

In Many Ways

Pulp

Hey
You're treading on my life
You're leaving marks, but that's alright
In a year or so, I'll look back and I'll smile
These things last only for a while
In many ways
This is a waste of time
What will become of it all?
I make you cry
Know you in crowded streets
Not what I wanted at all
Then
What else could I do
Instead of thinking about you?
Pleasure now will justify our love
See, I even call it "love"
In many ways
There's nothing I'd rather do
One kiss makes sense of it all
And what's to come?
Let's just not think about it, it might never happen at all.

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