

Acrylic Afternoons

Pulp

I fell asleep on your sofa and had a dream
About a small child in dungarees
Who caught his hands in the doors of the Paris metro
Then my face cracked open and you were there
You were there, dressed in green saying somethin', somethin' obscene
But that's why I came here in the first place
Oh, well, that and the tea, ohh Can I stay here lying under the table together with you now?
Can I hold you forever in acrylic afternoons?
I want to hold you tight whilst children play outside
And wait for their mothers to finish with lovers
And call them inside for their tea Cushions and TV and the tables set for tea
One for you, one for me
Come and lie down on the settee, in that green jumper
You can have anything you want and the clock is saying
It's half past four but you know, well, I want to
I want to stay a little more, want to stay a little more Can I stay here, lying under the table together with you
now?
Can I hold you forever in acrylic afternoons?
I want to hold you tight whilst children play outside
And then wait for their mothers to finish with lovers
And call them inside for their tea, oh On a pink quilted eiderdown, I want to pull your knickers down
Net curtains blow slightly in the breeze
Lemonade light filterin' through the trees
It's so soft and it's warm
Just another cup of tea please, one lump thanks
Again, again, again, again, again Can I stay here, lying under the table together with you now?
Can I hold you forever in acrylic afternoons?
I want to hold you tight whilst children play outside
And then wait for their mothers to finish with lovers
And call them inside for their tea Oh, yea, Kevin, Diane, Heather, Rachel come home
Aaa

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