

## Snail Trail

Heavenly

The office party was fine  
Quite fun till quarter past nine  
Then you came to  
And things got right out of hand  
All eyes and arms and mouth and  
So close, oh gross

Your boss comes up  
Thinks we're getting on fine  
I'm seeing red now  
I wanna leave  
But your face is in mine  
You're thinking bed now

Pass the bottom stair  
And I'll become your worst nightmare  
I am much too good for you  
You sicken me with your belief  
That I must want it underneath  
Don't think you're coming in for more

Too late for public transport  
And taxis I can't afford  
Uh-oh, lift home  
Your in-car CD player  
Is blaring out Liz Phair  
Blow Queen: obscene

Your driving's bad  
All that lager you've had  
I'm getting scared now  
What a relief  
See the end of my street  
But you're thinking bed now

Pass the bottom stair  
And I'll become your worst nightmare  
I am much too good for you  
You sicken me with your belief  
That I must want it underneath  
Don't think you're coming in for more

I warn you, pass the bottom stair  
And I'll become your worst nightmare  
I am much too good for you  
You sicken me with your belief  
That I must want it underneath  
Don't think you're coming in for more