

Suede, For the strangers

Lips like semaphore to my heart we slither and slide and slip
Stings like aerosol in my eyes but nothing compares to this

And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for the strangers, the strangers
And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for all the strangers out there

Pips from oranges spat away to gutters and drains and bins,
Left like promises on a tray when you delivered yourself to him

And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for the strangers, the strangers
And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for all the strangers out there

A paper trail on the road that was left for the gulls
Like the birds flying north it's been growing cold

And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for the strangers, the strangers
And it's ever so plain
And it's ever so clear for all the strangers out there