

Too Much Brandy

The Streets

[Verse 1: Mike Skinner]

Smell of good earthy herbs makes my nerves shudder
But where were you that cold December?
'Cause we were in the Grasshopper, spending Guilders
Centraal Station, charged up like Scarface
Amsterdam ain't a nice place off your face, we enter the race
Walk down, been there before, done that, no joy if you're bored
Let's go see Roy and get fucked up with the boys
Calvin, Schmalvin, I'm well within my limit
Oh, hang on a minute, these mushrooms just kicked in
Think I might be finished
The ball game heads for the worst
For what it's worth, I might just fall off the edge of the earth
Brain's kind of surfing now
We wandered down darkened pathways in a daze (Woy!)
"Do you want to buy any cocaine, boy?"
Am I paranoid? "Yes, you're paranoid!"
Charlie, darling, please save me
This is raving, take me home to my baby
Two bags of mushrooms, room's mushed up and I need a cradle

[Chorus: Mike Skinner]

In its own little way, my body was trying to say
That you'd better stop drinking brandy
In its own little way, my body was trying to say
That you'd better stop drinking brandy

[Verse 2: Mike Skinner]

Now getting to the bar's gonna be trouble
So the Marlons'll have to be doubles
Then you drink doubles the same speed you drink singles
Ahh, beautiful, the barman holds aloft the crystal glass
And I'm having all that's in the bubble in the bottom of the bottle
Then by 3:00 or 4:00, your head's a bit mangled
Club's full, you mingle, you dance the fandango
You sing all your favourite jingles
Far gone on one, call me Baron Von Marlon
One has a monocle and cigar, dickie-bow and long johns
My utility belt tells me it's to the bar, Batman
Fat cans of that lager then it's straight to the dancefloor

For much more fancy footwork, it's adored by many, amour
Don't bore me with your little sidestep technique
Get to the beat, loosen up, it's The Streets

[Chorus: Mike Skinner]

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[Verse 3: Mike Skinner]

We eat junk food, sat drunk on the Tube
Every time the train clunks, I feel like puking
Wonder whether that beautiful bird'll ring?
Then it all goes hazy, these are the days we walking up out, in
Back to the road, talking, well, shouting actually
Loads more drunk, by Jove, my mind's focused, balance fucked up
Rah, rah, rah, it's all back to the Dogstar
And if it's his round, I'm quite partial to another Marlon at the bar
Bad idea to start again late, should've given my brain a break
Take it easy, mate, you start to think you're a state
You definitely are a state

[Chorus: Mike Skinner]

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