

I Work In a Saloon

Arab Strap

I work in a saloon
Pulling shit pints for shit wages, it's a busy night tonight
And the bar is full of all the girls I've ever shagged
Or tampered with, or kissed, or even just fancied
A pub full of conquests, knock backs
Between the laughter I can hear my name
And then, through the gap between the swing doors and floor
I see your feet, you push open the doors and walk in
And as always all heads turn
And the room becomes silent
Except for the sound of your DM's scuffing on the floor
You stroll through the jealous gaze straight to the bar
Smile, and ask for some exotic cocktail
But I don't know how to make it
So you just shrug, smile again
Turn around and leave
And I pull another pint

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