

# XTC, In Another Life

Well, would you want me, in your afternoons  
If I seduced ya, in your Mills and Boons  
Well, I'll be the master if you'll be the mate  
But don't you get those headaches  
In another life  
I'll bring your milk tray, from a parachute  
I'll play the Hollywood hunk, you can dye your roots  
Or I'll be your Burton if you'll be my Liz  
And there might be flying pigs  
In another life  
That's how we're built, love  
Don't let it wilt, love  
I'll take your flat feet  
Well, if you'll take my habits, it all works out in the end  
Ah, but in another life...  
I'll be the stranger, in your horoscope  
The cheeky builder, calling with his quote  
Or maybe a Chippendale, on girls' night out  
Make mine the biggest pouch  
In another life  
That's how we're built, love  
Don't let it wilt, love  
I'll take your mood swings  
Well, if you'll take my hobbies, it all works out in the end  
Ah, but in another life...  
Well, I'll be your Burton if you'll be my Liz  
There might be flying pigs  
In another life  
And you'd give up the cigs  
In another life  
And beer tastes good in tins  
Test matches we might win  
And your mother buys her gin