

Pulp, Silence

At first / I could say / I could say or do / just whatever I liked
You would / you would not / You would not answer / that's alright
Oh / I can't believe in the morning of your silence
You will never cut / you will never cut the threads of your reliance
You can / you can deny / you can deny that I was anything to you
But I know / I know in my mind / I can see the scars
the scars I've left on you / I can't believe in the morning of your silence
You will never cut / you will never cut the threads of your reliance
When we are passed in the street
You can try and cover it up with whatever you like
Lipstick, mascara, that kind of thing
You won't fool me / you won't fool anyone
They'll take one look at you
and they'll know the kind of person they're dealing with
You can laugh about it / you can pretend that you weren't involved
But you know what went on in that room that night
You know what was said / ans you know you'll never forget
I hate the sight of the face I have destroyed through our alliance
I won't forget how loved I once was and how much I loved your eyes
So the bedroom becomes a funeral parlour once again
See the corpse of former feeling laid out stiff and white for all to see
So / this is the end / But we'll still be good friends, won't we?
We'll still be good friends, won't we?
We'll still be good friends, won't we?
Goodbye.