

Pulp

"After You"

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On the last night on earth, when the horses roam free
The scriptures foretell of a party in Hackney
In a dimly lit room full of loathing and hate
They're selling their souls and I just can't wait

I shrivel inside at the sight of your beauty
I fall to the the floor as she's shaking her booty
She ... and ... until I turned blue
Oh, the things we get up to, to get through the night
After you

After you

I knew it was wrong
I began to suspect when she reached over and pressed
the eject
I was up to the gunnels, against all advice
I felt so ashamed that I did it twice

From disco to disco
From Safeway to Tesco
We're shopping around from the cradle till death row
From Tesco it's down to the 7-11
To chase through the night time
To chase through the night
After you

After you

I can't explain why I need to be free
But if you need to be naked that's alright by me
It's a fast track express to the graveyard, I know
So what are you waiting for, hey ho let's go

From disco to disco
From Safeway to Tesco
We're shopping around from the cradle till death row
Don't stop until the train has pulled into the station
Then I'll hold the door for you - no, I insist
After you

After you

Oh, after you

After you

Yeah, after you

After you

After you

After you

After you ...

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