Leftovers

Johnny Flynn

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

I've been drooling At some mangy scraps of bread

And these hungry voices

Make a lot of noise inside my headShow me the way to the rubbish dump

Or the bins at closing time

I'd walk a mile just to catch a smile

From a fish without its primeBeen hanging round the underground

Found a couple of crumbs down there

Was lucky and got some flotsam

From a girl with long brown hairShe said her name was Mary May

And she liked the springtime, oh

She said she left the meal half ate

She said she left the crusts of toastLeftovers is what I want

Don't need no fine cuisine

Give me a dime for bacon rind

Or slip me some of that old sardineShe'd been seeing a man named Jim

I said I didn't mind

Said the second place is just my style

I'd glasses for the lineI felt she was keen to come

And I knew I'd met my match

I was sure that I had locked the door

And she had dropped the latchLeftovers is what I want

Don't need no fine cuisine

Give me a dime for bacon rind

Or slip me some of that old sardineI said, "Bring your dark eyes honey"

She said, "You bring yours"

Said I don't take second glance

So she walked out the doorI walked after her, it weighed me down

And asked her why she left

She said she only dealt leftovers

And that all else felt like theftLeftovers is what I want

Don't need no fine cuisine

Give me a dime for bacon rind

Or slip me some of that old sardineLeftovers is what I want

Don't need no fine cuisine

Give me a dime for bacon rind

Or slip me some of that old sardineIf you see her say hello

She'll be out handing scraps

But don't be fooled, her heart is ruled

By forces off the mapsShow me the way to the rubbish dump

Or the bins at closing time

I'd walk a mile just to catch a smile

From a fish without its primeLeftovers is what I want

Don't need no fine cuisine

Give me a dime for bacon rind

Or slip me some of that old sardine

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