

Sam

Suede

You live on Lancaster Road
And you've got a computer
And you go, when the libraries closed
And sit and think of the future

Oh, oh oh Sam
Oh, oh oh Sam
Oh, oh oh Sam
You're my main man

You've got a mum by the name of Anne
And she has got a daughter
And you're brother Simon, well sometimes he gets out of hand
But he looks like John Travolta

Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
You're my main man
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
...

You drink tea, in a cafe close to me
I sit and read the headlines
You don't seem to mind if the social's too unkind
Or if you're near the breadline

Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
You're my main man
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
Oh, oh, oh, Sam
We'll do everything we can
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