

# Wastelands – Suede

I watch you drift away  
Around the room in that dress  
The jewels on your bracelets  
Have seen their best  
I watch the sweat fall  
Against your clothes  
I've seen the look on the faces  
I think they know  
That the clock is ticking away  
And the wind is calling us  
And the pleasantries will chain us  
No more

When it all is much too much  
We'll run to the wastelands  
Where the snow is all there is  
And words sound different  
When it all is much too much  
Meet me in the wastelands  
Where the fear will fade away  
Where the children in us play

I walk the smoky room  
And stumble into you  
The chattering of their faces  
Says nothing new  
But the clock is ticking away  
And the wind is calling us  
And the way you make your exit  
There are no words

Would it all is much too much  
We'll run to the wastelands  
At the car beside the road  
And taking shelter  
When it feels like much too much

Meet me in the wastelands  
Where the horror slowly fades  
Where the children in us play

When the world is much too much  
We'll run to the wastelands  
Leave footprints in the snow  
Till our ties are severed  
When it all is much too much  
Meet me in the wastelands  
Make a chain of flowers  
Like our ties are severed  
When the world is much too much  
Meet me in the wastelands  
At the car beside the road  
And taking shelter

When the world is much too much  
Meet me there in the wastelands  
And the wind is on our face  
And our veins are opened  
When the world is much too much  
Meet me in the wastelands  
Make a chain of flowers  
And the children in us play



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych