

LIPSTICK ON YOUR MIND

Amelia: A lady of leisure,
that's what they all think,
A lady of leisure,
nothing to do but pilates and drink.

If they only knew,
the things I go through every day.
the father of my child
who won't come near me night or day.

Here we go again,
and here we go again,
what shade of intrigue to repay?

Another day to clean the sheets,
another day to make the beds.
Another lipstick on his collar,
another turn of my head.

More missed holidays, more skilful lies.
More quiet whispers, more vague replies.

Just another day with you
and someone else's lipstick on your mind

(Phone dialling and ringing)

George: Hello? Mr Van Ewer's phone.

Amelia: George? Where is he?

George: Oh, um, s-sorry Mrs Van Ewer.
He's in a meeting at the moment.

(Simon can be heard schmoozing in the background)

Amelia: I can hear him in the background George!

George: Oh um, well I just, um...

Amelia: I want to speak to him NOW!

George: Um, s-s- sorry Mrs Van Ewer...

Amelia: George. Shut up and hold the phone up so I can hear.

(hears Simon singing 'Because I'm Me' in the background)

Amelia: Right, I've heard enough,
George I'm coming down there myself.

Here we go again,
and here we go again,
what shade of intrigue to repay?

Another day, another collar,
another lipstick to subdue,
and withholding my heart,
and withholding my pain,
withholding my dreams for this life with you.

Just another day with you
and someone else's lipstick on your mind.