

Tanita Tikaram, Hot Pork Sandwiches

We don't talk about our better selves
As it is - I survive and survive so well
Yes, y'know it, hovering on the edge of life
Is so exciting
Baby, you can take me home
Because dinner is
Dinner served alone

Now, who wants hot pork sandwiches?
Wrapped in foil
Corners are laced with gristle
I trust it's been freshly boiled
Now, who wants hot pork sandwiches?
Wrapped in foil
Corners are laced with gristle
I trust it's been freshly boiled

And in the darkness of the avenue
Boys in sharp suits and smiles
Girls with their recipe for romance
Are wide-eyed to the child
And as the stars shine brightly over them

Love will blossom once again
It's hot - got that sizzle
It's sizzle, sizzle, sizzlke
'Til then
Taking home new apprentice
Clearer bubble -
Always very hard to do
Because dinner is -
Dinner served for two

Now, who wants hot pork sandwiches?
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And every mother, father and son
Chant little lullabye for one and all to see
What life should be
Waiting for the chance
To hear your life has changed
When baby you can take me home
Because dinner is -
Dinner served alone

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La-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-yeah-e-yeah
Da da da da da da dum

La-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-ta-yeah-e-yeah

Da da da da da da dum
Da da da da da
Da da da da da da dum