

New York Times Book Review

J Church

Grady's Bar is no saloon,
Drinking on a Monday afternoon,
The air has it's unique pungent smell,
Unique to the Seneca Hotel,
I close my windows every night,
But nothing can keep out the light,
It nags me awake,
It keeps me pinned right in my place,
It keeps me pinned right in my place

I wish I was an international sensation,
I'd blame these words on a bad translation,
Translating Edgar Alan Poe,
Is it pure? I'll never know,
The sky is full of lots of things,
Evil dreams and the coming rain,
Rain must be true,
I read it in a New York Times book review,
I read it in a New York Times book review

So that's what you get when you open your eyes,
We'll rendezvous and hope to die,
Drink our toasts to last goodbyes,
And dream of a long-lost lover's thighs,
The charlatans feign indignation,
I'll drink gin and tonic and heart medication,
Don't worry about a thing,
Don't be afraid of anything,
Don't be afraid of anything