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
And tell me when the spaceship lands
'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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