

Spike Island

Pulp

Something stopped me
Dead in my tracks
I was heading for disaster
And then I turned back

I was wrestling with a coat-hanger
Can you guess who won?
The Universe shrugged
Shrugged then moved on

It's a guess
No idea
It's a feeling
Not a voice
In my head
Just a feeling

And by the way
Spike Island
Come alive
And by the way
This time I'll get it right
Oh

Not a shaman or a showman
Ashamed that I was selling the rights
I took a breather
And decided not to ruin my life

I was conforming to a cosmic design
I was playing to type
Until I walked back to the Garden
Of Earthly Delights

I was born
To perform
It's a calling
I exist
To do this
Shouting and pointing

And by the way
Spike Island
Come alive
And by the way
This time I'll get it right
Oh

No-one will ever understand it
And no-one will ever have the last word
Because it's not something you could ever say
So swivel

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