

Pulp, Goodnight

Now it's coming to the end of the evening
The time when the ceiling sways and objects jerk out of place
Your eyelids heavy, you make your way down the yellow streets past rows
and rows of houses
Curtains drawn tight against the cold night air
To a flight of stairs which lead to a room where a bed is waiting for you to lie down
Perhaps alone, perhaps not and go to sleep again
They wait alone in unused rooms
They sit and they remember
Oh, please remember
So you lie on your back in the dark and listen to the blood rushing in your ears
And the soft "tick, tick, tick" of your watch against the mattress springs
Patterns merge behind your eyes
Purple and green, glowing gently and all is soft with furry darkness
You yawn once turn on your side and fall to sleep again
They wait alone, they bathed your eyes when nights were cold
Remember
Oh, please remember
There's something you've forgotten
When you awoke later that night the bedroom was cold and you were alone
Alone and afraid of the dark
Watching
Waiting
Watching
Waiting
As you lie on your back naked beneath the cold sheets
Not dead, just sleeping
Sleeping
And you will never wake again.