

Pulp, Street Lites

Doorways / corners / and the street lights dance in your eyes
Behind the cinema / in the rain / in the subway
where the walls crumble and cover you in fine dust
'cos we haven't got a home to go to / touch me
on the back seat, on the top deck / talk dirty / on the back row
can you feel me / against you? / oh no / we shouldn't / we shouldn't
we shouldn't / I want to / ...mmm... / What you gonna do
if you go home and he's not there?
it wouldn't be the same if we didn't know it was wrong / oh touch me
and then go wherever he takes you / oh yeah leave me
and I'll walk it off in the rain somehow
Someone wants to watch by the side of Alena Stores
in the doorway, in the rain / Did he see us? / Do you care?
Pull the night-time tight around us / and we can keep each other warm
while the cars drive by / en-route to dried-up dinners
and strip-lit kitchens and the smell of gas and potato peelings
What you gonna do if you go home and he's not there?
it wouldn't be the same if you didn't know it was wrong / oh touch me
and then go wherever he takes you / oh yeah leave me
and I'll walk it off in the rain somehow yeah
We've got to go on meeting like this
I don't want to live with you or anywhere near you
I want to catch you unawares / undressing in front of a window maybe
impressed with those things I drive by / Did you see me?
Could you tell that I was watching? / Did it make it feel better?
Yeah, it was good for me too / Did you think about me?
Oh did you close your eyes? / Think that maybe
it was my hand that was touching you / my breath against your face?
and when you opened your eyes
did the world tip off its axis for a few seconds?
And you thought you'd caught a tiny glimpse of someone?
Something here with it's shoulders moving towards you?
Yeah I did too / and it felt good / and it felt good / and it felt good
In a strange kind of way
in a way that things that aren't supposed to feel good / sometimes do
oh take it away / yeah
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