

# Suede, She's In Fashion

She's the face on the radio  
She's the body on the morning show  
She's there shaking it out on the scene  
She's the colour of a magazine  
And she's in fashion  
She's in fashion

She's employed where the sun don't set  
And she's the shape of a cigarette  
And she's the shake of a tambourine  
And she's the colour of a magazine  
And she's in fashion  
And she's in fashion

Oh and if she tells you 2 is 1  
then 2 is 1 my love,  
Oh and if she tells you, you should know,  
then you should know my love,

She is strung out on a TV dream  
And she's the taste of gasoline  
And she's as similar as you can get  
To the shape of a cigarette  
And she's in fashion  
And she's in fashion