

Pulp

"Sorted For E's & Wizz"

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Oh is this the way they say the future's meant to feel?
Or just 20,000 people standing in a field. And I don't
quite understand just what this feeling is. But that's
okay 'cos we're all sorted out for E's & Wizz. And tell
me when the spaceship lands 'cos all this has just got
to mean something. In the middle of the nite, it feels
alright, but then tomorrow morning. Oh then you come
down. Oh yeah the pirate radio station told us what was
going down. Got the tickets from some fucked up bloke
in Camden Town. Oh and no-one seems to know exactly
where it is. But that's okay 'cos we're all sorted out for
E's & Wizz. At 4 o'clock the normal world seems very,
very, very far away. Alright. In the middle of the nite, it
feels alright but then tomorrow morning. Oh then you
come down. Just keep on moving...everybody asks your
name, they say we're all the same and it's "nice one",
"geezer", but that's as far as the conversation went. I
lost my friends, I dance alone, it's 6 o'clock I wanna go
home. But it's "no way", "not today", makes you
wonder what it meant. And this hollow feeling grows
and grows and grows and grows, and you want to
phone your mother and say "Mother, I can never come
home again 'cos I seem to have left an important part
of my brain somewhere, somewhere in a field in
Hampshire". Alright. In the middle of the night it feels
alright but then tomorrow morning. Oh then you come
down. Oh then you come down. What if you never come
down?

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