

# Tunnel

Pulp

Tunnel The tenth of July, 1985  
Don't ask stupid questions  
I got bored  
I had nothing to do I was bored  
I had, I had not

Fifteen weeks since the light has gone  
Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on  
A thousand bodies stink and sweat and somebody's trying to roll a cigarette  
Clean mister  
Clean mister  
Clean missed her  
Clean missed her

Relax  
Clean mister  
Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on  
Clean mister  
Clean mister  
Clean missed her  
Clean missed her  
Just relax and enjoy it  
it's nothing really  
Let's get you out of those wet clothes  
C'mon, just lift yourself up, get these awful trousers off  
You'll feel so much better afterwards  
Just close your eyes and let it ooze all over you  
Trickling down your back, warm and sticky  
Isn't that nice?  
No, don't speak just let yourself go and you'll sink  
Let yourself go sinking down, deeper and deeper and deeper  
At three o'clock that morning I awoke in an unfamiliar room in my hands like  
sodden paper  
It was a thick, glutinous, pale green liquid  
The sunlight through net curtains  
Going six hundred miles an hour into brilliant white light  
There's a brass band playing somewhere

Roll over on to your back and wait for the talcum  
But what's that smell?  
Pull back the light, crisp,  
linen sheets and find that sweat they were only two hours before  
The bedroom tips sideways  
NoNoNoNoNoNoNo!  
Let me out!  
Let me out! ...  
I've got to get out of that stinking shit-hole

I would lie there and see green fields and see the sky blue,  
the sky blue above me  
And be clean again  
I know I'll never, ever be clean again  
Never be clean again.