

Pulp, Simultaneous

Oh, there's a place for you
You'd better stay in it
A place for everything and of course all you can do is talk about it
Oh, you've got it all
Yes you've got it all
Yes you've got it all
You've got it all
It let you down
Now it doesn't seem so simple that dirt gets everywhere
And your mouth won't get you out of it
Standing naked, standing bare
Oh you knew it all
Yes you knew it all
Yes you knew it all
You knew it all
It let you down
Now see it all burning, your contract in ashes, your clean-living lovers.
Your reasonable wishes, your time-tabled kisses
Your well-rehearsed phrases, your separate bedrooms, your forbidden places
You're out on the moorland
You're naked and bleeding with no kind of shelter and no place to hide in
You're screaming for mercy, abandoned, forsaken
You're screaming for mercy and then you awaken
La la lala lala lala la...
Oh.