

Echobelly, Pantyhose & Roses

She leaves her brains at the door,
She drops her guts on the floor,
She only listens out for everyday noises,
She very calmly ignores,
The little things she abhors,
She's made her mind up to be tidy.

It could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It could change.

He keeps his fingernails neat,
He cleans the car once a week,
He keeps an eye out for resistible bargains,
But everynight in his sleep,
He dreams of sex on the street,
He longs for pantyhose and roses.

It could change, it will never,

It could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It will change, it could never,
It could change, change,
Oh!.

All these years, all this time,
Learn to suffer, compromise,
Turn away, tolerate,
Learn to suffer what you hate.

And it could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It could change, it will never,
It will change, it could never,
It could change, change.

You got me walking alone,
You got me walking alone,
You got me walking alone,
You got me walking alone.