

Blackfield, Christening

I met you in a record store
You had slept in the clothes you wore
But I knew I'd seen you somewhere before
What happened to your guitar?
And what happened to the prettiest star?
Can you still play the songs that got you so far?
Hey you, with your shadow in the gutter
How low have you got to go before you're through
High times, a butler in the morning
All your memories are coming out of your shoes
Black dog, sitting in the park
Odd looks from the mothers of the devil's own
Shoplifting, getting your essentials
Gate crashing, christenings and funerals...
...And weddings too.

I used to see you all the time on MTV
Read your life story in a magazine
I guess you thought that's the way it'll always be.
But I believe in you
Cause I think that you'd want me to
Though I never really liked your songs, it's true
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