

# Tindersticks, Bathtime

There's a city filth that lingers  
All over my naked hands  
Deep into the weave of the clothes I wear  
And every step brings another  
Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door  
Are the taps running, darling?  
Is the air thick with steam?  
Can I find some place to cry these tears of shame?  
Every step brings another  
Every hour adds some more  
Till I'm on the other side leaning on your door  
There's a smell so sweet it's sickly  
It follows me into the room  
Hangs in the air like rotting perfume  
I never bathe in it, darling  
Got down on my hands and knees  
Got in so far, I became, well, a part of it all  
I've been wading through it  
Don't you know it's up to my neck?  
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head  
And it's the thought of you in my mind, keeps me. . .  
Thought I knew these streets, and how they turn  
Could always find my way home  
There's something there, can't leave it alone  
The trains they run all night  
We could leave everything behind  
Just bring that dress you bought when we first met  
I know it's faded, darling  
I know it's tattered and worn  
In that dress, I could never love you more  
I've been wading through it  
Don't you know it's up to my neck?  
And it won't be long 'fore it's over my head  
And I can suck it into my love, breathe it in