

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