

Bad Cover Version

Pulp

The word's on the street; you've found someone new
If he looks nothing like me
I'm so happy for you

I heard an old girlfriend
Has turned to the church
She's trying to replace me
But it'll never work

'cause every touch reminds you of
Just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you
It leaves behind the bitter taste of saccharine

A bad cover version of love is not the real thing
Bikini clad girl on the front who invited you in
Such great disappointment
When you got him home
The original was so good
The one you no longer own

And every touch reminds you of
Just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you
You get the taste of saccharine

It's not easy to forget me
It's so hard to disconnect
When it's electronically reprocessed
To give a more life-like effect
Oh come on

Ah, sing your song
About all the sad imitations
That got it so wrong

It's like a later Tom And Jerry, when the two of them could talk
Like the Stones since the Eighties
Like the last days of Southfork
Like Planet Of The Apes on TV
The second side of Til The Band Comes In
Like an own brand box of cornflakes:
He's going to let you down, my friend