

Pet Shop Boys, A Red Letter Day

Go to work and take your calls
Hang the fruits of your labour on the walls
Such precision and care
What does it matter if there's no one here to share
The flowers in the garden, the wine
The Waiting For Godot and so much modern time?

All I want is what you want
I'm always waiting for a red letter day

The years perfecting a stance
Of measured cool fade into insignificance
The moment one starts to understand
What on earth does it profit a man?

All I want is what you want
I'm always waiting for a red letter day
For something special, somehow new
Someone saying "I love you";
Baby, I'm waiting for that red letter day

You can sneer or disappear
Behind a veneer of self-control

But for all of those who don't fit in
Who follow their instincts and are told they sin
This is a prayer for a different way

All I want is what you want
I'm always waiting for a red letter day
Like Christmas morning when you're a kid
Admit you love me and you always did
Baby, I'm hoping for that red letter day today