

Blur, End Of A Century

She said there's ants in the carpet
Dirty like monsters
Eating all the morsels
Picking up the rubbish
Give her effervescence
She needs a little sparkle
Good morning TV
You're looking so healthy
We all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'Cos we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of the century... oh, it's nothing special
Sex on the TV
Everybody's at it
And the mind gets dirty
As you get closer to thirty
Gives her a cuddle
Glowing in a huddle
Good night TV
You're all made up
And you know that
We all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'Cos we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of the century... oh, it's nothing special
Can you eat her? Yes you can
We all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'Cos we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of the century... oh, it's nothing special
We all say
Don't want to be alone
We wear the same clothes
'Cos we feel the same
And kiss with dry lips
When we say goodnight
End of the century... oh, it's nothing special
Oh, end of a century, oh
It's nothing special