

Tyla

"Another Night In The Life Of A Day"

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Drinking your fine French cognac, Smoking a long filter
cigarette
Playing blackjack with some jugglers
South of the river, A place called Tooting Bec
I rolled the dice into Soho, scored some grass
from a cat named Verge, turned out to be pedals from
some
unlucky punters purse.
We paid a Lady Godiva on entry, took the stairs to the
second floor
We cut through the smoke, the smell of dope and some
guy throwing up in
the hall.
We took a table by the window with some wooden glass
in a frame
I took a slug of nameless vodka, I hit the jukebox, it hit
sustained.
And a guy looking both ways came right up to me, he
said
"You sure do look familiar." I said "I'm the guy you
used to be."
Well she leaned across the table and she whispered in
me ear
There are two places in my bed tonight
One for you and someone else here.
Well I smiled and lit us both a cigarette and one for a
passer-by
and before I even noticed we'd rolled the dice in the
direction of Eel
Pie
I told my story of the goblin and the man in a dress
and the crazy women from Hampstead who caused
myself
and my friend Jay much distress. Well, we all laughed
and so did the driver, as he took the last of our cash
via the all night ship in Willesden Lane and the take
away
in Charing Cross. Well the passer-by happened to
work for vice, and the lady she was on the game
so we all ended up down the local nick with me trying
hard to explain
It's just another night in the life

It could only happen to me
It's just another night in the life of a day that you see.

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