Adultery

Little Comets

This is a tale of a boy of a man
Of a girl of a wife
For putting your hands into trousers and knickers
Can destroy a lifeTension grows the signs of cavorting
Still cling to his clothes
Tension mounts he tells her that
Platonic love never countsAdultery
AdulteryIn every kitchen there's people who listen
Through cracks in the wall
So she plays the fly as he lets in his love
Through a sullied back doorShe screams, no
Her eyes are transparently starting to glow
He shouts, yes
And figures that it's a good time to confessTo adultery
Adultery
Tears in the morning
(Adultery)
No sense of warning
(Adultery)He never said he loved her that much
She didn't act like she cared at all for conversation
So when you're living without being touched
There's no surprise that there will be deviationEverything's ending, there's no use pretending
Our couple are fine
Her love is expiring while he sits perspiring
Just playing out timeTension builds
Just think of the children, he wills as she spills
Tears from eyes
So tired and blinded by subtext and liesIt's adultery
Adultery
Tears in the morning
(Adultery)
No sense of warning
(Adultery)

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