

Mrs. Hughes

Scritti Politti

Call me and I'll follow you to Pan Pacific Park
Monday, be there, you may get a message
Monday, be there, you may get a message
Downtown they found a light

Touch me again and I'll tell Mrs. Hughes
Touch me again and she might blow a fuse
That's the end of the news

Rush me to the hospital, steal me a car
Bring me some pollywogs home in a jar
That's the way that you are
Just the way that you are

Right from the start and one at a time
Break them apart so I can divide
Who got the money, who got the keys?
Who's got the time for times such as these?

News coming in that the losers are winners
None of us here can watch

Tell me again and I'll touch Mrs. Hughes
You've got her confidence you get to choose
I can hardly refuse

Down the town center where somebody died
By British home stores just sitting outside
Looking self satisfied
But the point was beside

Down at the shore, some Friday in June
Washed in on the tide, lit up by the moon
She'll find a part as she walks in her sleep
A piece of the reason dragged up from the deep

Small paper packages washed down with gin
None of us here can watch
Downtown they found
Downtown, downtown a light

That was the start of it all
Oh, that was the start of it all
Call me and I'll follow you to Pan Pacific Park

I've been a bad, bad man
Done some very wicked things, oh baby
Been a bad, bad man