

## 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