

Suede, Heroine

She walks in beauty like the night
Discarding her clothes in the plastic flowers
Pornographic and tragic in black and white
My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours

She walks in the beauty of a magazine
Complicating the boys in the office towers
Rafaella or Della the silent dream
My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours,
been dying for hours and hours

She walks in beauty like the night
Hypnotising the silence with her powers
Armageddon is bedding this picture alright
My Marilyn come to slum for an hour

I'm aching to see my heroine
Aching, been dying for hours and hours
I'm 18, I need my heroines
Aching, been dying for hours
Oh and I'm never alone now

Now I'm with her