

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
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Any other pays the cover but it wouldn't be the same
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You can follow every model but you always try to hover near fame

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