

The Fear

Pulp

This is our music from a bachelors den -
The sound of loneliness turned up to ten.
A horror soundtrack from a stagnant water-bed
And it sounds just like this.
This is the sound of someone losing the plot -
Making out that they're okay when they're not.
You're gonna like it,
But not a lot
And the chorus goes like this:

Oh baby,
Here comes the fear again.
The end is near again.
A monkey's built a house on your back.
You can't get anyone to come in the sack
And here comes another panic attack
Oh here we go again.

So now you know the words to our song,
Pretty soon you'll all be singing along.
When you're sad, when you're lonely
And it all turns out wrong.
When you've got the fear.
And hen you're no longer searching
For beauty or love -
Just some kind of life
With the edges taken off.
When you can't even define what it is that you're frightened of
This song will be here.

Oh baby,
Here comes the fear gain.
The end is near again.
If you ever get that chimp off your back.
If you ever find the thing that you lack
But you know you're only having a laugh
And here we go again.
Until the end.