

Pulp, Wishful Thinking

When I was with this girl last night / she held me tight; it turned me on
The moon was dark and those clothes were tight
her perfume strong; it turned me on
Fleeting moments touched in the night
then so strong but banished by the light
Her presence gone, memories remain / of how she kissed and turned me on
Now there's this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me
And I still have dull aching pain / desire to reach and touch you once again
Distractions cannot sate the need / it grows once more, it grows once more
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me
I have this pain inside of me / Why can't you see? Why can't you see?
I'm stranded here with no way home
Please rescue me, oh won't you rescue me?
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me
I've got this love inside of me / I've got this love / inside of me.