

## **Pulp**

# **"Sorted For E's And 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 'cause we're all sorted out for E's and  
wizz.

And tell me when the spaceship lands  
'cause 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 mashed up bloke in Camden  
Town.

Oh and no-one seems to know exactly where it is.  
But that's okay 'cause we're all sorted out for E's and  
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 six 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

'cause I seem to have left an important part of my brain  
somewhere

Somewhere in a field in Hampshire".

Alright. In the middle of the nite, it feels alright

But then tomorrow morning.

Oh then you come down.

What if you never come down?

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