

# 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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