

Wastlands

Suede

I watch you drift away
Around the room in that dress
The jewels on your bracelets
I've seen their best

I watch the sweat fall
Against your clothes
I've seen the look on the faces
I think they know

That the clock is ticking away
And the wind is calling us
And the pleasantries will chain us
No more

When it all is much too much?
We'll run to the wastelands
Where the snow is all there is
And words sound different
When it all is much too much?
Meet me in the wastelands
Where the fear will fade away
Where the children in us play

I walk the smoky room
And stumble into you
The chattering of their faces
Says nothing new

But the clock is ticking away
And the wind is calling us
And the way you make your exit
There are no words

Would it hurt us much too much?
We'll run to the wastelands
At the car beside the road
And taking shelter
Would it hurt us much too much?
Meet me in the wastelands
Where the heart will slowly face
Where the children in us play

When the world is much too much
We'll run to the wastelands
Leave footprints in the snow
Till our ties are severed
When it hurts us too much too much
Meet me in the wastelands
Make a chain of flowers
Like our ties are severed
When the world is much too much
Meet me in the wastelands
At the car beside the road
And taking shelter
When the world is much too much
Meet me there in the wastelands

And the wind is on our face
And our veins are opened
When the world is much too much
Meet me in the wastelands
Make a chain of flowers
And the children in us play

The sky was steely
The countryside was bare
Twigs crackled under Mole's feet
Mole was alone
And far from help
And night was closing in