

## Glory Days

Pulp

Come & play the tunes of glory -  
raise your voice in celebration  
of the days that we have wasted in the cafe in the station.  
& learn the meaning of existence in fortnightly instalments.  
Come share this golden age with me  
in my single room apartment  
& if it all amounts to nothing - it doesn't matter, these are s  
till our glory days.

Oh my face is unappealing  
and my thoughts are unoriginal.  
I did experiments with substances  
but all it did was make me ill  
& I used to do the I Ching  
but then I had to feed the meter.  
Now I can't see into the future  
but at least I can use the heater.  
Oh it doesn't get much better than this 'cos this is how we liv  
e our glory days.

Oh & I could be a genius  
if I just put my mind to it  
& I, I could do anything  
if only I could get 'round to it.  
Oh we were brought up on the Space-Race,  
now they expect you to clean toilets.  
When you have seen how big the world is how can you make do wit  
h this?  
If you want me I'll be sleeping in -  
sleeping in throughout these glory days.

These glory days can take their toll,  
so catch me now before I turn to gold. Yeah we'd love to hear y  
our story  
just as long as it tells us where we are -  
that where we are is where we're meant  
to be.  
Oh come on make it up yourself -  
you don't need anybody else.  
& I promise I won't sell these days to anybody else in the worl  
d but you.  
No-one but you (4x)  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.