

Pulp, Cocaine Socialism

I thought that you were joking / When you said "I want to see you
To discuss your contribution / To the future of our nation's heart and soul
Six o'clock, my place, Whitehall" / Well I arrived just after seven
But you said "It doesn't matter" / "I understand your situation
And your image, and I'm flattered / Oh and I'd just like to tell you
That I love all of your albums / Could you sign this for my daughter?
She's in hospital, her name is Miriam / Now get down to the gist:
Do you want a line of this? / Are you a (sniff) / socialist?"
"Doin' fine, yeah! / Buzzin' all the time / Just one hit / And I feel great
And I support / The welfare state / Oh, you must be socialist
'Cos you're always off out on the piss / In your private member's bar
Oh yes you are / Yer superstar / Well you sing about common people
And the mis-shapes and the misfits / So can you bring them to my party
And get them all to sniff this? / And all I'm really saying
Is come on and rock the vote for me / All I'm really saying
Is come on roll up that note for me / The gist of all of this is
Do you want hits or d'you want misses? / Are you a socialist, yeah
Socialist, yeah / Socialist, yeah / Oh yeah"
"Yeah, you can be just what you want to be
Just as long as you don't try to compete with me
And we've waited such a long time
For the chance to help our own kind, so now
Please come on and tow the party line / Oh you owe it to yourself
Don't think of anybody else / And we promise we won't tell
Oh we won't tell, and we won't sell" / No we won't / No we won't
No we won't