

XTC

"In Another Life"

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Well, would you want me in your afternoons
If I seduced you in your Mills and Boon?

Well, I'll be the master, if you'll be the maid
But don't ya get those headaches in another life

I'll bring you milk tray from a parachute
I'll play the Hollywood hunk, you can dye your roots

Well, I'll be your Burton if you'll be my Liz
There might be flying pigs in another life

It's how we're built, love, don't let it wilt, love
I'll take ya flat feet, well if you'll take my habits

It all works out in the end, ah but in another life

I'll be the stranger in your horoscope
The cheeky builder calling with his quote

Or maybe a Chippendale on girls night out
Make mine the biggest pouch in another life

It's how we're built, love, don't let it wilt, love
I'll take ya mood swings, well if you'll take my hobbies

It all works out in the end, ah but in another life

Well, I'll be your Burton if you'll be my Liz
There might be flying pigs in another life
And you'd give up the cigs in another life

And beer tastes good in tins
Test matches we might win
And your mother buys her gin

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