Lady Madonna – take a day off the diet

It’s very easy when living in Madrid to slide into a certain pattern and become all about the booze. Wine’s cheaper than water (seriously, I’ve paid more for a Perrier than I have for a Pinot on more than one occasion). Cañas replace coffee and without realising, you’ve wound up on an unintentional liquid diet that’s bad for both your purse strings (as well as your head).

Having said that, there are times when you want to chow on down without breaking the bank and dress up for dinner – **Lady Madonna** has got this nailed. Tucked away on Calle Orellana 6 (a stone’s throw from Alonso Martinez metro) it is a little oasis amongst the local eating options that include Burger King *that said there’s a time and place for a Whopper but

maybe not on a Friday night!

First discovered on a random Thursday whilst on a quest for a trendy *terrazza*, I experienced what can only be described as the **best cake that I have ever had in Madrid**. It involved Chocolate. It involved Guinness. Weird you say? Nope, more like a party in your boca and everyone should be invited. There literally aren't enough superlatives to describe its deliciousness – instead I suggest you order it on arrival and wrap up your dins with another one come desert time (again, speaking from experience).

Not only is the food borderline orgasmic (not just my opinion,

it’s been uttered by my dining companions if I seem too easily pleased) but the décor is literally like something torn from the pages of Wallpaper Magazine. In other words, not a piece of Ikea furniture in sight and somewhere that I’d quite happily move into after kicking out time. You’re greeted with gorgeous tiled floors, plates that almost got swiped and popped into my handbag and lighting that seemed to create an Instagram filter effect which is never a bad thing in my book. **Lady Madonna** is completely cornering that New York warehouse vibe.

I’m steadily working my way through the menu but the following things stood out as being calories well spent: the **Gambones a la Brasa** managed to tempt a confirmed carnivore into seafood submission, whereas the **Ensalada de Burrata** even had me eating my greens. If like me, dinner isn’t a delight without some decent red action fear not, **a glass of Rioja is “una ganga” at 2 euros 50 a pop**.

Gambones a la brasa – grilled shrimp

I was warned by the hip (but not scarily so staff) that if you want a table on a Saturday night you need to be booking up about a week in advance. My concern is that after a rave review that might up the ante to a fortnight. Either way, Lady Madonna is the kind of place that cocoons you with its culinary chicness but has you pining for your Oysho jammies by the time you pay the bill (or maybe that's just me/an attack of my eyes being bigger than my belly!).

Try it, you might like it.

All images from Lady Madonna

Lady Madonna

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