

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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