

## Outsiders

Suede

Out an outside shrine there's a place  
Selling bouquets of cellophane  
That's where they meet in this tassel of place  
And the more they see, the more they sing  
Thrown like the winter roses  
Into a broken vase  
They're playing the hand they play  
All in the came they made

She puts her faith in the moment  
Outsiders, who do you know  
She puts her faith in the moment  
Outsiders, who do you know

And it's closed out covered in June  
And she rise into spinning sheets  
Still the pulse and the power of you  
And what you see isn't what's underneath

They're playing the hand they play  
All in the came they made

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