

St Etienne "Hobart Paving"

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[intro sample (on the album):]

Do you think a girl should go to bed with a feller, if she
doesn't love him?

No. [pause] unless it's me.

I heard she drove the silvery sports-car /
Along the empty streets last night. /
Hanging around / with hair-dos like mine. /
No, I haven't seen the kids for some time. /

Picked up her shoes from the red-brick stairway, /
Just like a harpsichordist she moved. /
And back upstairs / at half past two, /
With a paper folded, outside the loo. /

Rain falls / like elvis tears. /
Oh no, / no sugar tonight. /
Out on the high street, / dim all the lights and /
Cry coloured tears again. /

And baby, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me. / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Hobart paving, don't you think that's it's time, /
On this platform with the drizzle in my eyes? /
And baby, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me. / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Hobart paving, don't you think that's it's time? /
The ticket's in my hand, the train pulls down the line. /

Rain falls / like elvis tears. /
Oh no, / no sugar. /
Out on the high street, / dim all the lights and /
Cry coloured tears. /

And baby, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me. / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Oh no, no sugar tonight, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Oh no, no sugar tonight, / (don't forget to catch me.) /
No no, no sugar tonight. / (don't forget to catch me.) /
Don't forget to catch me...

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