

Pulp

"Boats And Trains"

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She likes to watch the moon,
as it travels through the sky,
cos she's heard that it's romantic,
though she really can't see why.

Someone should have helped her through the day.
Someone like the moon.

So she drinks a cup of coffee,
and telephones a friend,
and she asks if she can make it,
so this night will never end.

Someone should have helped her through the day.
Someone like the moon.

But the light comes,
and the day bleeds through the sky,
and the sun,
the sun makes it hard to get through,
and the radio only plays love songs so she cries,
though she knows it's such a bad thing to do.
In the evening it gets better,
and she thinks how it's not right,
that someone so stupid,
can so easily screw up your life.

Someone should have helped her through the day.
Someone like the moon.

But the light came,
and the day bled through the sky,
and the sun, the sun made it hard to get through,
and the radio only played love songs so she cried,
though she knew it's such a bad thing to do.
Can't you see?
Can't you see?
Someone should have helped her through the day.
Someone like the moon.

