

# Suede, Modern Boys

come unto me my winter son  
we could lie on the rails  
and when the morning comes  
we'll be miles away, miles away  
slipping away while the city sleeps  
running away from this cruel disease  
miles away, miles away

modern boys, modern boys  
hand in hand  
sick of the fear  
chasing away all the hungry years  
we're the modern boys

come unto me my sickly thing  
we could lie on the rails  
but to really win  
we'll just drive away, drive away  
yes the world calls my international  
so let the decades die  
let the parties fall  
and we'll be miles away, miles away

'cos we'll be living like  
modern boys, modern boys  
hand in hand  
sick of the fear  
chasing away all the hungry years  
we're the modern boys, modern boys  
into the night, under the stars  
jumping the lights in the silent cars  
he's on your left  
i'm on your right  
it's so easy in the concrete night