

## Bathtime

Tindersticks

There's a city filth that lingers

All over my naked hands  
Deep into the weave of the clothes I wear

And every step brings another

Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door  
Are the taps running, darling?  
Is the air thick with steam?  
Can I find some place to cry these tears of shame?

Every step brings another

Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door

There's a smell so sweet it's sickly

It follows me into the room  
Hangs in the air like rotting perfume

I never bathe in it, darling  
Got down on my hands and knees  
Got in so far, I became, well, a part of it all  
I've been wading through it  
Don't you know it's up to my neck?  
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head  
And it's the thought of you in my mind, keeps me

Thought I knew these streets, and how they turn

Could always find my way home  
There's something there, can't leave it alone

The trains they run all night

We could leave everything behind  
Just bring that dress you bought when we first met

I know it's faded, darling  
I know it's tattered and worn  
In that dress, I could never love you more  
I've been wading through it  
Don't you know it's up to my neck?  
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head  
And I can suck it into my love, breathe it in