

# Hover Near Fame

## The New Amsterdams

I'll trust as far as I can spit, you can read deep into it  
New York nightlife isn't shit without a storyboard  
I don't think, much impresses me like a drunk celebrity  
You just fall down and fall asleep like the rest  
On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab  
It's a stake out, there's hangin' on with bated breath  
You're just milkin' this to death  
So sad I have to disappoint, her name is not a selling point  
The drinks are better in this joint where everyone's a friend  
Not that the nightlife isn't great and if I seem to be irate  
Don't have tolerance for fakes, what's to say  
On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab  
It's a stake out, you're hangin' on with bated breath  
You're just milkin' this to death  
Somewhere the novelty wore thin, every city I was in  
There was an actor soaked in gin with and entourage  
This is my home away from home, get a barstool of your own  
I'll watch you sinkin' like a stone, what a sight  
On your way out, don't bother pickin' up your tab  
It's a stake out, hangin' on with bated breath  
You're just milkin' this for  
Access, little we possess  
Any other pays the cover but it wouldn't be the same  
Excess, destined to impress  
You can follow every model but you always try to hover near fame  
Access, what little we possess  
Any other pays the cover but it wouldn't be the same  
Excess, destined to impress  
You can follow every model but you always try to hover near fame

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