

# What Do I Do Now?

## Sleeper

Quickly she came dressed up for fame  
Riding her perfume downstairs  
Make-up like glue she danced round the room  
To the sound of her corduroy flares  
We could stop for a couple of beers  
He looks at it all stifles a yawn  
She tries not to look like she cares  
What do I do now? Are we going under?  
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted  
Out the other day, maybe I'm just stupid  
Can't we try again?  
No-one told me it was raining  
Can't face a club they walk to a nearby pub  
Watch a couple of bands, draining the glass  
They walk home at last, reaching for each others hands  
Nothing is said he goes to bed  
Dreaming of her on his own  
She stays up all week, watching him sleep  
Scared that she'll wake up alone  
Oh I'll miss you every day of your life  
Oh you'll feel it too, you're not that strong  
You know I'm on to you  
Oh I'll miss you every day of your life  
And maybe when you're dead  
I'll get some rest from holding on to you  
What do I do now then? Are we going under?  
What did I do wrong? I thought we had it sorted  
Is there someone else? Or am I too familiar?  
Was it when I said I wanted to have children?  
Tore up all your photos, didn't feel too clever  
Spent the whole of Sunday sticking you together  
Now I'd like to call you but I feel too awkward  
Some things need explaining  
No-one told me it was raining

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