

# Suede, Rainy Day Girl

Sad as a story, my rainy day girl  
Sat on her hands in a sugar-free world  
Mimed in a million video games  
Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made

And the whole world is calling you  
Like a stranger stalling for you  
Like the pollen falling  
Falling for you

Caught like a bug in a jar by the door  
Sat like a specimen made to perform  
She sits in her armchair and flutters and sighs  
Bad to the bone like the garbage inside  
She cries

And the world is calling you  
Like a stranger stalling for you  
Like the pollen falling  
Falling for you

And the world is calling  
Like a stranger stalling  
Like the pollen that's falling  
Falling for you

Sad as a story, my rainy day girl  
Sat on her hands in a saccharine world  
And I'm just someone who remembers her name  
Bad to the bone like the garbage she's made

And the world is calling you  
Like a stranger stalling for you  
Like the pollen falling  
Falling for you

Round the kerbs they're crawling  
Round the backstreets they're bawling  
Down the escalators they're falling  
Falling for you