

Tyla, Another Night In The Life Of A Day

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.