Bathtime

Sowerby and Luff

There's a city filth that lingers
All over my naked hands
Deep into weave of the clothes I wearAnd every step brings another
Every hour adds some more
Till I'm on the other side, leaning on your doorAre the taps running, darling?
Is the air thick with steam?
Can I find some place, to cry these tears of shame?Every step brings another
Every hour adds some more
Till I'm on the other side, leaning on your doorThere's a smell, so sweet it's sickly
It follows me into the room
Hangs in the air like rotting perfumeI never bathe in it, darling
Got down on my hands and knees
Got in so far, I became, well a part of it allI've been wading through it
Don't you know it's up to my neck?
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head
And it's the thought of you in my mind, keeps meThought I knew these streets, and how they turn
Could always find my way home
There's something there, can't leave it aloneThe trains they run all night
We could leave everything behind
Just bring that dress you bought, when we first metI know it's faded, darling
I know it's tattered and worn
In that dress, I could never love you moreI've been wading through it
Don't you know it's up to my neck?
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head
And I can suck it into my love, breathe it in

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