

# In Fashion

Gregory Porter

You wear a black leather belt  
That holds the waist I used to hold  
Your colours fade  
But not the colour of your jeans  
You wear a hat with pretty swirls  
The envy of the other girls  
You change you shades before  
The day turns into eve  
Think I better let it go  
Think I better let it go  
Cos I'm thinking I'm last years runway passion  
No longer in fashion  
And I find myself obsessed  
By how you dress  
And whom you see when you're without me  
We're never caught in picture frames  
The paparazzi know our names  
They know like fashion  
Our love is not for real  
The weathers fine but in your mind  
You need that flare and so you wear  
Big blue fur and feathered hair  
To fit your skin  
Think I better let it go  
Think I better let it go  
Cos I'm thinking I'm last years runway passion  
No longer in fashion  
And I find myself obsessed  
By how you dress  
And whom you see when you're without me  
Yes I find myself obsessed  
By how you dress  
And whom you see when you're without me

Songwriters

GREGORY PORTER  
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