

Antennas To Heaven "Domino Whore"

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And Thursday afternoons is dominoes. I try and stay in the corner, by the TV Times quiz machine, but it's no use. Bobby Jarmers is straight over to give me the inside track on the big matches. Today is Jose Medusa - Bryan Arthurs, and even I know the history there. Bryan knocked the Chilean out of last years league playoff with a run of double two, two-one, one-six, or Pele's slippers as it's known. And, well, the South American Volcano erupted. I get myself a pint and bag of scratchings and try and watch Sky Sports News to keep my distance. Frankie Matlock is in the window taking on all comers, one by one. I see him catch the eye of a young boy drinking orange juice by the fruit machine. And just as the seat opposite Frankie is free, and the young fella has swallowed deep and dragged up the courage to go across, Baldy Boris gives him the eyes of a robber's horse and the entire place shudders with the silent phrase, Domino whore. Of course, Jose is first man in perched on his stool with a little glass of Bailey's. And although he knows the mind games have kicked in, I can tell he's getting edgy. Two becomes two-thirty, two-thirty becomes three but there is still no sign of Bryan, the man known as the terrible terror of Telford. I've had three by this point, and as much as I hate to lose my seat, I have to go and water the horses. Say hello to the PM, if you know what I mean. And because it's been a while, I feel like I've been pissing for ages when the man himself strides up to the urinal beside me. Bryan, I say with a slight nod. And he gives me a half smile. That half smile of a champion. A born winner. And as much as I'm desperate, I can't go with him looking. I just can't go with him looking.

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