

I Can't Give Her What She Wants

Suede

And the sea is calling to her: "Come alone"
As she dials a number with her fingers on her phone
And her keys are falling from her coat
As I weave my fingers round her perfumed throat

No I can't give her what she wants
I can't give her what she really needs

I can't give her what she wants
It'd push her away

So I turn my attention to the bruise that's on her fist
Feel the pulse beneath her almost perfect wrist
And the flames are crawling round the note she wrote
Flickering like fingers round the lining of her coat

No I can't give her what she wants
I cant give her what she really needs

I can't give her what she wants
It'd push her away

And I see her silhouette on every street
Hear the clatter of her pretty, pretty feet
And all that's left is ashes of her sorry little note
So nobody can ever read the sentences she wrote

No I can't give her what she wants
I can't give her what she really needs

And I can't give her what she wants
It'd push her away
Away
Away
Away