

## Wishful Thinking

Pulp

When I was with this girl last night / she held me tight; it turned me on  
The moon was dark and those clothes were tight  
her perfume strong; it turned me on  
Fleeting moments touched in the night  
then so strong but banished by the light  
Her presence gone, memories remain / of how she kissed and turned me on  
Now there's this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me  
And I still have dull aching pain / desire to reach and touch you once again  
Distractions cannot sate the need / it grows once more, it grows once more  
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me  
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me  
I have this pain inside of me / Why can't you see? Why can't you see?  
I'm stranded here with no way home  
Please rescue me, oh won't you rescue me?  
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me  
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me.