

# Suede, Duchess

You've had your fun  
Your money's gone  
Your only friend is the telephone  
Oh duchess, now you're one of us  
You stay at home  
And light the lights  
It make you smile in the empty night  
Oh duchess, now you're one of us  
Well she knows Latinos, and she knows Mexicans  
And she sits alone by the telephone but they won't call back again  
You count the bands, you cut your hair  
And someone saying you're a millionaire  
Oh duchess, now you're one of us  
You've friends to see, a car to drive  
You go to bars but you're much too shy  
Oh duchess, now you're one of us  
Well she knows Latinos and she knows Mexicans  
And she sits alone over thirteen stone  
And they won't come back again  
oh li-da-di-da-dioh li-da-di-da-dioh li-da-di-da-dioh oh  
Well she knows Latinos and she knows Mexicans  
But nothing sad stuff and they've had enough  
And they won't come back again  
You've had your fun  
Your money's gone  
You spend all day by the telephone