

Pulp, The Professional

Oh I'm back in the full effect / I can't even hold myself erect
I got nothing that I wanna say / I'm gonna say it anyway
I know you think that I've lost it, baby
I know you think that my star is fading / Used to be a contender
Now you're just a pretender / Psychic karaoke every weekend
You don't fit those clothes anymore
Why don't you take them back to the charity store
While you're there you could always hand yourself in
You're into green issues - start recycling
You hide behind your woman when you're out in your town
Show her up and blame her for holding you down
Holding you down, holding you down
You're the only one who's holding you down
You're only ever polite when you're out of your box
Cocker's short for... sucker / Sucker of... / Oh, oh
La na na na / Oh, oh / Sucker of... / Oh, oh / La na na na
Oh, oh / When I got up today I had that feeling again
Everything was OK, then the world started shaking
Now I'm trying to sleep it away / Oh but I can't sleep it away
Can you answer this question, can you answer it right:
Have you ever done anything good in your life?
Have you ever done anything that wasn't just for yourself?
Are you capable of giving? / Are you capable of giving just for the sake of it,
without expecting anything in return?
I'm only trying to give you what you've come to expect
Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex
Single mothers and sex, single mothers and sex
Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex
OK, you've heard it before, it's nothing special
But it's a living, can't you see / I'm a professional
Oh, oh / La na na na / Oh, oh / I'm a professional
Oh, oh / La na na na / Oh, oh / Sleep on my darling
Sleep on, don't wake as I leave / I've been rehearsing this scene so long now
Don't interrupt me as I do it for real / The bedroom floor is treacherous
A teacup could be disastrous / 'Cos it'll mean I would have to say
What was written on the letter I posted yesterday
So that it would get here / When I was gone / And you awoke
Oh, she'll meet me from the train / And she'll never know a thing
About how I talk with my mouth full / And only bath once a week
How I'm nicer the first time you meet me than the next
And I'm rapidly losing interest in sex / Yeah, I'm rapidly losing interest in sex
What's the point in making it over-emotional? / You can do it the hard way
Or you can be a professional / Oh, oh / La na na na
Oh, oh / I'm a professional / Oh, oh / La na na na
Oh, oh / Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love / Sleep on my darling
Sleep on my love / Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love
Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love