

Pulp, Bad Cover Version

The word's on the street: you've found someone new.
If he looks nothing like me I'm so happy for you.
I heard an old girlfriend has turned to the church -
she's trying to replace me, but it'll never work.
'Cos every touch reminds you of just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you it leaves behind the bitter taste of saccharine.
A bad cover version of love is not the real thing.
Bikini-clad girl on the front who invited you in.
Such great disappointment when you got him home -
the original was so good; the one you no longer own.
And every touch reminds you of just how sweet it could have been
And every time he kisses you, you get the taste of saccharine.
It's not easy to forget me, it's so hard to disconnect
When it's electronically reprocessed to give a more life-like effect.

Aah, sing your song about all the sad imitations that got it so wrong
It's like a later "Tom & Jerry" when the two of them could talk
Like the Stones since the Eighties, like the last days of Southfork.
Like "Planet of the Apes" on TV, the second side of "Til the Band Comes in"
Like an own-brand box of cornflakes: he's going to let you down my friend.