

Suede, Together

She was standing smoking counting stolen change
Don't someone have the guts to complain?
Said "superman I'm a big fan
Let's get something straight
Well you don't have the guts to complain"
Now your son's coming out to play
Your son's coming out to play

When you're on your own
Standing by the phone
We should get together
Got a supermarket stance
Just taking it hand in hand
We should get together
Just think of the life you'll save
Not stuck in your early grave
We should get together

I saw you standing smoking counting stolen change
But I don't have the guts to complain
Well I picked you up, got mixed up with you,
That's OK
'Cos now I've got the guts to complain
And now your son's coming out to play
Your son's coming out to play

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