

Elio Pace "Sober Siri"

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SOBER SIRI

(Music & Words by Elio Pace) Copyright Control

Someone's at the door, ten to four
Now who can it be?
Awakened by the sound from the ground
"Southampton, it's me"
"Siri, how do you do
What do you want at this hour?
Can't you see it's late? I'm in bed, I know why
You're giggling at the things I'm telling you

"Stumbling through my door
When at the club you walked like a queen
Now your jumper's back to front
And earlier on your tights had a seam
You've drunk enough for ten
Then again, who doesn't?
Sit down in a chair, not the bed, you mustn't
Stop giggling at the things I'm telling you"

Siri, sober Siri
Listens to Mozart on her bike
Can talk religion if you like
And I keep singing, but my Siri
She doesn't care for 'Let It Be'
She says it's me she comes to see

"I'll meet you at your place," Siri said
"On Saturday night"
The writing's on the wall
"Don't be late and don't get uptight"
Sure as hell is hot there she was, there's Siri
Waiting by the gate on her bike to tell me
"I'm everything you want and sober too"

solo

Siri, sober Siri
Her English accent quite supreme
After a drink to the extreme
But I love Siri, pretty Siri

She doesn't knock on heaven's door
Just hammers mine at ten to four

Siri came around to the club
We said our goodbyes
Took one last photograph
Saw a tear well up in her eyes
I promised I would come back again
She told me, "I'll miss you when you go but you know
I can't be everything you want and sober too
Can't be everything you want and sober too
Baby, stop giggling at the things I'm telling you"

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