

Where The Pigs Don't Fly

Suede

Out in the sticks, out in the stickiness
They're chasing 'round in stolen ice cream vans
They're sparking up with someone, oh
They're covering their jumpers in roses, oh Where pigs don't fly, oh Out over there, out in the sticky wire fire
Your royal stickiness, your highness
I've heard there's someone saying, "I do"
And banging at an old piano tune Where pigs don't fly, I do
Where pigs don't fly, I do
Where the pigs don't fly, I do
Where the pigs don't fly, I do, I do

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