

## Bad Cover Version

Pulp

The word's on the street; you've found someone new  
If he looks nothing like me  
I'm so happy for you

I heard an old girlfriend  
Has turned to the church  
She's trying to replace me  
But it'll never work

'cause every touch reminds you of  
Just how sweet it could have been  
And every time he kisses you  
It leaves behind the bitter taste of saccharine

A bad cover version of love is not the real thing  
Bikini clad girl on the front who invited you in  
Such great disappointment  
When you got him home  
The original was so good  
The one you no longer own

And every touch reminds you of  
Just how sweet it could have been  
And every time he kisses you  
You get the taste of saccharine

It's not easy to forget me  
It's so hard to disconnect  
When it's electronically reprocessed  
To give a more life-like effect  
Oh come on

Ah, sing your song  
About all the sad imitations  
That got it so wrong

It's like a later Tom And Jerry, when the two of them could talk  
Like the Stones since the Eighties  
Like the last days of Southfork  
Like Planet Of The Apes on TV  
The second side of Til The Band Comes In  
Like an own brand box of cornflakes:  
He's going to let you down, my friend