

# Entourage (Tango)

Steven Page

Although I've been here before  
You've got that thing I can't ignore  
It's on the surface.  
I know it's shallow and it's vain  
But I love it just the same;  
It gives me purpose.  
Let me love you unconsciously  
While you're on your way there  
I want to sleep with you  
And your entourage  
Tonight. London, Paris and Milan  
You're just waiting for a man  
To be exotic.  
You're a baby, you're a punk  
I only love you when I'm drunk;  
I'm alcoholic.  
You've got a Tiffany key ring;  
You've got no keys, no home.  
I want to live with you  
And your entourage  
All right. You're famous, they're famous  
We stand in rooms  
Where nothing can be said  
And nothing can be heard. You were famous for your fame  
And now you're drowning in champagne.  
Hey, how you doing?  
Did you take her to your club?  
Did you claim to be in love  
While you were screwing?  
Now we're through with morality,  
Can I sleep with your wife?  
I want to be like you  
And your entourage  
Tonight.

Songwriters

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