

End of a Century

Blur

She says, "There's ants in the carpet"
The dirty little monsters, eating all the morsels
Just pickin' up the rubbish
Give her effervescence, she needs a little sparkle
Good morning TV, you're looking so healthy
We all say, "Don't want to be alone"
We wear the same clothes 'cause we feel the same
Kiss with dry lips, when we say goodnight
End of a century, oh it's nothin' special
Sex on the TV, everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty as you get closer to thirty
Gives her a cuddle, and they're glowing in a huddle
Good night TV, you're all made up
And you're looking like me
We all say, "Don't want to be alone"
We wear the same clothes 'cause we feel the same
Kiss with dry lips, when we say goodnight
End of a century, oh it's nothin' special
Can you eat her?
Yes you can
We all say, "Don't want to be alone"
We wear the same clothes 'cause we feel the same
Kiss with dry lips, when we say goodnight
End of a century, oh it's nothing special
We all say, "We want to be alone"
We wear the same clothes 'cause we feel the same
Kiss with dry lips, when we say goodnight
End of a century, oh it's nothing special
Oh end of a century, oh it's nothing special

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