

After You

Pulp

On the last night on earth when the horses run free
The scriptures foretell of a party in Hackney
In a dimly lit room crammed with loathing and hate
They're selling their souls and I just can't wait

I shrivel inside at the sight of her beauty
I fall to the floor as she's shaking her booty
The rain makes me shiver; the wind turns me blue
Oh - the things we get up to, to get through the night after you

I knew it was wrong; I began to suspect
When she reached over and pressed the eject
I was up to the gunnels against your advice
I felt so ashamed that I did it twice

From disco to disco; from Safeway to Tesco
We're shopping around from the cradle til death row
From Tesco it's down to the 7-11
To chase through the night time, to chase through the night after you
After you

I can't explain why I need to be free
But if you need to be naked that's alright by me
It's the fast track express to the graveyard, I know
So what are you waiting for? Hey ho, let's go

From disco to disco; from Safeway to tesco
We're shopping around from the cradle til death row
Don't stop til the train has pulled into the station
I'll hold the door for you - no, I insist, after you
After you
After you