

## 97 Lovers

Pulp

Ninety-seven lovers twisted out of shape and just one kiss could set them straight  
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I know a woman with a picture of Roger Moore  
in a short towel and dressing-gown pinned to her bedroom wall  
She married a man who works on a building site  
Now they make love beneath Roger every Friday night Oh  
Ninety-seven lovers twisted out of shape and just one kiss could set them straight  
Ninety-seven lovers rose to meet the sun  
And when the day was over there were only ninety-one  
Another I know  
Well, she laughs too loud with her friends  
Playing it safe on the surface to give her heart time to mend  
And then one day without warning he walks unannounced through the door  
And he picks her heart up off the table and he watches it smash on the floor  
Ninety-seven lovers twisted out of shape and just one kiss could set them straight  
Ninety-seven lovers rose to meet the sun  
And when the day was over there were only ninety-one.