Sadie

Suede

Inside her is the suburbs, in the sodium lights and the streets
In the parked cars and the pretty parks, and in every disease
In the new loves under covers, in the cold touch of the right
In the dead flowers and the silent hours
Cold, cold as the night, high as the trees, slow as you like
Oh you know she's cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like... Sadie
Inside her is the suburbs, in the old front rooms in the rain
In all the bad days and the music that plays
In the bored kids and their games
In the new loves under covers, and all the young mums and their worlds
Who are left at home when all the kids have grown watching the pretty young girls
Cold, cold as the night, high as the trees, slow as you like
Oh you know she's cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like... Sadie
Oh and I've got to take it, and I've got to fake it
And I've got use her, and I've got to choose her
And I've got to feel it, and I've got steal it
And I've got to be... Sadie

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