

97 Lovers

Pulp

Ninety-seven lovers twisted out of shape and just one kiss could set them straight
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I know a woman with a picture of Roger Moore
in a short towel and dressing-gown pinned to her bedroom wall
She married a man who works on a building site
Now they make love beneath Roger every Friday night Oh
Ninety-seven lovers twisted out of shape and just one kiss could set them straight
Ninety-seven lovers rose to meet the sun
And when the day was over there were only ninety-one
Another I know
Well, she laughs too loud with her friends
Playing it safe on the surface to give her heart time to mend
And then one day without warning he walks unannounced through the door
And he picks her heart up off the table and he watches it smash on the floor
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Ninety-seven lovers rose to meet the sun
And when the day was over there were only ninety-one.