

Pulp

"Live Bed Show"

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She doesn't have to go to work
But she doesn't want to stay in bed
'Cos it's changed from somethin' comfortable
To somethin' else instead

This bed has seen it all
From the first time to the last
This silences of now
And the good times of the past

And it only cost ten pounds
From a shop just down the road
Now dewlap was seven years ago
And things were very different, then

It didn't get much rest at first
The headboard bangin' in the night
The neighbors didn't dare complain
Oh everything was goin' right

Now there's no need to complain
Becoz it never makes a sound

Somethin' beautiful left town
And she doesn't even know it's name

Now every night she plays the sad game
(Aaa)
Oo, oo, oo
Called pretending nothing's going wrong
Ooo
(Aaa)

But she knows
If this show was televised
No one would watch it
Not tonight, but seven years ago

La la, la la, la la la
La la, la la, la la la
La la, la la, la la la
La la, la la, la la la

Now there's no need to complain

'Cos it never makes a sound
And something beautiful left town
And she never even knew it's name

She doesn't have to go to work
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