

## Nearest Thing to Hip

The Waterboys

There used to be a café a few blocks away,  
open seven days, called The Brilliant Mistake  
where a crow-haired girl with scarlet lips  
and slender hips served up coffee and cake  
on a crackling stereo the ghosts of Sun Ra,  
Charlie Parker, Miles and Coltrane blew  
I'd kick back in my chair, that sweet honey'd jazz  
in the air, the sun shining through

it was the nearest thing to hip  
it was the nearest thing to hip  
in this shithole and it's gone

Everywhere that I go I see streets that are low  
on distinction and high on the banal and the bland  
How did we get to this? We plumbed the abyss  
by the twisted grace of the law of supply and demand  
Well, there's no use crying and no use sighing over  
stone, wood, wire, glass and cement  
but there's a little record store with a wooden floor  
that ain't there no more that I used to frequent

it was the nearest thing to hip  
in was the nearest thing to hip  
in this shithole and it's gone

Now I need to get out of this hullabaloo  
and I remember an old-fashioned old bar I once knew  
with an old-fashioned barman wearing old-fashioned clothes  
but when I get there it's been bulldozed

so I follow my nose down Comatose Lane  
through the stripped back, ripped up wastes  
of Woebegone Square  
till I find myself on Deadbeat Street,  
feet beginning to ache, despair in the air  
the only thing bright in this blighted town  
are the billboard adverts everywhere displayed  
like mocking shades  
And the musty, dusty second-hand bookstore  
is now a scum-encrusted amusement arcade

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