

# The Professional

## Pulp

Oh I'm back in the full effect / I can't even hold myself erect  
I got nothing that I want to say / I'm gonna say it anyway  
I know you think that I've lost it, baby  
I know you think that my star is fading / Used to be a contender  
Now you're just a pretender / Psychic karaoke every weekend  
You don't fit those clothes anymore  
Why don't you take them back to the charity store  
While you're there you could always hand yourself in  
You're into green issues - start recycling  
You hide behind your woman when you're out in your town  
Show her up and blame her for holding you down  
Holding you down, holding you down  
You're the only one who's holding you down  
You're only ever polite when you're out of your box  
Cocker's short for... sucker / Sucker of... / Oh, oh  
La na na na / Oh, oh / Sucker of... / Oh, oh / La na na na  
Oh, oh / When I got up today I had that feeling again  
Everything was OK, then the world started shaking  
Now I'm trying to sleep it away / Oh but I can't sleep it away  
Can you answer this question, can you answer it right:  
Have you ever done anything good in your life?  
Have you ever done anything that wasn't just for yourself?  
Are you capable of giving? / Are you capable of giving just for the sake of it,  
without expecting anything in return?  
I'm only trying to give you what you've come to expect  
Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex  
Single mothers and sex, single mothers and sex  
Just another song 'bout single mothers and sex  
OK, you've heard it before, it's nothing special  
But it's a living, can't you see / I'm a professional  
Oh, oh / La na na na / Oh, oh / I'm a professional  
Oh, oh / La na na na / Oh, oh / Sleep on my darling  
Sleep on, don't wake as I leave / I've been rehearsing this scene so long now  
Don't interrupt me as I do it for real / The bedroom floor is treacherous  
A teacup could be disastrous / 'cause it'll mean I would have to say  
What was written on the letter I posted yesterday  
So that it would get here / When I was gone / And you awoke  
Oh, she'll meet me from the train / And she'll never know a thing  
About how I talk with my mouth full / And only bath once a week

How I'm nicer the first time you meet me than the next  
And I'm rapidly losing interest in sex / Yeah, I'm rapidly losing interest in sex  
What's the point in making it over-emotional? / You can do it the hard way  
Or you can be a professional / Oh, oh / La na na na  
Oh, oh / I'm a professional / Oh, oh / La na na na  
Oh, oh / Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love / Sleep on my darling  
Sleep on my love / Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love  
Sleep on my darling / Sleep on my love

Songwriters

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