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 codesLove is a bourgeois construct

So I've given up on the bourgeoisie

Like all their aspirations, it's a fantasyWhen 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 fatalityLove doesn't mean a thing to me

Talking tough as we linger

We're better now, it's clear to meLove is a bourgeois construct

So I've given up on the bourgeoisieWhile 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 oddsI'll explore the outer limits of boredom

Moaning periodically

Drift a far time, lonely lay about

That's meWhen 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 universityI've been taking my time for a long time

With all the shadow and forever its cost

Calculating what you've lostNow I'm digging through my student paper bags

Flicking through Karl Marx again

Searching for the soul of England

Drinking tea like Tony BennLove is just a bourgeois construct

So give it up, the bourgeoisie

Until you come back to meBourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie

Bourgeois, Bourgeoisie
Bourgeois, BourgeoisieTalking 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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