

Joking Aside

Pulp

I hate to complain, you know, but then again
I cannot pretend nothing's wrong
Looking at my present situation, the act cannot last for long
Viewed from outside these pursuits I might try
Seem possessed of a certain allure
Now they're no longer a source of mystery my faith in them's more unsure
Now the time to play is over
Time to dispose of the lies
Time to show what's really
On my mind
Yes I'd like to turn you over
To see what's on your other side
To see if the problem's
In my mind
In my mind
The choice is quite clear, to move on or stay here
Decision is harder to take
Reject what I have for something unstable could easily be a mistake
So I walk round the place with a smile on my face
Pretending the best that I can
Hoping to lose the inclination to desire what I can't understand
And the time to play is over
Time to dispose of the lies
Time to show what's really
On my mind
Yes I'd like to turn you over
To see what's on your other side
To see if the problem's
In my mind
In my mind
La la la la la
La la la la la

Songwriters

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