

Glory Days

Pulp

Come & play the tunes of glory -
raise your voice in celebration
of the days that we have wasted in the cafe in the station.
& learn the meaning of existence in fortnightly instalments.
Come share this golden age with me
in my single room apartment
& if it all amounts to nothing - it doesn't matter, these are s
till our glory days.

Oh my face is unappealing
and my thoughts are unoriginal.
I did experiments with substances
but all it did was make me ill
& I used to do the I Ching
but then I had to feed the meter.
Now I can't see into the future
but at least I can use the heater.
Oh it doesn't get much better than this 'cos this is how we liv
e our glory days.

Oh & I could be a genius
if I just put my mind to it
& I, I could do anything
if only I could get 'round to it.
Oh we were brought up on the Space-Race,
now they expect you to clean toilets.
When you have seen how big the world is how can you make do wit
h this?
If you want me I'll be sleeping in -
sleeping in throughout these glory days.

These glory days can take their toll,
so catch me now before I turn to gold. Yeah we'd love to hear y
our story
just as long as it tells us where we are -
that where we are is where we're meant
to be.
Oh come on make it up yourself -
you don't need anybody else.
& I promise I won't sell these days to anybody else in the worl
d but you.
No-one but you (4x)
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.