

Have you heard about the new sex, new sex?  
It's a reason to be nicer to you.  
I see you putting on the brand X spandex,  
Everybody needs someone to do,  
And now I'm living in the middle of your street,  
And living here with aplomb,  
She gets a sneak peek at the meat she's gonna eat,  
And she's a time-bomb, time-bomb.

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,  
With a fridge filled with french bacon,  
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,  
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,  
I knew she couldn't hang,  
And now she's dying in a ditch on the county line,  
From a device of her own making.

I'm never good enough at saying all the right things,  
Sometimes I say too much.  
Sometimes I feel like a puppet with no strings,  
Dying and desperate for your touch.

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,  
With a fridge filled with french bacon,  
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,  
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,  
I knew she couldn't hang,  
And now she's dying in a ditch on the county line,  
From a device of her own making.

Nobody's all bad, nobody's all good,  
Nobody lives forever, but I wish we could,  
We define forever, define forever,  
Define forever, define forever, define forever!

And now she's living in a shack on the firing line,  
With a fridge filled with French bacon,  
Mouthing all the words of a famous mime,  
For whom she's commonly mistaken.

I love her, I knew her,  
I knew she couldn't hang.