

## **Pulp**

# **"Glory Days"**

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Come and play the tunes of glory  
Raise your voice in celebration  
Of the days that we have wasted  
In the cafe in the station  
And learn the meaning of existence  
In fortnightly installments

Come share this golden age with me  
In my single room apartment  
And if it all amounts to nothing  
It doesn't matter  
These are still our glory days

Oh my face is unappealing  
And my thoughts are unoriginal  
I did experiments with substances  
But all it did was make me ill  
And I used to do the I Ching

But then I had to feed the meter  
Now I can't see into the future  
But at least I can use the heater  
Oh it doesn't get much better than this  
'Cos this is how we live our glory days

And I could be a genius  
If I just put my mind to it and I  
I could do anything if only I could get round to it  
Oh we were brought up on the space race  
Now they expect you to clean toilets

When you've seen how big the world is  
How can you make do with this?  
If you want me, I'll be sleeping in  
Sleeping in throughout these glory days

These glory days can take their toll  
So catch me now, before I turn to gold  
Yeah we'd love to hear your story  
Just as long as it tells us where we are  
That where we are is where we're meant to be

Oh come on make it up yourself  
You don't need anybody else  
And I promise I won't sell these days  
To anybody else in the world but you  
No one but you, no one but you, no one but you

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