

## In Many Ways

Pulp

Hey  
you're treading on my life  
You're leaving marks, but that's alright  
In a year or so, I'll look back and I'll smile  
These things last only for a while  
In many ways  
this is a waste of time  
what will become of it all?  
I make you cry  
know you in crowded streets  
not what I wanted at all  
Then  
what else could I do  
instead of thinking about you?  
Pleasure now will justify our love  
See, I even call it "love"  
In many ways  
there's nothing I'd rather do  
one kiss makes sense of it all  
And what's to come?  
Let's just not think about it, it might never happen at all.