

Pulp

"Bad Cover Version"

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The word's on the streets we've found someone new
If he looks nothin' like me I'm so happy for you
I heard an old girlfriend has turned to the Church
She's tryin' to replace me but it'll never work

'Cause every touch reminds you
Of just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you
It leaves behind the bitter taste of saccharine

A bad cover version of love is not the real thing
(Ooo)
Bikini clad girl on the front who invited you in
Such great disappointment when you got him home
The original was so good no one you know longer know

And every touch reminds you
Of just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you
You get the taste of saccharine

It's not easy to forget me
(It's not easy to forget me)
It's so hard to disconnect
(It's so hard to disconnect)
When it's electronically reprocessed
(Electronically)
To give a more life like effect
Tom, come on

Aah, sing your song
About all the sad imitations
That got it so wrong

It's like a late Tom and Jerry
When the two of them could've talk
Like the stones since the eighties
Like the last days of southfork, ohh
Like 'Planet of the Apes' on TV
The second side of 'til the band comes in
Like an known brand box of cornflakes
He's goin' to let you down my friend

(Jimmy gotta)

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