

Goodnight

Pulp

"Zzzzzzzzzzzzz" Now it's coming to the end of the evening. The time when the ceiling sways and objects jerk out of place. Your eyelids heavy, you make your way down the yellow streets past rows and rows of houses; curtains drawn tight against the cold night air. To a flight of stairs which lead to a room where a bed is waiting for you to lie down - perhaps alone, perhaps not - and go to sleep again. They wait alone in unused rooms they sit and they remember. Oh please remember. So you lie on your back in the dark and hear the blood rushing in your ears and the soft "tick, tick, tick" of your watch against the mattress spring, patterns merge behind your eyes, purple and green glowing gently and all is soft with suffry darkness. You yawn once, turn on your side and fall to sleep again. They wait alone. They watched your eyes when nights were cold. Remember oh please remember there's something you've forgotten. When you awake later that night the bedroom was cold and you were alone. Alone and afraid of the dark, watching, waiting, as you lie on your back, naked beneath the cold sheets; not dead just sleeping. Zzzzzzzzzzzzz.

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