

Bar Italia (live in Berlin, 17.06.96)

Pulp

Now, if you can stand
I would like to take you by the hand, yeah
And go for a walk
Past people as they go to work
Let's get out of this place before they tell us that we've just died
Oh, move, move quick, you've gotta move
Come on it's through, come on it's time
Oh, look at you, you, looking so confused
Just what did you lose? If you can make
An order
Could you get me one?
Two sugars would be great
'Cause I'm fading fast
And it's nearly dawn
If they knocked down this place, this place
It'd still look much better than you
Oh now, move, move quick, you've gotta move
Come on, it's through, come on, it's time
Oh, look at you, you, you're looking so confused
Oh, what did you lose?
Oh, it's ok it's just your mind
If we get through this alive
I'll meet you next week, same place, same time
Oh move, move quick you've gotta move
Come on, it's through, come on, it's time
Oh, look at you, you, you're looking so confused
Oh, what did you lose, oh? That's what you get from clubbing it
You can't go home and go to bed
Because it hasn't worn off yet
And now it's morning
There's only one place we can go
It's around the corner in Soho
Where other broken people go
Let's go

Songwriters

CANDIDA DOYLE, JARVIS BRANSON COCKER, MARK ANDREW WEBBER, NICK BANKS,
RUSSELL SENIOR, STEPHEN PATRICK MACKEY

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