

For the Strangers

Suede

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

And its ever so clear
And its ever so plain
For the strangers the strangers
And its ever so clear
And its ever so plain
For the all strangers out there

Pips from oranges spat away
To gutters and drains and bins
Love like promises on a train
When you delivered yourself to him

And its ever so clear
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A paper trail on the road
That was left for the gulls
Like the birds flying on
Its been growing guns

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