

# Pantyhose and Roses

## Echobelly

She leaves her brains at the door  
She drops her guts on the floor  
She only listens out for everyday noises  
She very calmly ignores  
The little things she abhors  
She's made her mind up to be tidyIt could change, it will never  
It could changeHe keeps his fingernails neat  
He cleans the car once a week  
He keeps an eye out for resistible bargains  
But every night in his sleep  
He dreams of sex on the street  
He longs for pantyhose and rosesIt could change, it will never  
It could change, it will never  
It could change, it will never  
It will change, it could never  
It could change, change  
OhAll these years, all this time  
Learn to suffer, compromise  
Turn away, tolerate  
Learn to suffer what you hateAnd it could change, it will never  
It could change, it will never  
It could change, it will never  
It will change, it could never  
It could change, changeYou got me walking alone  
You got me walking alone  
You got me walking alone  
You got me walking alone

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