

# Down in the Street Below

## The Divine Comedy

Press the doorbell and push the door  
Climb the darkened stairwell to the second floor  
She'll be waiting for you in her dressing-gown  
With the drink she poured you when she heard the sound  
Watch the film, eat the food she cooked  
Talk of how the film ain't half as good as the book  
Kiss her sleepy eyes closed and say 'it's time'  
To slip beneath the shadows of the bedroom blinds

Well it's always a pleasure and never a chore  
But you just don't know whether you're doing it for the right reasons  
It's cold for the season down in the street below

Men and women go about their business  
Picking up the last few things for Christmas  
Trying not to step upon the pigeons  
Praying to the gods of their religions  
That they might be spared a little longer  
That they might become a little stronger  
Down in the street below

Everybody's on a secret mission  
Everybody's got their own ambitions  
They would tell you if they thought you'd listen  
They would say how lately they've been wishing  
For the chance to meet a handsome stranger  
Lead a life of elegance and danger  
Down in the street below  
Down in the street below

Way up high in a phallic tower

You're swimming in a tiny galaxy of stars

Knocking back mojitos at the cocktail bar

Talking 'bout burritos and conceptual art

Your armchair's round and your glass is square

The clientele's straight out of this month's Vanity Fair

Well look around the place, something's not quite right

Yours is the only face that you don't recognize

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But you just don't know whether you're doing it for the right reasons

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