

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