

# Never Even Told Me Her Name

Air Traffic

Suzy was a glad-rag-clad clown run-around  
Never even told me her name  
But I found it in a half-burnt pin-up Polaroid  
Smiling through the wall at her place

Looking at her bed, I sat  
Sucking on a cigarette  
Wonder why I bothered to chase  
When I'm tired of making time  
I'm tired of making time

So I slip away on the story line  
I heard you on the Radio  
You were screaming out  
You grabbed me by my Heart and soul through the speakercone electric  
hands and  
Touched my face seemed to say  
We are here,we are

Suzy tried to call said  
"I'm not waiting for You to come and sweep me away"  
It isn't that I don't care  
I'm just all wired up  
Trying to think of something to say

Clinging to a credit card  
Waiting for the phone to stop  
Take me back to heaven again  
'cus I'm tired of making time  
I'm tired of making sound

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You were screaming out  
You grabbed me by my Heart and soul through the speakercone electric  
hands and  
Touched my face seemed to say  
We are here,we are

Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh

Don't stop Don't stop I'm coming  
Down where I can find my feet again

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