

The Living Dead

Suede

If I was the wife of an acrobat
Could've had it all, could've had it all Where's all the money gone? I'm talking to you
All up the hole in your arm is the needle, a much better screw
But oh, what will you do alone? Cos I have to go
Where is this life of fun that you promised me?
Nothing here works but your works and I mean it I have to leave
But oh, what will you do alone? Cos I have to go If I was the wife of an acrobat
Would I look like the living dead, boy?
You're on the wire and can't get back
Let's talk about the living dead
Could have had a car, could have had it all
Could have walked in the sky but we stare at the wall I know where the money's gone, I know what you do
Cos I've seen the hole in your arm
And the needle's a much better screw
But oh, what will you do alone? Cos I have to go

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