

Learning to Be

Suede

Every word
That I've ever said
Is empty as air
Like gossamer thread

I come tumbling out
Of a single bed
To be with you again

And isn't it strange
That the method I choose
Is a way to get close
But I get further from you?

I try to step away
But I am too scared to move
Like i I'm in love again

And when it's over we go down to the streets
Feeling like models learning to be
Falling like leaves, falling like leaves
Falling like leaves, falling like leaves