

# Next To Me

## Alan Cumming

Sometimes I hear your whistle as I walk the dogs across the skateboard park,  
And though I know you've gone uptown I look for you in every doorway on St Mark's,  
Cause even though I'm not a canine, and my bark is usually benign,  
Whatever I'm sniffing I'll drop and come running for you.

I once said that "I'm not an alcoholic. There's just always something to be celebrated".  
Well true to form I'm pretty woozy this morning, cause last night I was inebriated. You're next to me so  
everything must be alright,

You're next to me so I must have made it home last night,  
It can't have been too mortifying, though I do remember trying a handstand against a mirrored wall. But "Oh I  
love, you let me",  
And didn't then forget me

But took me home so tell me did I fall? You're next to me, so nothing really matters anyway.  
You're next to me, and I feel like I'm on my holidays And I mean that the British way like lying on a beach  
sipping through the alcohol,

Not the American way which involves religion and is absolutely no fun at all.  
Not that I mean to demean your lovely nation after all it made you and you're a sensation.  
The jubilation of our present situation could make me lose the urge for any form of masturbation  
It's sensational; that you are next to me, so everything must be alright. You are next to me, so I must have made  
it home last night.

You are next to me, so nothing really matters anyway.  
You are next to me, and I feel like I'm on my holidays. Im amazed that you are next to me.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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