

When You Are Young

Suede

So softly you'll run
From the sound of your brother's gun
But you know it's not just a game

In the brambles you'll hide
'Til the caretaker comes outside
And everyone calls your name

When you are young
There are bottled blooms and twisted drums
When you are young
There is nothing right and nothing wrong
You will play in the maze
'Til your mother she calls you away

And we'll scratch in the dirt
Where the bones are picked clean by birds
And the clouds are out of reach

And you'll twist in his fist
As Persephone blows a kiss
And you hide yourself under the sheets

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