

Pulp, Life Must Be So Wonderful

Life must be so wonderful, living here on your own,
please call / around to see.
And maybe I've been loving you for too long, / and now blind,
I watch you bleed.
You rot in your bedroom, you cry on the phone.
Well I'm sorry / but he's not at home.
You give me your secrets, you give me your heart
and I smile whilst you fall apart.
Oh no, / please not now, / can't you see there's no time?
No, I haven't the time. / Can't you see there's no time?
Oh-oh, / oh-oh-oh-oh, / oh-oh, / oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh...
Now all our dreams melt / in the sun, / and visions / dwindle
one by one by one. / Perhaps you should move somewhere / far away,
to another town / where maybe they / could see things in your way.
It shouldn't be like this, it shouldn't be hard.
I smile whilst you fall apart.
You're sorry, you're sorry, is all that you say.
Well, / I'd stop it, but I can't find a way.
Your life must be so wonderful, / your visions die and fall.
And in the end, / nothing ends, / just grows fainter
and farther / away.