

Pulp, Sorted For E's & Wizz

Oh is this the way they say the future's meant to feel?
Or just 20,000 people standing in a field.
And I don't quite understand just what this feeling is.
But that's okay 'cause we're all sorted out for E's and wizz.
And tell me when the spaceship lands
'cause all this has just got to mean something.
In the middle of the nite, it feels alright, but then tommorow morning.
Oh then you come down.
Oh yeah the pirate radio station told us what was going down.
Got the tickets from some mashed up bloke in Camden Town.
Oh and no-one seems to know exactly where it is.
But that's okay 'cause we're all sorted out for E's and wizz.
At 4 o'clock the normal world seems very, very, very far away.
Alright.
In the middle of the nite, it feels alright, but then tommorow morning.
Oh then you come down. Just keep on moving...
Everybody asks your name
They say we're all the same and it's "nice one", "geezer";
But that's as far as the conversation went.
I lost my friends, I dance alone, it's six o'clock I wanna go home.
But it's "no way", "not today", makes you wonder what it meant.
And this hollow feeling grows and grows and grows and grows
And you want to phone your mother and say
"Mother, I can never come home again
'cause I seem to have left an important part of my brain somewhere
Somewhere in a field in Hampshire".
Alright. In the middle of the nite, it feels alright
But then tommorow morning.
Oh then you come down.
What if you never come down?