

Pulp, Laughing Boy

If you stay out all nite that's alright by me
but if you must kiss those guys you could at least clean your teeth
I don't mean to put you down / but you've taken everything that I own
Don't tell me you want some more 'cos I'm closed
Who is this laughing boy who ladders your tights?
Please tell him to cut the noise / 'cos it's spoiling my nites
I just want to get some rest / and he's talking to his Ma on the phone
Well, if he's so homesick he can go home / I don't need this anymore
and it's written in the stars I must go / And will I come back for more?
I don't know / I don't know.