

What Are You Not Telling Me?

Suede

And the mysteries of love are not for us
It's the little things that are tearing us up
As the telephone emits a brittle sigh
Only one of us will reach it in time

What are you not telling me?
What are you not telling me?

As I blow away the dandelion clock
Will the miracle reveal itself?
Like an amateur under the sickle moon
Did I give away control too soon?

Just bred for the birds in second hand furs
An occasional touch, an occasional word
No the mysteries of love are not for us
It's the little things that are tearing us up

What are you not telling me?
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