

Pretty Things, Office Love

It was a grey dawn, penciled in lightly
The morning screamed, neath the traffic's feet
The razor burned commuters reflections
It didn't seem a visual treat.

The office staff begin the humdrum
Making the hours and the money flow.
The guilty lovers keep their secret
And hope it doesn't show.

Oh no office love is such a bitch
Oh no like a knife in the back

He catches the train up every morning
From his croyden executive estate
He's convinced he needs a new future
But she's prepared to wait

He swears to step cleanly from a marriage
That's become so tangled and confused
She knows he's lying for his pleasures
He doesn't see her cry.
He doesn't see her die.

Oh no office love is such a bitch
Oh no like a knife in the back

She goes home, knowing that it can't go on
Her secret fears become too strong
Seeing what little love she has she's losing
He's the type that manages to sleep at night
The guilt is safely locked away
But it was just another day, and he's so tired.

Her heart seemed set on destruction
With lips drawn pale and thin
She offered up love like a sacrifice
And he was closing in.

Her mother sat on the end of the bed
Through the dark hours of the night
Wagging her finger saying honey
This just isn't right.

Oh no office love is such a bitch
Oh no like a knife in the back