

Suede, Savoir Faire

She lives in a house, she's stupid as a mouse
and she going where the lights are on
She's shaking obscene like a fucking machine
she's gone, gone, gone

She cooking crack giving us heart attack
and she's living in a kooky show
She open your mind for the millionth time
and then go, go, go

And she got everything she needs
And she got pretty, pretty feet
And she got flowers in her hair
yeah, yeah
She got savoir faire
yeah, yeah

She's shaking the scene outside, inbetween
and she's rocking to the loony tunes
And she make love and swallow the dove
in her room, room, room

She speeding away thru the city today
and she's living in a kooky show
With show life, low life watching her go
and then move, move, move

And she got everything she needs
And she got pretty, pretty feet
And she got flowers in her hair
yeah, yeah
She got savoir faire
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