

Snail Trail

Heavenly

The office party was fine
Quite fun till quarter past nine
Then you came to
And things got right out of hand
All eyes and arms and mouth and
So close, oh gross Your boss comes up
Thinks we're getting on fine
I'm seeing red now
I wanna leave
But your face is in mine
You're thinking bed now Pass the bottom stair
And I'll become your worst nightmare
I am much too good for you
You sicken me with your belief
That I must want it underneath
Don't think you're coming in for more Too late for public transport
And taxis I can't afford
Uh-oh, lift home
Your in-car CD player
Is blaring out Liz Phair
Blow Queen: obscene Your driving's bad
All that lager you've had
I'm getting scared now
What a relief
See the end of my street
But you're thinking bed now Pass the bottom stair
And I'll become your worst nightmare
I am much too good for you
You sicken me with your belief
That I must want it underneath
Don't think you're coming in for more I warn you, pass the bottom stair
And I'll become your worst nightmare
I am much too good for you
You sicken me with your belief
That I must want it underneath
Don't think you're coming in for more

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