

Pulp, The Fear

This is our Music from A Bachelors Den
- the sound of loneliness turned up to ten.

A horror soundtrack from a stagnant water-bed & it sounds just like this.

This is the sound of someone losing the plot -
making out that they're okay when they're not.

You're gonna like it, but not a lot & the chorus goes like this:

Oh Baby, here comes the fear again.

The end is near again.

A monkey's built a house on your back.

You can't get anyone to come in the sack

& here comes another panic attack.

Oh here we go again.

So now you know the words to our song,

pretty soon you'll all be singing along.

When you're sad, when you're lonely & it all turns out wrong.

When you've got the fear.

& when you're no longer searching for beauty or love -

just some kind of life with the edges taken off.

When you can't even define what it

is that you are frightened of

this song will be here.

Oh Baby, here comes the fear again.

The end is near again.

If you ever get that chimp off your back.

If you ever find the thing that you lack

but you know you're only having a laugh

& here we go again.

Until the end

Until the end