

Suede, Where The Pigs Don't Fly

Out in the sticks, out in the stickiness
They're chasing round in stolen ice cream vans
They're sparking up with someone, oh
They're covering up their jumpers in roses, oh

Where pigs don't fly, oh

Out over there, out in the sticky wire fire,
Your royal stickiness your highness
I've heard there's someone saying "I do"
And banging at the old piano tune

Where the pigs don't fly, I do
Where the pigs don't fly, I do

I do...