

## After You

Pulp

On the last night on earth when the horses run free  
The scriptures foretell of a party in Hackney  
In a dimly lit room crammed with loathing and hate  
They're selling their souls and I just can't wait

I shrivel inside at the sight of her beauty  
I fall to the floor as she's shaking her booty  
The rain makes me shiver; the wind turns me blue  
Oh - the things we get up to, to get through the night after you

I knew it was wrong; I began to suspect  
When she reached over and pressed the eject  
I was up to the gunnels against your advice  
I felt so ashamed that I did it twice

From disco to disco; from Safeway to Tesco  
We're shopping around from the cradle til death row  
From Tesco it's down to the 7-11  
To chase through the night time, to chase through the night after you  
After you

I can't explain why I need to be free  
But if you need to be naked that's alright by me  
It's the fast track express to the graveyard, I know  
So what are you waiting for? Hey ho, let's go

From disco to disco; from Safeway to tesco  
We're shopping around from the cradle til death row  
Don't stop til the train has pulled into the station  
I'll hold the door for you - no, I insist, after you  
After you  
After you