

Pulp, Glory Days

Come & play the tunes of glory -
raise your voice in celebration
of the days that we have wasted in the cafe in the station.
& learn the meaning of existence in fortnightly instalments.
Come share this golden age with me
in my single room apartment
& if it all amounts to nothing - it doesn't matter, these are still our glory days.

Oh my face is unappealing
and my thoughts are unoriginal.
I did experiments with substances
but all it did was make me ill
& I used to do the I Ching
but then I had to feed the meter.
Now I can't see into the future
but at least I can use the heater.
Oh it doesn't get much better than this 'cos this is how we live our glory days.

Oh & I could be a genius
if I just put my mind to it
& I, I could do anything
if only I could get 'round to it.
Oh we were brought up on the Space-Race,
now they expect you to clean toilets.
When you have seen how big the world is how can you make do with this?
If you want me I'll be sleeping in -
sleeping in throughout these glory days.

These glory days can take their toll,
so catch me now before I turn to gold. Yeah we'd love to hear your story
just as long as it tells us where we are -
that where we are is where we're meant
to be.
Oh come on make it up yourself -
you don't need anybody else.
& I promise I won't sell these days to anybody else in the world but you.
No-one but you [x4]
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.