

## 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