

Lloyd Cole "Charlotte Street"

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I was looking for a rhyme for the New York Times
When I sensed I was not alone
She said, "D'you know how to spell audaciously?"
I could tell I was in luck

And so I forced a smile contrary to my style
And she looked into my eyes
She said, "D'you want to go to heaven
Or would you rather not be saved?"

Here comes my train
I'm on my way, will you not see
I don't need your sympathy
I won't read your poetry, oh, sweetness please

So she took me back to her basement flat
Which was down on Charlotte Street
Though it was never my intention
We were not intense, not least because

Well, if you must just take then I'm a piece of cake
That is what she said to me
And so I gave myself to her charity
Well, at least that's how it seemed

Here comes my train
I'm on my way, what got into me
I don't need your sympathy
I won't read your poetry, oh, bittersweets

I was looking for a rhyme for the New York Times
When I was distracted
Yes, those were precious times together
That we wasted

Now I'm working hard for my union card
I must be leaving Charlotte Street
Though it was never my intention
To stay so long, so long

