

Pulnoc

"Sheffield: Sex City"

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Intake manor park the wicker norton freshville
hackenthorpe shalesmoor wombwell catcliffe
Brincliffe attercliffe ecclesall woodhouse wybourn
[at this point, candida starts talking...]
Pitsmoor badger wincobank crookes walkley broomhill
oh!
[candida, quoting from some book]
'i was only about eleven when this happened. we were
living in a big block of flats
With a central courtyard. all the bedroom windows
opened onto this court, and sometimes in
The middle of the night, in that building it sounded like
a mass orgy. I may have only
Been eleven, but no-one had to tell me what all that
moaning and yelling was about. i'd
Lie there mesmerised, listening to the first couple.
invariably, they'd wake up other
Couples, and like some kind of chain reaction, within
minutes the whole building was
Fucking. I mean, have you ever heard other people
fucking, and really enjoying it? it's a
Marvellous sound. not like in the movies, but when it's
real. it's such a happy, exciting
Sound.'

The city is a woman
Bigger than any other
Oh, sophisticated lady
Yeah, I wanna be your lover (not your brother, not your
mother, yeah)
The sun rose from behind the gasometers at six-thirty
a.m.
Crept through the gap in your curtains
And caressed your bare feet poking from beneath the
floral sheets.
I watched it flaking bits of varnish from your nails
Trying to work it's way up under the sheets.
Jesus! even the sun's on heat today; the whole city
getting stiff in the building heat.
I just want to make contact with you
Oh that's all I wanna do

I just want to make contact with you
Oh that's all I wanna do ow
Now I'm trying hard to meet her but the fares went up
at seven
She is somewhere in the city somewhere watching
television
Watching people being stupid, doing things she can't
believe in
Love won't last 'til next installment
Ten o' clock on tuesday evening
The world is going on outside, the night is gaping open
wide
The wardrobe and the chest of drawers are telling her
to go outdoors
He should have been here by this time, he said that
he'd be here by nine
That guy is such a prick sometimes, I don't know why
you bother, really.
Oh babe oh I'm sorry
But I had to make love to every crack in the pavement
and the shop doorways
And the puddles of rain that reflected your face in my
eyes.
The day didn't go too well.
Too many chocolates and cigarettes.
I kept thinking of you and almost walking into lamp-
posts.
Why's it so hot? (peace garden!)
The air coming up to the boil; rubbing up against walls
and lamp-posts trying to get rid
Of it.
Old women clack their tongues in the shade of
crumbling concrete bus shelters.
Dogs doing it in central reservations and causing
multiple pile-ups in the centre of town.

I didn't want to come here in the first place
But I've been sentenced to three years in the housing
benefit waiting room.
I must have lost your number in the all-night garage
And now I'm wandering up and down your street,
calling you name, in the rain
Whilst my shoes turn to sodden cardboard.
Where are you?
[candida:] (I'm here!)
[jarvis:] where are you? (I'm here!) where are you? (I'm
here!)
Where are you? (I'm here!)
Where are you? (I'm here!) where are you? (I'm here!)
where are you?
That's all I wanna do.

I'm still trying hard to meet you, but it doesn't look like
happening
'cos the city's out to get me if I won't sleep with her this
evening
Though her buildings are impressive and her cul-de-
sacs amazing
She's had too many lovers and I know you're out there
waiting
And now she's getting into bed he's had his chance
now it's too late
The carpet's screaming for her soul, the darkness
wants to eat her whole
Tonight must be the night it ends
Tomorrow she will call her friends and go out on her
own somewhere
Who needs this shit anyway?
And listen I wandered the streets the whole night
crying, trying to pick up your scent
Writing messages on walls and the puddles of rain
reflected your face in my eyes.
We finally made it on a hill-top at four a.m.
The whole city is your jewellery-box; a million twinkling
yellow street lights.
Reach out and take what you want; you can have it all.
Gee it's so hot tonight!
I didn't think we were gonna make it.
It was so bad during the day, but now I'm snug and
warm under an eiderdown sky.
All the things we saw:
Everyone on park hill came in unison at four-thirteen
a.m. and the whole block fell down.
The tobacconist caught fire, and everyone in the street
died of lung cancer.
The grunts from the t-reg chevette; you bet, you bet,
yeah you bet. mmmmm. yeah.
All I wanna do is make contact with you. tomorrow, are
we gonna?
That's all I wanna do...
I was trying hard to meet her but the fares went up at
seven
She was somewhere in the city somewhere watching
television
Watching people being stupid doing things she can't
believe in
Love won't last 'til next installment ten o'clock on
tuesday evening
The world was going on outside
The night was waiting open wide
The wardrobe and the chest of drawers were telling her
to go outdoors
He should have been there by that time, he said that

he'd be there by nine
That guy is such a prick sometimes
Yeah jesus!
Oh baby babe I wanna I wanted to tell you that there's
nothing
There's nothing to worry about because we can we can
we can we can get it together oh yeah

Oh we got it together tonight yeah we made it.

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