

In Fashion

Gregory Porter

You wear a black leather belt
That holds the waist I used to hold
Your colours fade
But not the colour of your jeans
You wear a hat with pretty swirls
The envy of the other girls
You change you shades before
The day turns into eve

Think I better let it go
Think I better let it go
Cos I'm thinking I'm last years runway passion
No longer in fashion
And I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me

We're never caught in picture frames
The paparazzi know our names
They know like fashion
Our love is not for real
The weathers fine but in your mind
You need that flare and so you wear
Big blue fur and feathered hair
To fit your skin

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Cos I'm thinking I'm last years runway passion
No longer in fashion
And I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me
Yes I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me

Think I better let it go
Think I better let it go
Cos I'm thinking I'm last years runway passion
No longer in fashion
And I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me
Oh I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me
Yes I find myself obsessed
By how you dress
And whom you see when you're without me