

Bar Italia

Pulp

Now if you can stand,
I would like to take you by the hand, yeah,
And go for a walk,
Past people as they go to work.

Oh, let's get out of this place,
Before they tell us that we've just died.
Move, move quick, you've gotta move.
Come on it's through, come on it's time.

Oh look at you, you,
You're looking so confused,
Just what did you lose?

If you can make an
Order could you get me one?
Two sugars would be great,
'cause I'm fading fast,
And it's nearly dawn.

If they knocked down this place, this place,
It'd still look much better than you.
Move, move quick, you've gotta move.
Come on it's through, come on it's time.
Oh look at you, you,
You're looking so confused,
What did you lose?
Oh, it's ok it's just your mind.

If we get through this alive,
I'll meet you next week, same place, same time.
Oh move, move quick you've gotta move.
Come on it's through, come on it's time.
Oh look at you, you,
You're looking so confused,
What did you lose?

That's what you get from clubbing it.
You can't go home and go to bed,
Because it hasn't worn off yet,
And now it's morning.

There's only one place we can go.
It's around the corner in Soho,
Where other broken people go.
Let's go.

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