

## **Pulp** **"Styloroc"**

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After many weeks in the wilderness we came upon a  
strange, exotic land.  
A land of happy hours,  
Where the sky is always grey and the food  
exceptionally greasy.  
We drank strange brown liquids,  
And our stomachs swelled up like balloons.  
A thousand fake orgasms every night  
Behind thick dralon curtains.  
They go on and on and on and on.  
We sank back into mauve p.v.c. sofas.  
Outside dogs roamed the streets

And the rooftops glistened in the rain  
But now we've grown so fat we can no longer pass  
through the door.  
So stay we must,  
Sprouting black hair beneath bri-nylon underwear.  
Yes, here we will stay  
These nights of suburbia go on and on and on and on  
and on.

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