

Cribs, The "Advice From A Roving Artist"

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Can't go home right now, and that's the truth Julie Burchill's drinking free champange on my roof The front door's off limits, at least to the likes of me See right here, right here, this is my story

Slept in a stranger's flat in all my clothes In the morning I took a bus across the city to feel safe and closer to home Passed a sign on the door, and a couple more Saying welcome to hard times, welcome to hard times

I thought of a friend whose window looks out onto nothing but fields While outside mine The book shop was closing down It's closed now

And it starts to look unlikely As people leave around me

Helen King wrote a letter to me Sent May 19th, the day of my birthday From a desk in a library in some far off country I'm a roving artist now. It's alright, it's okay

It said there's no magic left in crystal balls I'm not sure there ever was at all But listen, what will happen, the fatal question Is best left for the last line of the poem

And it starts to look unlikely As people leave around me

Fashionistas, we don't need you Fashionistas, we don't need you

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