Leftovers

Johnny Flynn

I've been drooling
At some mangy scraps of bread
And these hungry voices
Make a lot of noise inside my headShow me the way to the rubbish dump
Or the bins at closing time
I'd walk a mile just to catch a smile
From a fish without its primeBeen hanging round the underground
Found a couple of crumbs down there
Was lucky and got some flotsam
From a girl with long brown hairShe said her name was Mary May
And she liked the springtime, oh
She said she left the meal half ate
She said she left the crusts of toastLeftovers is what I want
Don't need no fine cuisine
Give me a dime for bacon rind
Or slip me some of that old sardineShe'd been seeing a man named Jim
I said I didn't mind
Said the second place is just my style
I'd glasses for the lineI felt she was keen to come
And I knew I'd met my match
I was sure that I had locked the door
And she had dropped the latchLeftovers is what I want
Don't need no fine cuisine
Give me a dime for bacon rind
Or slip me some of that old sardineI said, "Bring your dark eyes honey"
She said, "You bring yours"
Said I don't take second glance
So she walked out the doorI walked after her, it weighed me down
And asked her why she left
She said she only dealt leftovers
And that all else felt like theftLeftovers is what I want
Don't need no fine cuisine
Give me a dime for bacon rind
Or slip me some of that old sardineLeftovers is what I want
Don't need no fine cuisine
Give me a dime for bacon rind
Or slip me some of that old sardineIf you see her say hello
She'll be out handing scraps
But don't be fooled, her heart is ruled

By forces off the mapsShow me the way to the rubbish dump
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