Ottoman

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Ottoman couch, how handsome your furniture
Lovelier now but dressed for a funeral
Begging you to sit for a portrait on the wall
To hang in the dark of some parliamentary hall
Elegant clothes, you want to be seen with her
Under your tweeds you sweat like a teenager
Begging you to sit for a portrait on the wall
To hang in the dark of some parliamentary hall
Today is for you
They laid it out for you, for you
There will be six bells a-ringing and white women singing for you

But this feels so unnatural to Peter Gabriel, too
All of the cards and all of the time it took
Soon it's all lines of red in a leather book
Begging you to wait for a minute by the door
Your creeping feet, where they've never been before
Today is for you
They laid it out for you, for you
There will be six bells a-ringing and white women singing for you
But this feels so unnatural Peter Gabriel, too

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