

Beyond the Outskirts

Suede

Oh I lie here staring at the ceiling
And I wonder what's happening outside
Oh I know you've got the same blank feeling
You don't have to tell me I'm right

Beyond the outskirts, come with us
We're small town dreaming
We're birds on a wire
Beyond the outskirts
Come with us
We'll jump out of the page and into the fire

Oh well we could sit here by the chain link fence
And talk for hours about Saturday
Oh well I know it makes no difference
To anything much anyway

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Oh I lie here staring at the ceiling
And I wonder what's happening outside
Oh I know you've got the same blank feeling
I wonder where you are tonight