

Hope Sandoval & The Warm Inventions, Suzanne

Suzanne is waiting at your doorway
But all she does is waste your time
And she looks just like my sister
But she feels just like my man

And all the times I mean to tell her
The cats in here are over-flowin'
She pulls aside a four leaf clover
And makes me feel right on my own

Suzanne, Suzanne
Suzanne, Suzanne

Suzanne is waiting at your doorway
But all she does is waste your time
And she looks just like my sister
But she feels just like my man

Suzanne, Suzanne
Suzanne, Suzanne

Suzanne, Suzanne
Suzanne, Suzanne
Suzanne, Suzanne