

Pulp

"59, Lyndhurst Grove"

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There's a picture by his first wife on the wall
Stripped floorboards in the kitchen and the hall
A stain from last week's party on the stairs
No one knows who made it or how it ever got there

They were dancing with children round their necks
Talking business, books and records, art and sex
All things being considered, you'd call it a success
You wore your black dress

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

He's an architect and such a lovely guy
And he'll stay with you until the day you die
And he'll give you everything you could desire
Oh, well, almost everything, everything that he can buy

So you sometimes go out in the afternoon
Spend an hour with your lover in his bedroom
Hearing old women rolling trolleys down the road
Back to Lyndhurst Grove, Lyndhurst Grove

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