



Busk

Someone told me early in the night
I was dirty in the back of a Mercedes
And someone called me later in the bar
I was too drunk to remember but not too drunk to play

Guys, we really think you're out of sight
And this is what we pay and what we kiss
back to you and back to us and back to car
and back to hotel where you stay

How about the bar around the block
Paid so well the other night and funny
BBC and that old silly belly Belgium clock
We are lucky just to need this kind of money

Girl was throwing money from the window
that morning and your hands were shaking
The winkel owner invited us to drink
Somehow made the rain well paid

Friend, I have to tell you I feel low
My body and my heart is breaking
My guitar is out of tune and my clothes begin to stink
And everything at home just seem to fade

How about to end this pleasant game
Which paid so well in friendship between us
Not yet I have a wish to estrange my name
I'm thinking of a girl at home with lust

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