

I Spy (ft, Anne Dudley & Orchestra)

Pulp

I spy a boy
I spy a girl
I spy the worst place
In the world
In the whole wide world
Oh, you didn't do bad
You made it out
I'm still stuck here
Oh, but I'll get out
Oh, yeah, I'll get out
Can't you see the giant that walks around you seeing through your petty lives?
Do you think I do these things for real, I do these things just so I survive
And you know I will survive
It may look to the untrained eye
I'm sitting on my ass all day
I'm biding time until I take you all on
My Lords and Ladies, I will prevail
I cannot fail 'cause I spy
Oh I've got your numbers, taken notes
I know the ways your minds work, I've studied
And your minds are just the same as mine
Except that you are clever swines
You never let mask slip, you never admit to it, you're never hurried
Oh, no, no, no
And every night I hone my plan
How I will get my satisfaction
How I will blow your paradise away away, away
'Cause I spy
And it's just like in the old days
I used to compose my own critical notices in my head
"The crowd gasp at Cocker's masterful control of the bicycle
Skilfully avoiding the dog turd next to the corner shop"
Imagining a blue plaque
Above the place I first ever touched a girl's chest
But hold on
You've got to wait for the best
You see, you should take me seriously
Very seriously indeed.
Cause I've been sleeping with your wife for the past sixteen weeks
Smoking your cigarettes
Drinking your brandy
Messing up the bed that you chose together
And in all that time I just wanted you to come home unexpectedly
one afternoon
And catch us at it in the front room
You see I spy for a living
And I specialize in revenge
On taking the things I know will cause you pain
I can't help it

I was dragged upMy favorite parks are car parks
Grass is something you smoke
Birds are something you shag
Take your "Year in Provence" and shove it up your assYour Ladbroke Grove looks turn me on, yeah
With roach burns in designer dresses
Skin stretched tight over high cheek-bones
And thousands of tiny dryness lines beating a path to the corners of your eyes
And every night I hatch my plan, It's not a case of woman v manIt's more a case of haves against haven'ts
And I just happen to have got what you need
Just exactly what you need, yeahLa-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
In the midnight hour.
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
I will come to you
I will come to you
I will take you from this sickness
Dinner parties and champagne
I'll hold your body and make it sing againCome on sing again, Let's sing again, oh yeah, 'cause I spy
Yes, I spy
I spy a boy
And I spy a girlI spy the chance
To change the world
To change your world

Songwriters

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