane  
And the picture on the wall

I shut my eyes, I closed my head  
I prayed I wouldn't wake up dead  
But when it's dark you still see red  
And the picture on the wall

Clubland  
Clubland  
Clubland never meant that much to me  
Clubland  
Clubland  
Clubland never lent a hand to me

Clubland

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