

# Pulp, 59, Lyndhurst Grove

There's a picture by his first wife on the wall  
Stripped floor-boards in the kitchen and the hall  
A stain from last week's party on the stairs  
No one knows who made it or how it ever got there  
They were dancing with children round their legs  
Talking business, books and records, art and sex  
All things being considered you'd call it a success

You wore your black dress oh-oh oh-oh...  
He's an architect and such a lovely guy and he'll stay with you until the day you die  
And he'll give you everything you could desire  
Oh well almost everything everything that he can buy  
So you sometimes go out in the afternoon  
Spend an hour with your lover in his bedroom hear old women rolling trolleys down the road  
Back to lyndhurst grove lyndhurst grove oh.