

Better Days

The Psychedelic Furs

People call to say hello
They call to talk about the weather
All the places I don't go
They call to talk to me

And they've got names without a face
And they've got faces I don't see

From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all

All my senses in a know
It gets too dark in here that I can't move
And I can't feel to touch
And there's you standing in my clothes

A perfect picture with you on my side
I never let it show

From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all

I can't seem to find my feet
My body's shaking and my tongue can't move
I turn my head to speak
I hear you call my name

I hear you calling me
On better days, on better days

From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all

From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all