

Kirsty Maccoll

"Here Comes That Man Again"

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Here comes that man again
It's always 'round midnight
That Amsterdam creeps into my PC
After a long hard day selling pornography
He likes to come home and talk to me

He's got his mind on the job but
His technological props
Oops, another file on the email
And though I'm scared to click open
I just can't help having a look

Oh, here comes that man again
A car crash in my psyche
My curiosity's driving me
Yes, here he comes again
Who'd have thought I'd have as much fun
With an anonymous Dutchman?

I never knew I had it in me
He says the camera is on and
Can I see him yet?
I say, "Babe you look like a ghost
And sound like a Dalek to me"
So let's go back to the written word
Even though we both know it's absurd

Here comes that man again
Here comes that man again
Here comes that man again

Here comes that man again
He knows that I'm online
"Knock knock, who's there?"
It's just a matter of time
Here comes millennium man
Rum and coke in one hand
And in the other
Is that a mouse a see?

Although when I tell him he's corny
It seems to make him quite horny

And through the cyberspace
I watch the rapture on his face
Yes, while his girlfriend is sleeping
His sexuality's peeking

Here comes that man again
After a long hard day
He likes to come home and talk to me
He says it's something he needs
He can't stop spilling the seeds
God bless European unity
And all those who never sleep

Sha la la la la, get your rocks off, baby
Sha la la la la, get your rocks off, baby
Sha la la la la, get your rocks off
Another stain on another blue dress

Sha la la la la, get your rocks off, baby
Sha la la la la, get your rocks off, baby
Sha la la la la, get your rocks off
Yes, yes

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