

# I Spy (with Anne Dudley & Orchestra)

## Pulp

I spy a boy  
I spy a girl  
I spy the worst place  
In the world  
In the whole wide world  
Oh, you didn't do bad  
You made it out  
I'm still stuck here  
Oh, but I'll get out  
Oh, yeah, I'll get out Can't you see the giant that walks around you seeing through your petty lives?  
Do you think I do these things for real, I do these things just so I survive And you know I will survive  
It may look to the untrained eye  
I'm sitting on my ass all day  
I'm biding time until I take you all on My Lords and Ladies, I will prevail  
I cannot fail 'cause I spy Oh I've got your numbers, taken notes  
I know the ways your minds work, I've studied And your minds are just the same as mine  
Except that you are clever swines  
You never let mask slip, you never admit to it, you're never hurried  
Oh, no, no, no And every night I hone my plan  
How I will get my satisfaction  
How I will blow your paradise away away, away  
'Cause I spy And it's just like in the old days  
I used to compose my own critical notices in my head  
"The crowd gasp at Cocker's masterful control of the bicycle  
Skilfully avoiding the dog turd next to the corner shop" Imagining a blue plaque  
Above the place I first ever touched a girl's chest  
But hold on  
You've got to wait for the best  
You see, you should take me seriously Very seriously indeed.  
Cause I've been sleeping with your wife for the past sixteen weeks  
Smoking your cigarettes  
Drinking your brandy  
Messing up the bed that you chose together And in all that time I just wanted you to come home unexpectedly  
one afternoon  
And catch us at it in the front room  
You see I spy for a living  
And I specialize in revenge  
On taking the things I know will cause you pain  
I can't help it

I was dragged upMy favorite parks are car parks  
Grass is something you smoke  
Birds are something you shag  
Take your "Year in Provence" and shove it up your assYour Ladbroke Grove looks turn me on, yeah  
With roach burns in designer dresses  
Skin stretched tight over high cheek-bones  
And thousands of tiny dryness lines beating a path to the corners of your eyes  
And every night I hatch my plan, It's not a case of woman v manIt's more a case of haves against haven'ts  
And I just happen to have got what you need  
Just exactly what you need, yeahLa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
In the midnight hour.  
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la  
I will come to you  
I will come to you  
I will take you from this sickness  
Dinner parties and champagne  
I'll hold your body and make it sing againCome on sing again, Let's sing again, oh yeah, 'cause I spy  
Yes, I spy  
I spy a boy  
And I spy a girlI spy the chance  
To change the world  
To change your world

Songwriters

CANDIDA DOYLE, JARVIS BRANSON COCKER, MARK ANDREW WEBBER, NICK BANKS,  
RUSSELL SENIOR, STEPHEN PATRICK MACKEYPublished by

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