

# Lovers In The Supermarket

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What's the sense in being here?  
Living out your days in loneliness and fear  
Tell me, is it clever?  
Old lovers in a supermarket  
Who knows where or when they started off  
It could have been forever

As he turns to say he loves her  
She can see that he's unsteady on his feet  
She helps him with the basket  
As he reaches for a pack of processed meat

Then she grabs an eclair  
Of which they'll later share  
But before the moment's through  
She smiles, I love you too

Whilst browsing through the frozen food again  
I see them and it lifts my mood  
He's on the wind-up  
Moaning they've been there for weeks  
She mulls over multi-packs of leeks  
She can't make her mind up

And then she breaks out laughing  
As he picks one up and uses it to dance  
Throws it in the basket  
And she asks if he's got something in his pants

Then the old man makes a glance  
Steadies up his stance  
Cries God, I love you  
And she laughs, I love you too

Too many people living selfishly alone  
Build a fire with someone who can spark it  
Cause when you're 83 and money can't buy family  
Me, I'd rather be just like the lovers in the supermarket

And as I'm in the car park  
I can see the raindrops bouncing off the road  
And now that heavy basket  
It's in a shopping bag but still they share the load

She said, I should have brought me trolley  
Cause in there was me brolly  
Then a lump filled up my throat  
When he made her wear his coat