

New Amsterdams "Hover Near Fame"

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I'll trust as far as I can spit.
You can read deep into it.
New York nightlife isn't shit without a storyboard.
I don't think much impresses me like a drunk celebrity.
You just fall down and fall asleep like the rest (of us).

On your way out, don't bother picking up your tab.
It's a stake out.
There's hanging on with bated breath, you're just
milking this to death.

So sad I have to disappoint, her name is not a selling
point.
The drinks are better in this joint where everyone's a
friend.
Not that the nightlife isn't great and if I seem to be
irate,
I don't have tolerance for fakes:what's to say.

On your way out, don't bother picking up your tab.

It's a stake out.
Your hanging on with bated breath, you're just milking
this to death.

Somewhere the novelty wore thin.
Every city I was in there was an actor soaked in gin with
an entourage.
This is my home away from home, get a barstool of
your own.
I'll watch you sinking like a stone:what a sight.

On your way out, don't bother picking up your tab.
It's a stake out.
Hanging on with bated breath, your just milking this
for:
Access, what little we possess.
Any other pays the cover but it wouldn't be the same.
Excess, destined to impress.
You can follow every model but you always try to hover
near fame.

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