

# Soft Cell, Kitchen Sink Drama

Passing time in the afternoon  
Cleaning the bathroom floor  
Rearrange things in the dining room  
Covers the chip on the kitchen door  
The paperboy winks as he hands her a paper  
He's cheekier every day  
She undoes her apron and sinks on the sofa  
Throws all her household chores away

She's in a fantasy  
It's not so hard to see  
That she is living a lie  
She'll never be the same  
She shuts her eyes again  
Waves all her worries goodbye

Puts on her make-up  
And smooths down her dress  
And finds the right words to say  
Holds a remaining spark of beauty  
Escape is only a romance away  
Troubles come flooding back with her migraine  
She trembles and shuts her eyes  
It's a good thing that friends come in little bottles  
Time to shake up and prepare for the lies

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Pushing the hair back from her face  
Shaping her thoughts in the sky  
Heaven is through her kitchen window  
"Pity it's only a dream", she sighs  
Imagines herself as Elizabeth Taylor  
The paperboy cycles away  
She turns on the stove  
Soon her husband is home  
"Hello dear, it's been such a long day"

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