

Trash Can Sinatras

"Best Man's Fall"

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Could I interest you in a little something special
Pay the earth but if you have no money
Your attention'll do
And if you don't give a damn
You're welcome to keep it
It's a hard road when you know where you're going
And it's harder when you know where you're not

So I'll stamp my clay feet till the staggering stops
But good God give me strength to face another lazy
day of
"If I was a millionaire I'd be a million miles from here"

Hands of the clock give me a round of applause
For getting out of bed and the scars of the night before
Have turned into scabs and still I'm seeing double
And I'm looking twice my age
It's getting to the stage where
I'm old, not wise, just worried
And stories of rags to riches leave me in stitches
And with a thread that's hard to follow

You came into my life like a brick through a window
And I cracked a smile

Who remembers the good old games
That seemed to fill our days
Like a kiss, cuddle and torture and
I-spy, SPIT in your eye

Those around me who came up trumps
Would always get down on their knees to brag

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