Suede

She walks in beauty like the night Discarding her clothes in the plastic flowers Pornographic and tragic in black and white My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours

She walks in the beauty of a magazine Complicating the boys in the office towers Rafaella or Della the silent dream My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours,
been dying for hours and hours

She walks in beauty like the night Hypnotising the silence with her powers Armageddon is bedding this picture alright My Marilyn come to slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
Aching, been dying for hours and hours
I'm 18, I need my heroines
Aching, been dying for hours
Oh and I'm never alone now
Now I'm with her