

Pulp, Joking Aside

I hate to complain, you know, but then again
I cannot pretend nothing's wrong
Looking at my present situation, the act cannot last for long
Viewed from outside these pursuits I might try
seem possessed of a certain allure
Now they're no longer a source of mystery my faith in them's more unsure
Now the time to play is over / Time to dispose of the lies
Time to show what's really / on my mind
Yes I'd like to turn you over / to see what's on your other side
To see if the problem's / in my mind / In my mind
The choice is quite clear, to move on or stay here
Decision is harder to take
Reject what I have for something unstable could easily be a mistake
So I walk round the place with a smile on my face
pretending the best that I can
Hoping to lose the inclination to desire what I can't understand
And the time to play is over / Time to dispose of the lies
Time to show what's really / on my mind
Yes I'd like to turn you over / to see what's on your other side
To see if the problem's / in my mind / In my mind
Lalalalala lalalalala...
Now the time to play is over / Time to dispose of the lies
Time to show what's really / on my mind
Yes I'd like to turn you over / to see what's on your other side
Like to turn it over / in my mind
In my mind / In my mind / In my mind / In my mind.