

# I Spy

## Pulp, Anne Dudley & Orchestra

I spy a boy, I spy a girl.  
I spy the worst place in the world,  
in the whole wide world.  
Oh you didn't do bad,  
you made it out,  
I'm still stuck here oh but I'll get out.  
Oh yeah I'll get out.  
Can't you see the giant that walks around you seeing through your petty lives?  
Do you think I do these things for real?  
I do these things just so I survive.  
And you know I will survive.  
It may look to the untrained eye,  
I'm sitting on my arse all day.  
I'm biding time until I take you all on.  
My Lords and Ladies,  
I will prevail,  
I cannot fail.  
'Cause I spy.  
Oh I've got your numbers,  
taken notes,  
I know the ways your minds work;  
I've studied.  
And your minds are just the same as mine  
except that you are clever swines,  
you never let mask slip,  
you never admit to it,  
you're never hurried.  
Oh no no no.  
And every night I hone my plan  
how I will get my satisfaction,  
how I will blow your paradise away away, away.  
Cos I spy.  
And it's just like in the old days -  
I used to compose my own critical notices in my head.  
"The crowd gasp at Cocker's masterful control of the bicycle,  
skilfully avoiding the dog turd next to the corner shop."  
Imagining a blue plaque  
above the place I first ever touched a girl's chest,  
but hold on,  
you've got to wait for the best.  
You see you should take me seriously.  
Very seriously indeed.



Cause I've been sleeping with your wife for the past sixteen weeks,  
smoking your cigarettes,  
drinking your brandy,  
messaging up the bed that you chose together.  
And in all that time I just wanted you to come home unexpectedly one afternoon,  
and catch us at it in the front room.  
You see I spy for a living,  
and I specialise in revenge,  
on taking the things I know will cause you pain.  
I can't help it,  
I was dragged up.  
My favourite parks are car parks,  
grass is something you smoke,  
birds are something you shag.  
Take your "Year in Provence"  
and shove it up your arse.  
Your Ladbroke Grove looks turn me on, yeah.  
With roach burns in designer dresses,  
skin stretched tight over high cheek-bones,  
and thousands of tiny dryness lines beating a path to the corners of your eyes.  
And every night I hatch my plan,  
it's not a case of woman v man.  
It's more a case of haves against haven'ts.  
And I just happen to have got what you need,  
just exactly what you need yeah.  
La la la la la la la la la,  
in the midnight hour.  
La la la la la la la la la,  
I will come to you,  
I will come to you,  
I will take you from this sickness,  
dinner parties and champagne,  
I'll hold your body and make it sing again.  
Come on - sing again,  
let's sing again, oh yeah,  
Cos I spy,  
yes,  
I spy.  
I spy a boy,  
and I spy a girl.  
I spy the chance,  
to change the world,  
to change your world.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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