

## **Tempted**

written by **Chris Difford and Glenn Tillbrook**

I bought a toothbrush, some toothpaste,  
A flannel for my face,  
Pajamas, a hairbrush,  
New shoes and a case.  
I said to my reflection,  
“Let’s get out of this place.”

Past the church and the steeple.  
The laundry on the hill.  
The billboards and the buildings.  
Memories of it still  
Keep calling and calling,  
But forget it all; I know I will.

### **Chorus**

*Tempted by the fruit of another  
Tempted but the truth is discovered  
What’s been going on  
Now that you have gone*

*There’s no other  
Tempted by the fruit of another  
Tempted but the truth is discovered*

I’m at the car park, the airport,  
The baggage carousel.  
The people keep on grabbing,  
Ain’t wishing I was well,  
I said, “it’s no occasion.  
It’s no story I can tell.”

At my bedside, empty pocket,  
A foot without a sock.  
Your body gets much closer,  
I fumble for the clock.  
Alarmed by the seduction,  
I wish (that) it would stop.

### **Chorus**

I bought a novel, some perfume,  
A fortune all for you,  
But it's not my conscience  
That hates to be untrue.  
I asked of my reflection,  
"Tell me, what is there to do?"

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