

Love Is a Bourgeois Construct

Pet Shop Boys

I've been taking my time for a long time
Putting my feet up all odds
Speaking English as a foreign language
Any words that I haven't forgot
I've been thinking how I can't be bothered
To wash the dishes or remake the bed
What's the point when I could just... instead? I've been hanging as a fairy trif raf
Somewhere along the go hobrose
I don't think it's gonna be much longer
So I know they're up, harlequin old codes Love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up on the bourgeoisie
Like all their aspirations, it's a fantasy When you walked out you did me a favor
You made me see reality
This love is a bourgeois construct
It's a blame turn to fallacy
You won't see me with a bunch of losers
Promising fatality Love doesn't mean a thing to me
Talking tough as we linger
We're better now, it's clear to me Love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up on the bourgeoisie While we're anchored forget the voices
I'll just get along with what I've got
Watching the weeds in the garden
Putting my fear upon odds I'll explore the outer limits of boredom
Moaning periodically
Drift a far time, lonely lay about
That's me When you walked out you did me a favor
It's absolutely clear to me
That love is a bourgeois construct
Just like they said at university I've been taking my time for a long time
With all the shadow and forever its cost
Calculating what you've lost Now I'm digging through my student paper bags
Flicking through Karl Marx again
Searching for the soul of England
Drinking tea like Tony Benn Love is just a bourgeois construct
So give it up, the bourgeoisie
Until you come back to me Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie Talking tough and feeling bitter
We're better now, it's clear to me
That love is a bourgeois construct
So I've given up the bourgeoisie

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