

Elegant

Brett Anderson

My elegant girl slept on designer sheets
Her sugarfree words swayed to a high-tech beat
With crazy stories of hatred and hurt
People's feelings were crushed in the dirt
My elegant girl, she drips out with the leaves

Gave no interviews in her tennis shoes
Well, there's no excuse for infamy
From their college towns
To the overground
People hung on every word she breathed

My elegant girl moved with the hippiest crowds
Whose colourful words were bright but never loud
Gave no interviews in her mohair suits
Well, there's no excuse for infamy
From their college towns
To their roundabouts
People hung on every word they breathed

When their money's gone
What's gonna keep you warm
Can't find anyone to take its place
When you ain't got anything
Except your aspirin
Just remember who you stepped on
When

You were an elegant girl
Who cried expensive tears
But now your sugarfree words
Are fading with the years□