

Pulp, Tunnel

Tunnel The tenth of July, 1985

Don't ask stupid questions

I got bored

I had nothing to do I was bored

I had, I had not

?

Fifteen weeks since the light has gone

Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on

A thousand bodies stink and sweat and somebody's trying to roll a cigarette

Clean mister

Clean mister

Clean missed her

Clean missed her

?

Relax

Clean mister

Fifteen weeks with the same shirt on

Clean mister

Clean mister

Clean missed her

Clean missed her

Just relax and enjoy it

it's nothing really

Let's get you out of those wet clothes

C'mon, just lift yourself up, get these awful trousers off

You'll feel so much better afterwards

Just close your eyes and let it ooze all over you

Trickling down your back, warm and sticky

Isn't that nice?

No, don't speak just let yourself go and you'll sink

Let yourself go sinking down, deeper and deeper and deeper

At three o'clock that morning I awoke in an unfamiliar room in my hands like sodden paper

It was a thick, glutinous, pale green liquid

The sunlight through net curtains

Going six hundred miles an hour into brilliant white light

There's a brass band playing somewhere

?

Roll over on to your back and wait for the talcum

But what's that smell?

Pull back the light, crisp,

linen sheets and find that sweat they were only two hours before

The bedroom tips sideways

NoNoNoNoNoNoNO!

Let me out!

Let me out! ...

I've got to get out of that stinking shit-hole

?

I would lie there and see green fields and see the sky blue,

the sky blue above me

And be clean again

I know I'll never, ever be clean again

Never be clean again.