

Pulp, I'm A Man

Laid here with the advertising sliding past my eyes like cartoons from other peoples lives,
I start to wonder what it takes to be a man.

Well I learned to drink & I learned to smoke & I learned to tell a dirty joke.
If that's all there is then there's no point for me.

*So please can I ask just why we're alive?
'Cos all that you do seems such a waste of time
& if you hang around too long you'll be a man.
Tell me 'bout it. Your car can get up to a hundred and ten -
you've nowhere to go but you'll go there again
& nothing ever makes no difference to a man.

So you stumble into town & hold your
stomach in.
Show them what you've got tho' they 've seen everything.
Yeah you're a beauty but they've seen your type before.
You've got no need but still you want,
so go and book that restaurant.
The wine will flow & then you'll just
fly away.

[*Repeat (x2)]
To a man
To a man
That's what I am.