

You think he'd realize
But he's infatuated with ideas
Of possessions and far-flung social policy
His daddy works on the Council
His missus loves the silver spoon
Swore she'd never kiss a Tory
But this boy was too good to lose
And I'll listen carefully
With ears pressed to the floor
As you make your way downstairs
You haven't got far to fall
Now it's red, now it's dead
Now it's everything she needed
Now it's four open doors
Pillows pressed under your knees
Now it's a sad, sappy sucker
To ensure her the ending

I've been scared of sleeping with the lights on
Know she's not there, I know she's going to his flat
A Capricorn, oh, fuck that
They say sex sells, I know that
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You could buy my silence
If you've got none to lose
If he's still infatuated with the truth
So will you do what's easy?
Or will you do what's right?
Please just could you let me know

Where will you sleep tonight?
Where you gonna sleep tonight?
Where will you sleep tonight?
Where you gonna sleep tonight?
Where will you sleep tonight?
Where will you sleep at night?
How do you sleep at night?

Cultured man
Venetian suntan
Red wine and club bands
Viagra pills on the nightstand
How's it feel?
How's it feel to be so loved?
How's it feel to be so loved, yet so alone?

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Sex sells, I know that
Sex sells, I know that
Do you sleep at night?