

Love Is a Bourgeois Construct

Pet Shop Boys

I've been taking my time for a long time
Putting my feet up a lot
Speaking English as a foreign language
Any words that I haven't forgot
I've been thinking how I can't be bothered
To wash the dishes or remake the bed
What's the point when I could just... instead?

I've been hanging out with various riff raff
Somewhere on the Goldhawk Road
I don't think it's gonna be much longer
Till I'm mugging up on the penal code

Love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up on the bourgeoisie
Like all their aspirations, it's a fantasy

When you walked out you did me a favor
You made me see reality
That love is a bourgeois construct
It's a blatant fallacy
You won't see me with a bunch of losers
Promising fatality

Love doesn't mean a thing to me
Talking tough and feeling bitter
We're better now, it's clear to me
That love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up the bourgeoisie

While the bankers all get the bonuses
I'll just get along with what I've got
Watching the weeds in the garden
Putting my feet up a lot
I'll explore the outer limits of boredom
Moaning periodically
Just a full-time lonely lay about
That's me

When you walked out you did me a favor
It's absolutely clear to me
That love is a bourgeois construct
Just like they said at university
I've been taking my time for a long time
With all the schadenfreude it's cost
Calculating what you've lost

Now I'm digging through my student paper bags
Flicking through Karl Marx again
Searching for the soul of England
Drinking tea like Tony Benn

Love is just a bourgeois construct
So I'm giving up the bourgeoisie
Until you come back to me

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

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Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Talking tough and feeling bitter
We're better now, it's clear to me
That love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up the bourgeoisie