

Steven Page "Entourage"

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Although I've been here before
You've got that thing I can't ignore
It's on the surface.

I know it's shallow and it's vain
But I love it just the same;
It gives me purpose

Let me love you unconsciously
While you're on your way there
I want to sleep with you
And your entourage
Tonight

London, Paris and Milan
You're just waiting for a man
To be exotic

You're a baby, you're a punk,
I only love you when I'm drunk
I'm alcoholic

You've got a Tiffany keyring,
You've got no keys, no home
I want to live with you
And your entourage

All right!

You're famous, they're famous
We stand in rooms where nothing can be said
And nothing can be heard

You were famous for your fame,
And now you're drowning in champagne
Hey, how you doing?

Did you take her to your club?
Did you claim to be in love
While you were screwing?

Now we're through with morality,

Can I sleep with your wife?
I want to be like you
And your entourage
Tonight

I want to be like you
And your entourage
All right.

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