

Heroine

Suede

She walks in beauty like the night
Discarding her clothes in the plastic flowers
Pornographic and tragic in black and white
My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours She walks in the beauty of a magazine
Complicating the boys in the office towers
Rafaela or Della the silent dream
My Marilyn come to my slum for an hour I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching been dying for hours and hours
Been dying for hours and hours She walks in beauty like the night
Hypnotizing the silence with her powers
Armageddon is bedding this picture alright
My Marilyn come to slum for an hour I'm aching to see my heroine
I'm aching, been dying for hours and hours
I'm 18 and I need my heroines
I'm aching and dying for hours and nobody knows I'm never alone now, 'cos I have been
Higher higher higher and nobody knows
I'm never alone now, 'cos I have been
Higher higher higher and nobody knows
I'm never alone now, 'cos I have been
Higher higher again

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