Tindersticks, Untitled

Nothing came under

The rays remained in the sun that day

And life isn't full of surprises

You think you could steal in

Pop over the wall in the middle of the night

Climb out of those heavy boots and clothes

And into that cool blue

You're not even dipping your toe

I find this bed too big now

It's like those people you see on the way to work

Stuck in an endless queue of traffic

Each one in their own individual car

Half of them coming from the same place

Going to the same place

Going nowhere

They could quarter the amount of cars by sharing a lift

Go on the bus, wipe out all the cars

I should rid myself of this bed, get myself a cardboard box

No waste of space

No force of empty wasted space for your body to create it's dent in

I miss your back

You're back, how are you?

What are you up to? getting on okay?

F**k off

Eighteen months ago they moved in here

The scrap metal dealer to one side

And divorced violinist to the other

Each morning we'd wake to the same chorus

Of cookers and fridges being dragged on their sides across the concrete

Accompanied by ravel's bolero

At first this was the best sound we'd ever heard

Hammer a six inch nail into my right ear

Shove a red hot poker up my nose

Make me walk on hot coals and broken glass

Gouge out my eyes with a cocktail stick

Rip my fingernails off

The pain would be so much easier than doing nothing to me at all

It was that dream again, when I was on the table

There was bright lights, and laurence olivier out of 'the marathon man' staring down at me

As they unbuttoned my coat and unravelled my sweater

And the shirt and the vest peeled

And said " did something die in here? "

So, whose bed you been sleeping in then?

Some poncey arsehole I'll bet

I can see you there

And it f**king hurts

God, I want to buy you bagels and cream cheese for breakfast

Run down the corner shop without my undies or socks on

Make some fresh coffee, hop back into your warm bed

And have those chats I miss so much

Another coffee? cigarette?

Fancy going to the pub later

God, it's good to see you

You always cheer me up