La Musa Malasaña, the restaurant equivalent of a little black dress

According to Yves Saint Laurent, "Fashions fade, style is eternal." And in my humble opinion he's absolutely spot on. Trends come and go, new restaurants pop up more often than I get my roots done (you heard it here first, no I'm not a natural blonde) and seemingly zeitgeist bars can often sink without trace.



However, some places become perennial favourites that barely need an introduction. Part of the fabric of the city, they become the kind of places so comfortable to visit, that they really are the foodie equivalent of popping on your favourite little black dress, you know, the one that makes you look hot



When struggling for dinner inspiration or in times of when you simply can't be bothered to cook (it happens, let's be honest) I head to La Musa — partly out of sheer convenience (it's about a 3 and half minute stroll from my flat, yes that's a personal best in stilettos) but trust me when I say it's nigh on impossible to ever spend more 20 euros on dinner AND drinks. Wine ordered, check. An abundance of tapas that's never swimming in grease and is both pleasing to the eye and not just the tum, double check.



Malasaña is looking lovelier than ever — you know a bit like a friend having gone through a recent break up and has hit the gym, hard. My friend and I ordered a few small plates including one of their most infamous dishes called a 'bomba' — I still don't quite understand what it is, but I will divulge that it's carby (yes that's a word) meaty and downright delish, so be sure to opt for one, if not two.



I always come away from La Musa with my appetite satiated and my purse (although feeling lighter) not depressingly so. They don't take reservations so I suggest you pop on your LBD, get in line with your twenty euro note in tow and enjoy.

Info

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