

The Psychedelic Furs, Better Days

people call to say hello
they call to talk about the weather
all the places i don't go
they call to talk to me
they've got names without a face
and they've got faces i don't see
from the corners of my mouth
i hear your voice come falling down
from the corners of my mouth
can't hear myself at all
all my senses in a know
it gets too dark in here
that i can't move
and i can't feel to touch
and there's you standing in my clothes
a perfect picture with you on my side
i never let it show
from the corners of my mouth
i hear your voice come falling down
from the corners of my mouth
can't hear myself at all
i can't seem to find my feet
my body's shaking and
my tongue can't move
i turn my head to speak
i hear you call my name
i hear you calling me
on better days
on better days
from the corners of my mouth
i hear your voice come falling down
from the corners of my mouth

can't hear myself at all
from the corners of my mouth
i hear your voice come falling down
from the corners of my mouth
can't hear myself at all