

Pulp, This Is Hardcore

You are hardcore, you make me hard.
You name the drama and I'll play the part.
It seems I saw you in some teenage wet dream.
I like your get up if you know what I mean.
I want it bad. I want it now.
Oh can't you see I'm ready now.
I've seen all the pictures,
I've studied them forever.
I wanna make a movie so let's star in it
together.
Don't make a move 'til I say, "Action."
Oh, here comes the Hardcore life.
Put your money where your mouth is tonight.
Leave your make-up on & I'll leave on the light.
Come over here babe & talk in the mic. Oh yeah I hear you now.
It's gonna be one hell of a night.
You can't be a spectator. Oh no.
You got to take these dreams & make them whole.
Oh this is Hardcore -
there is no way back for you.
Oh this is Hardcore -
this is me on top of you &
I can't believe that it took me this long. That it took me this long.

This is the eye of the storm.
It's what men in stained raincoats pay for but in here it is pure.
Yeah. This is the end of the line.
I've seen the storyline played out so many times before.
Oh that goes in there.
Then that goes in there.
Then that goes in there.
Then that goes in there. & then it's over. Oh, what a hell of a show
but what I want to know:
what exactly do you do for an encore? 'Cos this is Hardcore.