

# 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

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie  
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