

Lloyd Cole, Andy's Babies

Does it hurt to be polite
Or is it just cool to be unkind
Must you always hurt the ones you love
And then get paid back in time
Now, now, now
Andy is fine but his taste is not mine
Let me tell you I don't mean maybe
I'm getting really tired of andy's babies
Some say that children should be seen and not heard
That's what i'd preferred
Let's go downtown for a wine
I'm sure you'll be forced to smile
When you see andy's babies
And the bohemian lifestyle
Now, now now

Andy's a saint
But i'm loosing my patience
I really don't mean maybe
Don't even wanna talk about andy's babies
So andy says his children will inherit the earth
Isn't that absurd, in a word
Trudy's in the bathroom
She's trying to clean up her eyes
And donald's gone to mass
Yes we are thankful for that
It's eight in the morning
And still you can't get no sleep
On account of this perfect day and
All this white light white heat
Ah, isn't that sweet