

Suede, Still Life

This still life is all I ever do
There by the window quietly killed for you
In the glass house my insect life
Crawling the walls under electric lights

I'll go into the night, into the night
She and I into the night

Is this still life all I'm good for too?
There by the window quietly killed for you
And they drive by like insects do
They think they don't know me
They hired a car for you

To go into the night, into the night
She and I into the night

And this still life is all I ever do
There by the window quietly killed for you
And this still life is all I ever do
But it's still, still life
But it's still, still life
But it's still, still life