

Suede, He's Gone

Tears on a pillow
Eyes on the phone
You pour all the love that you keep inside
Into a song
Like 'He's Gone'
And these are the thoughts that you keep inside
You smile from your window
And stand all alone
And pour all the love that you keep inside
Into the phone
Into the phone
And like the leaves on the trees
Like the Carpenters song
Like the planes and the trains and they lives that were young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
With the style of a widow
And the place of your own
You pour all the words that you keep inside
Into the phone
And sit alone
And these are the thoughts that you keep inside
And smile from your window
And stand all alone
And pour all the love that you keep inside
Into a song
into a song
And like the leaves on the trees
Like the Carpenters song
Like the planes and the trains and they lives that were young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
And like the stains on the names of the lives of the young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
And like the leaves on the trees
Like the Carpenters song
Like the planes and the trains and they lives that were young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
And like the stains on the names of the lives of the young
He's gone
And it feels like the words to a song
So gone
So gone