

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

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

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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