

The 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

On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab
It's a stake out, there's hangin' on with bated breath
You're just milkin' 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
Don't have tolerance for fakes, what's to say

On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab
It's a stake out, you're hangin' on with bated breath
You're just milkin' this to death

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

On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab
It's a stake out, hangin' on with bated breath
You're just milkin' this for

Access, 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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