

Pulp

"Cocaine Socialism"

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I thought that you were joking,
When you said
"i want to see you
To discuss your contribution
To the future of our nation's heart and soul -
Six o'clock my place, white hall"
Well I arrived just after seven.
But you said
"it doesn't matter.
I understand your situation,
And your image,
And I'm flattered.
Oh and I'd just like to tell you,
That I love all of your albums.
Could you sign this for my daughter?
She's in hospital, her name is miriam.
Now I'll get down to the gist -
Do you want a line of this?

Are you a *sniff sniff*
Socialist?

Now I'm doing fine.
(yeah!)
Buzing all the time.
Oh just one hit,
And I feel great.
And I support the welfare state.
Oh you must be a socialist
Cos you're always off and on the piss
In your private members' bar.
Oh yes you are.
You're a superstar.
Well you sing about comon people.

And the mis-shapes and the misfits.
So can you bring them to my party?
And get them all to sniff this?
Oh and all I'm really saying,
Is come on and rock the vote for me.
All I'm really saying,
Is come on, roll up that note for me.

Your choice in all of this is -
Do you want hits or do you want misses?

Are you a *sniff sniff* socialist? yeah.
Socialist yeah.
Socialist yeah.
Oh yeah.

Oh you can be just what you want to be.
Oh just as long as you don't try to compete with me.
We've waited such a long time
For a chance to help our own kind.
So now
Please come on and tow the party line.
Oh you owe it to yourself,
Don't think of anybody else.
And we promise we won't tell.
No we won't tell.
We won't tell.
No we won't.
No we won't.
No we won't.
Oh no we won't tell.

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