

Pulp, In Many Ways

Hey
you're treading on my life
You're leaving marks, but that's alright
In a year or so, I'll look back and I'll smile
These things last only for a while
In many ways
this is a waste of time
what will become of it all?
I make you cry
know you in crowded streets
not what I wanted at all
Then
what else could I do
instead of thinking about you?
Pleasure now will justify our love
See, I even call it "love";
In many ways
there's nothing I'd rather do
one kiss makes sense of it all
And what's to come?
Let's just not think about it, it might never happen at all.