

Hover Near Fame

The New Amsterdams

I'll trust as far as I can spit.
You can read dee[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 (of us).On your way out,
don't bother picking up your tab.
It's a stake-out.
There's hanging on with bated breath,
you're just milking 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,
I don't have tolerance for fakes...
What's to say.On your way out,
don't bother picking up your tab.
It's a stake-out.
You're hanging on with bated breath,
you're just milking this to death.Somewhere the novelty wore thin.
When every city I was in
there was an actor soaked in gin
with and entourage.This is my home away from home
so get a barstool of your own
I'll watch you sinking like a stone...
What a sight.On your way out,
don't bother picking up your tab.
It's a stake-out.
There's hanging on with bated breath,
you're just milking this for...Access, what 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.

Songwriters
MATTHEW PRYORPublished by

Lyrics © COINFISH PUBLISHING Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>