

Styloroc (nites Of Suburbia)

Pulp

After many weeks in the wilderness we came upon a strange, exotic life.
A land of happy hours where the skies are grey and the food exceptionally greasy.
We drank strange brown liquids, and our stomachs swelled up like balloons.
A thousand fake orgasms every night behind thick draylon curtains.

They go on and on and on and on.
Oh! We sank back into long PVC sofas.
Outside dogs roamed the streets and the roof-tops, plus it would rain
But now we've grown so fat we can no longer pass through the door.

Stay we must, sprouting black hair beneath bry-nylon underwear.
Yes, you will stay; these nights of suburbia go on and on
And on and on and on and on and on.
They go on and on and on and on and on and on and on.

Yeah, oh, I'm feeling greasy.
Oh, I can't hear you. Oh, you're fading away. Oh no. Oh...

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