

Glory Days

Pulp

Come and play the tunes of glory
Raise your voice in celebration
Of the days that we have wasted
In the cafe in the station
And learn the meaning of existence
In fortnightly installments Come share this golden age with me
In my single room apartment
And if it all amounts to nothing
It doesn't matter
These are still our glory days Oh my face is unappealing
And my thoughts are unoriginal
I did experiments with substances
But all it did was make me ill
And I used to do the I Ching But then I had to feed the meter
Now I can't see into the future
But at least I can use the heater
Oh it doesn't get much better than this
'Cos this is how we live our glory days And I could be a genius
If I just put my mind to it and I
I could do anything if only I could get round to it
Oh we were brought up on the space race
Now they expect you to clean toilets When you've seen how big the world is
How can you make do with this?
If you want me, I'll be sleeping in
Sleeping in throughout these glory days These glory days can take their toll
So catch me now, before I turn to gold
Yeah we'd love to hear your story
Just as long as it tells us where we are
That where we are is where we're meant to be Oh come on make it up yourself
You don't need anybody else
And I promise I won't sell these days
To anybody else in the world but you
No one but you, no one but you, no one but you

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