

# Suede, Digging A Hole

I've drunk too much, to belong to you  
feel so much older, but I'm only 22  
she said she was an artist when I met her on the street  
she sleeps right through the afternoon and throws up on the sheet  
she took me to a hotel where she watched the evenings end  
cried into her coffee swearing she was on a mend

two tortured souls digging a hole, when we need to cry  
I wish I had your heart instead of mine, instead of mine

I took a nightbus down to the park  
I climbed over the gate and then I ran into the dark  
he said he was an artist on his bench under a tree  
he said he liked to see the stars but not on nights like these

two tortured souls digging a hole, when we need to cry  
I wish I had your heart instead of mine, instead of mine

I've drunk too much to belong to you  
I look up all the people to help me make it through  
everyone is an artist, and they've all got things to say  
they know the words to say it all, but just not what to say

just as night follows day, everything alive falls into decay  
that's why I wish I had your heart, instead of mine  
yes, I wish I had your heart instead of mine