

Tunnel

Pulp

Tunnel The tenth of July, 1985
Don't ask stupid questions
I got bored
I had nothing to do I was bored
I had, I had not

Fifteen weeks since the light has gone
Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on
A thousand bodies stink and sweat and somebody's trying to roll a cigarette
Clean mister
Clean mister
Clean missed her
Clean missed her

Relax
Clean mister
Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on
Clean mister
Clean mister
Clean missed her
Clean missed her
Just relax and enjoy it
it's nothing really
Let's get you out of those wet clothes
C'mon, just lift yourself up, get these awful trousers off
You'll feel so much better afterwards
Just close your eyes and let it ooze all over you
Trickling down your back, warm and sticky
Isn't that nice?
No, don't speak just let yourself go and you'll sink
Let yourself go sinking down, deeper and deeper and deeper
At three o'clock that morning I awoke in an unfamiliar room in my hands like
sodden paper
It was a thick, glutinous, pale green liquid
The sunlight through net curtains
Going six hundred miles an hour into brilliant white light
There's a brass band playing somewhere

Roll over on to your back and wait for the talcum
But what's that smell?
Pull back the light, crisp,
linen sheets and find that sweat they were only two hours before
The bedroom tips sideways
NoNoNoNoNoNoNo!
Let me out!
Let me out! ...
I've got to get out of that stinking shit-hole

I would lie there and see green fields and see the sky blue,
the sky blue above me
And be clean again
I know I'll never, ever be clean again
Never be clean again.