

# Too Much Brandy

## The Streets

Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder but where were you that cold December

'Cause we were in the Grasshopper spending guilders

Central Station, charged up like Scarface Amsterdam ain't a nice place off your face, we

Enter the race

Walk down, been there before, done that, no joy, if you're bored, let's go see Roy, get

Fucked up with the boys

Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit, oh hang on a minute, these mushrooms just

Kicked in, think I might be finished

The ball game heads for the worse, for what it's worth I might just fall off the edge of

The earth, brain's kind of surfing now

We wander down darkened pathways in a daze, "Want to buy any cocaine?", am I paranoid? "Yes,

You're paranoid"

Charlie, darling, please save me, this is raving, take me home to my baby, two bags of

Mushrooms, room's mushed up and I need a cradle

In its own little way, my body was trying to say that you better stop drinking brandy

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Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble

So the Marlons'll have to be doubles

Then you drink doubles

The same speed you drink singles

Ah beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass and I'm having all that's in the

Bubble in the bottom of the bottle

Then by three or four, your head's a bit mangled

Club's full, you mingle

You dance the fandango

You sing all your favorite jingles

Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon

One has a monocle and cigar

Dickie-bow and long johns

My utility belt tells me it's to the bar Batman

Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dance-floor

For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many amour

Don't awe me with your little sidestep technique

Get to the beat, loosen up, it's The Streets

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We eat junk food, sat drunk on the tube  
Every time the train clunks I feel like puking  
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring,

Then it all goes hazy, these are the days we're walking up out and back to the road, talking  
Well shouting actually, loads more drunk, by Jove, mind's focused, balance fucked up  
Ra, ra, ra, it's all back to the Dogstar and if it's his round I'm quite partial to another

Marlon at the bar

Bad idea to start again late, should've given my brain a break  
Take it easy mate, you start to think you're a state, you definitely are a state

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