

What I'm Trying to Tell You

Suede

I don't know the meaning of much
I don't know the right expressions
I don't have too much intuition
Or too many credentials

I don't know the meaning of much
I never make the best impressions
And I don't have the means of expression
To explain my obsessions

All I'm trying to tell you
All I'm trying to say
All I'm trying to tell you is this is enough
But you're walking away

I don't have the Midas touch
I never make a good impression
And yes, I have the scars of ambition
And its many expressions

And I don't know the price of stuff
And no, I don't command attention
And I don't have sophistication
Or the right connections

All I'm trying to tell you
All I'm trying to say
All I'm trying to tell you is this is enough
But you're walking away

There's no room in the world for your kind of beauty
Yours are the names on tomorrows newspapers
Yours is the face of the desperate edge of now
When, like the snows of yesteryear I'll be gone from this earth

All I'm trying to tell you
All I'm trying to say
All I'm trying to tell you is this is enough?
But you're walking away [x2]

La La La La La

Wherever you go
Wherever you run
Wherever you go
Now I'll be the pilot