

Streets

"Too Much Brandy"

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Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder
But where were you that cold December
Cos we were in the grasshopper spending guilders
Central station, charged up like Scarface
Amsterdam ain't a nice place off your face, we enter
the race
Walk down, been there before, done that, no joy if
you're bored

Let's go see Roy, get fucked up with the boys
Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit, oh hang on a
minute
These mushrooms just kicked in, think I might be
finished
The ball game heads for the worse
For what it's worth I might just fall off the edge of the
earth
Brain's kind of surfing now

We wander down darkened pathways in a daze
"Want to buy any cocaine?", am I paranoid? Yes, you're
paranoid
Charlie, darling, please save me, this is raving
Take me home to my baby, two bags of mushrooms
Room's mushed up and I need a cradle

In its own little way, my body was trying to say
That you better stop drinking brandy
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Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble
So the Marlons'll have to be doubles
Then you drink doubles
The same speed you drink singles
Ah, beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass
And I'm having all that's in the bubble in the bottom of
the bottle

Then by three or four, your head's a bit mangled
Club's full, you mingle you dance the fandango
You sing all your favourite jingles

Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon
One has a monocle and cigar
Dickie bow and long Johns

My utility belt tells me it's to the bar batman
Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dance
floor
For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many
amour
Don't awe me with your little sidestep technique
Get to the beat, loosen up, it's the streets

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We eat junk food, sat drunk on the tube
Every time the train clunks I feel like puking
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring
Then it all goes hazy, these are the days
We're walking up out and back to the road, talking
Well, shouting actually, loads more drunk, by Jove

Mind's focused, balance fucked up
Ra, ra, ra, it's all back to the dogstar and
If it's his round I'm quite partial to another Marlon at the
bar
Bad idea to start again late, should've given my brain a
break
Take it easy mate, you start to think
You're a state, you definitely are a state

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