

# The Smiths, Stretch Out And Wait

On the high-rise estate  
What's at the back of your mind?  
Oh, a three-day debate  
On a high-rise estate  
What's at the back of your mind?

Two icy-cold hands conducting the way  
It's the Eskimo blood in my veins  
Amid concrete and clay  
And general decay  
Nature must still find a way  
So ignore all the codes of the day  
Let your juvenile influences sway  
This way and that way (this way)  
This way and that way (this way)  
God, how sex implores you  
To let yourself lose yourself

STRETCH out and wait  
STRETCH out and wait  
Oh ... let your puny body, lie down, lie down  
As we lie, you say  
As we lie, you say  
STRETCH out and ...  
STRETCH out and wait  
STRETCH out and wait  
Oh ... let your puny body lie down, lie down

As we lie, you say:  
Will the world end in the night time?  
(I really don't know)  
Or will the world end in the day time?  
(I really don't know)  
And is there any point ever having children?  
Oh, I don't know  
What I do know is we're Here and it's Now

So ... STRETCH out and wait  
STRETCH out and wait  
There is no debate, no debate, no debate  
How can you conciously contemplate  
When there's no debate, no debate?  
STRETCH out and wait  
STRETCH out and wait  
STRETCH out and wait  
Wait  
Wait  
Wait  
Wait