

Suede, He's Dead

I wake up every day,
But I don't want it that way
I take my thoughts to the round about
Cause me and them we like to get out
Oh what you do in your head,
You do in your head
Oh if he is dead
He said he had a horrible house
I looked in it and learnt to shut my mouth
He said I had the luck of a son
With all the love and poison of London
Oh what you do in your head
You do in your head
Oh if he is dead
Oh what you do in your head
You do in your head
Oh if he is dead...