Seconds

Pulp

She, she used to live with his brother

Now she's an unmarried mother with another on the way

He's second rate, twisted out of shape

Oh God, he looks a state, it costs so much to look so roughThey go to town, they like to shop around

And look at all those things, yeah, all those things

They never wanted anyway

She hates his hair that stupid coat he wears

But sometimes second best, is the best that you can get

Oh yes, oh somebody told me'Cause seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days

But still it feels like morning

The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place

And still it feels like morning

At night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes

And they hit the ground in the morningBut in the morning it's raining

Oh Christ, you're always complaining

Can't you think of something else?

It's nearly new, a bargain basement made for twoAnd if you blur your eyes you could be anywhere

You want yourself to be

Oh yeah, it's bad, I know you want to laugh, so laugh

But sometimes second best is all that you can get

Oh yeah, oh somebody told meThe seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days

But still it feels like morning

The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place

And still it feels like morning

At night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes

And they hit the ground in the morningBut you're so perfect, you don't interest me at all

You're golden boy fell down

Don't you know he hasn't got a personality?

He said he'd last all night and then gave you seconds, yeah The seconds turn to hours and the hours turn into days

But still it feels like morning

The first time leaves its trace and then slides into second place

And still it feels like morningAt night they try to fly, hold on tight and close their eyes

And they hit the ground in the morning

My god, they're still alive, they got it wrong but they still tried

And they made it through to the morning

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