

Howl

Suede

Camilla waits in the afternoon
In a uniform
There's no escape from the tender chin
When the curtain's drawn
I feel the space and the emptiness
Where all life starts
My hands caress on the open dress
And feel her heart
And feel her heart

Howl like the wind
Howl like a trigger from within

The double taste of the sweetest stuff
The nicest sin
Camilla hates but she calls it love
And different things
I feel the folds of the tattered lace
The game will start
We play with clubs and we play with spades
But there are no hearts
There are no hearts

Howl like the wind
Howl like a trigger from within

Howl like a train
Howl like Camilla beat her sin

Howl like the wind
Howl like a trigger from within