

Razzmatazz

Pulp

The trouble with your brother
He's always sleeping with your mother
And I know that your sister missed her time again this month
Am I talking too fast or are you just playing dumb?
If you want I can write it down
It should matter to you 'cos aren't you the one
With your razzmatazz and the nights on the town?
Oh, you knew it, and you blew it, didn't you, babe?
I was lying when I asked you to stay
Now no-one's gonna care if you don't call them when you said
And he's not coming round tonight to try and talk you into bed
And all those stupid little things
They ain't working, no, they ain't working any more
You started getting fatter three weeks after I left you
And now you're going with some kid who looks like some bad come
dian
Are you gonna go out?
Or are you sitting at home eating boxes of Milk Tray?
Watch TV on your own, aren't you the one
With your razzmatazz and your nights on the town?
And your father wants to help you, doesn't he, babe?
But your mother wants to put you away
Now no-one's gonna care if you don't call them when you said
And he's not coming round tonight to try and talk you into bed
And all those stupid little things
They ain't working, no, they ain't working any more
Oh, well I saw you at the doctor's waiting for a test
You tried to look like some kind of heiress
But your face is such a mess
And now you're going to a party
And you're leaving on your own
Well, I'm sorry, but didn't you say,
That things go better with a little bit of razzmatazz?
And now no-
one's gonna care if you don't call them when you said
And he's not coming round tonight to try and talk you into bed
Now it's half past ten in the evening
And you wish that you were dead 'cos all those stupid little th
ings
They ain't working, no, they ain't working any more