

Pantyhose and Roses

Echobelly

She leaves her brains at the door
She drops her guts on the floor
She only listens out for everyday noises
She very calmly ignores
The little things she abhors
She's made her mind up to be tidyIt could change, it will never
It could changeHe keeps his fingernails neat
He cleans the car once a week
He keeps an eye out for resistible bargains
But every night in his sleep
He dreams of sex on the street
He longs for pantyhose and rosesIt could change, it will never
It could change, it will never
It could change, it will never
It will change, it could never
It could change, change
OhAll these years, all this time
Learn to suffer, compromise
Turn away, tolerate
Learn to suffer what you hateAnd it could change, it will never
It could change, it will never
It could change, it will never
It will change, it could never
It could change, changeYou got me walking alone
You got me walking alone
You got me walking alone
You got me walking alone

Songwriters

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