

Long Blondes, The

"Big Infatuation"

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That night I couldn't sleep
Dressed up in bed
(He said be there this evening)
His brown eyes tortured me
With promises unsaid

Before long I was waiting for a cab
my stocking tops showed a blue garter bow
I knew he couldn't walk past

Straightning my nerves on gin
I caught his eye
(He said be there this evening)
The room began to spin
I had my opening line

'Is there a cure for my frustration?'
I asked my big infatuation
Stranger's kiss in late night bars
Please, infatuation, dance

In seconds space dissolved
He disappeared
I watched the gossip girls begin to sneer

'She won't go home with him
Tell me more, tell me more, tell me more'

One!
He said with some relief he'd followed me last week
Two!
He saw me walking from the library to West Street
Three!
My back turned showing him the lighters of my thighs
Four!
I watched the girls, soaked up the envy in their eyes

I'm the topper of the Holiday Inn
Smoking Russians and drinking Pimm's when he
walked in
Static sheets of acrylic silk

My stocking tops clasped my thighs and held me in

'Is there a cure for my frustration?'

I asked my big infatuation

Stranger's kiss in late night bars

Please, infatuation, dance

'Is there a cure for my frustration?'

I asked my big infatuation

Stranger's kiss in hotel bars

Please, infatuation, dance

Please, infatuation, dance

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