

Any Trouble "Playing Bogart"

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Well I watched you from my window
For a week or month or more
Til I heard from an old acquaintance that my chance
had come

He said it ain't the kind of party
Where they kick you out the door
And they leave you in the gutter can't remember what
you've done

Traffic piles up in the city
We can lurch it into gear
Got that Friday 7:30 feeling in my bones
If you lose playing Bogart
You're better on your own
Good time people make excuses on their telephones

Give me something for the man
Who doesn't have to try too hard
Spent a little time rehearsing my tom petty leer
Well I dressed up for my conquest
Come out fighting no holds barred
And I pray for courage and some halfway decent beer

Traffic piles up in the city
We can lurch it into gear
Got that Friday 7:30 feeling in my bones
If you lose playing Bogart
You're better on your own
Good time people make excuses on their telephones

Half an ear for conversation
"would you like the same again?"
My eyes are red from smoke my legs are going lame
I see those other guys around her
And I'll have to think again
Why does this teenage romance beat the jaded singles
game

Let me out into the night time
Traffic returning home
All martyrs spared as I walk back slowly through the bar

If you lose playing Bogart
You're better on your own
Sit on my bed and smoke a single cigarette in the dark

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