

Sorted For E's & Wizz

Pulp

Oh, is this the way they say the future's meant to feel?

Or just 20,000 people standing in a field.

And I don't quite understand just what this feeling is.

But that's okay 'cause we're all sorted out for E's & Wizz

'Cause all this has just got to mean something

In the middle of the night, it feels alright
But then tomorrow morning, oh, oh then you come down

Oh yeah, the pirate radio station told us what was

going down

Got the tickets from some folks up bloke in Camden Town

Oh, and no one seems to know exactly where it is

But that's okay 'cause we're all sorted out for E's & Wizz

At 4 o'clock the normal world seems very, very, very far away, alright

In the middle of the night, it feels alright

But then tomorrow morning, oh, oh then you come down

Just keep on moving

Everybody asks your name

They say we're all the same and it's "Nice one", "Geezer"

But that's as far as the conversation went

I lost my friends, I dance alone, it's six o'clock I wanna go home

But it's, "No way", "Not today", makes you wonder what it meant

And this hollow feeling grows and grows and

grows and grows

And you want to call your mother and say

"Mother, I can never come home again

'Cause I seem to have left an important part of my brain somewhere

Somewhere in a field in Hampshire", alright

In the middle of the night, it feels alright

But then tomorrow morning, oh, oh then you come down

Oh, oh then you come down, oh, what if you never come down?

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