

Suede, Whipshade

We are only young
but we style our future with a cattle gun
We are idle rich
so we smile for tomorrow with a bitch of an itch
Cause when the firelight shocks like a cop shop pyre
we'll jack the politics for premonition and fire
and we'll move like Nuryev at night
Coast to coast
Side to side
Shines the light of fine enlightened minds
Coast to coast
We are only young
but we style our future in the shadow of guns
We are not idle rich
so we smile for tomorrow with a bitch of an itch
cause when the stylised kick of the filmstar whip,
cracks down on the millions, cracks the kids on the hips
we'll be moving like Nuryev at night
Coast to coast
Side to side
shines the light of fine enlightened minds
Coast to coast
Side to side
feel the steel that shines outside the blinds
Coast to coast
Side to side
blades engraved with babies' names
while pylons hide the suicide
Coast to coast
Side to side
shines the light of fine enlightened minds
Coast to coast
Side to side
feel the steel that shines outside the blinds
Coast to coast
Side to side
blades engraved with babies' names