

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