

# Tindersticks, Dick's Slow Song

Don't bring that stuff to bed  
I've gotta fall with a clear head  
Don't tell me of those mirrors  
I'll show you what you want to see  
Pay no mind to those voices  
I'll show you what you want to hear  
Of course, it doesn't matter what you see  
You're beautiful to me  
It doesn't matter what they say  
I want you anyway  
So we live in the city Come over here  
No, leave on the light  
Beautiful things get run down  
There's no more to say To let you know it's alright  
There's a fine door that you open  
There's no door  
There's no option  
You knew this from the start  
You made a fist around your heart  
I don't need to know  
But she must want to show me  
It's just for yourself  
I can't forgive you anything  
It doesn't matter what you see  
You're beautiful to me  
It doesn't matter what they say  
I want you anyway  
Don't bring that stuff to bed I'll touch you here  
Gotta fall with a clear head Does it make you cry?  
Don't bring that stuff to bed Don't hide those tears  
Gotta fall with a clear head You know they're alright