

# Tindersticks "Untitled"

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Nothing came under  
The rays remained in the sun that day  
And life isn't full of surprises  
You think you could steal in  
Pop over the wall in the middle of the night  
Climb out of those heavy boots and clothes  
And into that cool blue  
You're not even dipping your toe  
I find this bed too big now  
It's like those people you see on the way to work  
Stuck in an endless queue of traffic  
Each one in their own individual car  
Half of them coming from the same place  
Going to the same place  
Going nowhere  
They could quarter the amount of cars by sharing a lift  
Go on the bus, wipe out all the cars  
I should rid myself of this bed, get myself a cardboard  
box  
No waste of space  
No force of empty wasted space for your body to  
create it's dent in  
I miss your back  
You're back, how are you?  
What are you up to? getting on okay?  
Fuck off

Eighteen months ago they moved in here  
The scrap metal dealer to one side  
And divorced violinist to the other  
Each morning we'd wake to the same chorus  
Of cookers and fridges being dragged on their sides  
across the concrete  
Accompanied by ravel's bolero  
At first this was the best sound we'd ever heard

Hammer a six inch nail into my right ear  
Shove a red hot poker up my nose  
Make me walk on hot coals and broken glass  
Gouge out my eyes with a cocktail stick  
Rip my fingernails off  
The pain would be so much easier than doing nothing

to me at all

It was that dream again, when I was on the table  
There was bright lights, and laurence olivier out of 'the  
marathon man' staring down at me  
As they unbuttoned my coat and unravelled my  
sweater  
And the shirt and the vest peeled  
And said "did something die in here? "

So, whose bed you been sleeping in then?  
Some poncey arsehole I'll bet  
I can see you there  
And it fucking hurts  
God, I want to buy you bagels and cream cheese for  
breakfast  
Run down the corner shop without my undies or socks  
on  
Make some fresh coffee, hop back into your warm bed  
And have those chats I miss so much  
Another coffee? cigarette?  
Fancy going to the pub later  
God, it's good to see you  
You always cheer me up

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