Acrylic Afternoons (live at the Astoria)

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 something obscene.
But that's why I came here in the first place,
Oh well that and the tea.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 table 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,
I 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 wait for their mothers to finish with lovers
And call them inside for their tea.On a pink quilted eiderdown,
I want to pull your knickers down.
Net curtains blow slightly in the breeze.
Lemonade light filtering through the trees.
It's so soft and it's warm.
Just another cup of tea please (one lump thanks).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.Oh Kevin, Shane, Julie, Diane, Wayne, Frank,
Heather, Rachel, Chelsea, Leanne, come home.
It's time for your tea.

Songwriters
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