

# Pulp, Being Followed Home

I'm being followed home, / I'm being followed home,  
I don't know what for, / I don't know by whom.  
The smell of your dress, / a face in the rain, / the pavement shines wet  
in focus again. / Oh... / oh... / oh... / oh. / In a dead seaside town  
I tried to change my mind / for a well-balanced view  
that was not mine to find. / Heaven knows, all your  
stars are on show, they last a lifetime, / and your hands leave their  
marks in the sand, they last for ever, / for ever. / It's clear to me:  
you fit so perfectly / in a dimly lit room / just inside of the sea.  
His twisted face / tells me to leave this place.  
You know somewhere, / but I shouldn't go there, I shouldn't go there.  
Heaven knows, all your / stars are on show, they last a lifetime,  
and your hands leave their / marks in the sand, they last for ever.  
They've followed me home -  
the one with the dog-breath in the tattoo bar says something in a language  
that I don't understand. The street stinks of piss and dead fish.  
Jump a garden wall, landing on the slimy grass, air roaring in my lungs.  
Hear him swear as he stumbles and falls behind me.  
Down another cobbled street, footsteps bouncing off the walls.  
Which way? A bottle smashes. The glint of a blade in the moonlight.  
Someone laughs, the corners turned... and it's too late.  
The first blow falls... then nothing. / I awoke on the beach sometime later  
to a grey and sunless sky. / Your voice still slithers in my head,  
I can't remember what you said. / I get to my feet, my body aches.  
I make for the town for no-one's sake.  
My mind is a blur, I feel so weak, / I see your reflection in the street.  
"It's what you deserve, it's what you need.  
Just like those stupid books you read." / I look to the sky, I see your face,  
collapse in the road I hear you say / I shouldn't go there, I shouldn't go there!  
My wound's healing now / and your imprint fades,  
now just a pale scar / for five vanished days.  
Your voice is so weak, / your face is unclear,  
your body a legend from a forgotten year.  
I've been followed home.  
I've been followed home.  
I've been followed home.  
I've been followed home.