

Christenings

Blackfield

I met you in a record store.
You had slept in the clothes you wore.
But I knew I'd seen you somewhere before. What happened to your guitar?
And what happened to the prettiest star?
Can you still play the songs that got you so far? Hey you with your shadow in the gutter,
how low have you got to go before you're through?
High times and vodka in the mornings,
all your memories are coming out of your shoes.
Black dog sitting in the park,
odd looks from the mothers of the devil's own.
Shoplifting, getting your essentials.
Gatecrashing christenings and funerals,
and weddings too. I used to see you all the time on MTV.
Read your life story in a magazine.
I guess you thought that's the way it would always be.
But I believe in you.
'Cause I think that you want me to.
Though I never really liked your songs, it's true.

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