

Sleeper, What Do I Do Now

Quickly she came dressed up for fame
Riding her perfume downstairs
Make up like glue she danced round the room
To the sound of her corduroy flares
Let's go to town - taxis all round
We could stop for a couple of beers
He looks at it all, stifles a yawn
She tries not to look like she cares

What do I do now? Are we going under
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted
Out the other day maybe I'm just stupid
Can't we try again
No one told me it was raining

Can't face a club they walk to a nearby pub
Watch a couple of bands
Draining the glass they walk home at last
Reaching for each other's hands

Nothing is said he goes to bed
Dreaming of her on his own
She stays up all week watching him sleep
Scared that she'll wake up alone

What do I do now? Are we going under
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted
Out the other day maybe I'm just stupid
Can't we try again
No one told me it was raining

Oh I'll miss you every day of your life
And oh you'll feel it too
You're not that strong
You know I'm on to you

Oh I'll miss you every day of your life
And maybe when you're dead
I'll get some rest from holding onto you

What do I do now then? Are we going under
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted
Is there someone else or am I too familiar?
Was it when I said I wanted to have children?
Tore up all your photos. Didn't feel too clever
Spent the whole of Sunday sticking you together
Now I'd like to call you but I feel too awkward
Some things need explaining
No one told me it was raining