

# 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 life Tension grows the signs of cavorting  
Still cling to his clothes  
Tension mounts he tells her that  
Platonic love never counts Adultery  
Adultery In 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 door She screams, no  
Her eyes are transparently starting to glow  
He shouts, yes  
And figures that it's a good time to confess To 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 deviation Everything's ending, there's no use pretending  
Our couple are fine  
Her love is expiring while he sits perspiring  
Just playing out time Tension builds  
Just think of the children, he wills as she spills  
Tears from eyes  
So tired and blinded by subtext and lies It's adultery  
Adultery  
Tears in the morning  
(Adultery)  
No sense of warning  
(Adultery)

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