

Pulp, Seconds

She / she used to live with his brother
Now she's an unmarried mother / with another / on the way
He's second rate / twisted out of shape
and he looks a state, it costs so much to look this rough
They go to town / they like to shop around / and look at all those things
All those things they never wanted anyway / She hates his hair
that stupid coat he wears / but sometimes second best
is the best that you can get
Oh yes / oh somebody told me / 'cos seconds turn to hours
and the hours turn into days / but still it feels like morning
The first time leaves its trace / and then slides into second place
and still it feels like morning / At night they try to fly
hold on tight and close their eyes / and they hit the ground in the morning
But in the morning it's raining / Oh Christ you're always complaining
can't you think of something else / It's nearly-
a bargain basement made for two / and if you blur your eyes
you could be anywhere / you want yourself to be
Oh yeah, it's bad / I know you want to laugh, so laugh
But sometimes second best / Is all that you can get
Oh yeah / oh somebody told me / the seconds turn to hours
and the hours turn into days / but still it feels like morning
The first time leaves its trace / and then slides into second place
and still it feels like morning / At night they try to fly
hold on tight and close their eyes / and they hit the ground in the morning
But you're so perfect you don't interest me at all
You're golden boy fell down / Don't you know / he hasn't got a personality?
And I know / he said he'd last all night then gave you seconds / yeah
The seconds turn to hours / and the hours turn into days
but still it feels like morning / The first time leaves its trace
and then slides into second place / and still it feels like morning
At night they try to fly / hold on tight and close their eyes
and they hit the ground in the morning / My God they're still alive
they got it wrong but they still tried / and they made it through to the morning.