

## He's Dead

Suede

I wake up every day,  
But I don't want it that way  
I take my thoughts to the round about  
Cause me and them we like to get out  
Oh what you do in your head,  
You do in your head  
Oh if he is dead  
He said he had a horrible house  
I looked in it and learnt to shut my mouth  
He said I had the luck of a son  
With all the love and poison of London  
Oh what you do in your head  
You do in your head  
Oh if he is dead  
Oh what you do in your head  
You do in your head  
Oh if he is dead...