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 smoothes 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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