

# Acrylic Afternoons

## 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 somethin', somethin' obscene  
But that's why I came here in the first place  
Oh, well, that and the tea, ohhCan 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 teaCushions and TV and the tables 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, well, I want to  
I want to stay a little more, want to stay a little moreCan 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 then wait for their mothers to finish with lovers  
And call them inside for their tea, ohOn a pink quilted eiderdown, I want to pull your knickers down  
Net curtains blow slightly in the breeze  
Lemonade light filterin' through the trees  
It's so soft and it's warm  
Just another cup of tea please, one lump thanks  
Again, again, again, again, againCan 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 then wait for their mothers to finish with lovers  
And call them inside for their teaOh, yea, Kevin, Diane, Heather, Rachel come home  
Aaa

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