

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