

# Modern Boys

## Suede

Welcome unto me, my winter son  
We could lie on the rails  
And when the morning comes  
We'll be miles away, miles awaySlipping away while the city sleeps  
Running away from this cruel disease  
Miles away, miles awayModern boys, modern boys  
Hand in hand, sick of the fear  
Chasing away all the hungry years  
We're the modern boys, modern boysWelcome unto me, my sickly thing  
We could lie on the rails but to really win  
We'll just drive away, drive awayYes, the world calls my international  
So let the decades die, let the parties fall  
And we'll be miles away, miles away  
'Cos we'll be living likeModern boys, modern boys  
Hand in hand, sick of the fear  
Chasing away all the hungry years  
We're the modern boys, modern boysInto the night, under the stars  
Jumping the lights in the silent cars  
He's on your left, I'm on your right  
It's so easy in the concrete night

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