

# Grown Ups

Pulp

The moon went behind a petro-chemical plant  
I had a feeling I didn't understand  
I was shivering on crutches  
More dead than alive  
It was Christmas 1985

It was the night they let me out of the home  
It was the night I caught the bus on my own  
And the city slithered past the windows  
Like a film that was only just beginning

I was so excited I nearly missed my stop  
It was quarter to ten  
I was hopelessly lost  
I arrived pretty late  
But you didn't seem to mind  
We are not the first  
But we are golden tonight  
Like two little children  
Under the covers  
Adrift in the night  
With the universe above us  
And I'll be the dad  
And you be the mum  
And we'll make out we know what it is that we've done  
But whatever it is  
I know, that it's only just beginning

Trying so, so hard  
To act just like a grown up  
And it's so, so hard  
And we're hoping that we don't get shown up  
'Cause everybody wants to grow up

Finally part of the new generation  
Finally part of the pub conversation  
And somehow this leads to mature life decisions  
Like the one that I heard of from Jeremy Sissons  
Who said he, he moved near the motorway  
Well 'cause it was good for commuting  
And I laughed in his face  
Because I, I thought he was joking  
But then I, I looked in his eyes  
And I saw, he was not joking  
No, he was trying

Trying so, so hard  
To act just like a grown up  
And it's so, so hard  
And we're hoping that we don't get shown up  
'Cause everybody's got to grow up

Everybody?  
Are you sure?

So you move from Camden  
Out to Hackney

And you stress about wrinkles  
Instead of acne  
Forget about Tina  
Get in a bad mood  
And buy a computer  
And soon it will be time  
For some more food

And later that first night  
I had a dream that a new planet had been discovered  
And through powerful telescopes  
We could see the inhabitants  
And they seemed to be having a really good time  
So we built a rocket  
And I was on it  
They put us in a state of suspended animation  
For the duration of the journey  
And when we landed on that distant planet  
We all woke up  
And discovered that we'd all lost our memories  
And we looked back at the planet we'd just come from  
And everyone there seemed to be having a really good time  
But we couldn't return  
Because the rocket no longer had enough fuel left in it  
Why am I telling you this story?  
I don't remember

Why did Mowgli decide to  
Come out of the jungle?  
To play doctors and nurses  
And Aunties and uncles  
And cavaliers and round heads  
And tarts and vicars  
Playing all night  
To get in somebody's Knickers  
And I am not ageing  
No, I am just ripening  
And life's too short to drink bad wine and that's frightening  
And it's nearly sunset  
And we haven't had lunch yet  
And I'm sorry for asking  
But are we having fun yet?

So, so hard  
To act just like a grown up  
And it's so, so hard  
And we're hoping that we don't get shown up  
'Cause nobody wants to grow up

One last sunset  
One final blaze of glory  
And I know it's all about the journey  
Not the final destination  
But what if you get travel sick  
Before you've even left the station?