

Flytipping

Suede

We play on the road
Flytipping, careful as you go
And we'll watch as the lorries
Transport their precious loads

With a bag in our hands
Flytipping, me and my patient man
Just by the hard shoulder
There's few who'll understand

What is mine and what is yours?
Do we own these things?
What has it all been for?
Flytipping on the road, of course

What is yours and what is ours?
Do we fool ourselves
With all those pretty words?
Flytipping on the road with her

And I'll take you to the verges
As the paper drifts like falling snow

Under the trees
Two hunters looking for ivory
Discard their possessions
Cast them to the breeze

'Cause the worms in the ground
And the crows, as they circle round
Don't need these things to cling to
The road's their playground

What is mine and what is yours?
Do we own these things?
What has it all been for?
Flytipping on the road, of course

Shiny things that turn into rust
Do we fool ourselves
With all this pretty stuff?
Flytipping feels like just enough

And I'll take you to the verges
By the nettles, by the roundabouts
And I'll pick you wild roses
In the tunnels by the underpass