

Lloyd Cole & The Commotions

"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 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 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

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