

The Style Council, The Story Of Someone's Shoe

It's either -
Something in their eyes or something in the drink
But whatever it is they both stop and think
There's no going back and nothing above
It's lust or loneliness - but never love.
She takes a breath as he takes his keys
First name terms is the extent of it
there's no getting out as they're going in
But by tomorrow they both will begin

To regret and renege on a bond they have struck
A small price to pay and casual luck
Some lose nothing - some lose a lot
But whatever we have is all we have got.

He takes her hand and leads to the room
In half light and silence for their clothes to remove
There's doubt in her mind but hope in her heart
That this last one of many may be the start.

So they wriggle and writhe for an hour or two
But time has no place when two are consumed.
They moan and they gasp but they don't really speak
As no conversation could fit this scene.

And tomorrow as always, always comes
As she slips away - he still dumb
He felt the urge just as she felt the need
Now the need to get out, still carrying his seed,
Which trickles down her leg and onto her shoe
Onto the pavement and then out of view
Into the gutter and down into a drain
Joining a river and there to remain -

There's no going back and there's nothing above
It's lust and loneliness that drives us along

It's lust and loneliness - but it's seldom love.