

She's in Fashion

Suede

She's the face on the radio
She's the body on the mornin' show
And she's there shaking it out on the scene
And she's the color of a magazine
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh She's employed where the sun don't set
And she's the shape of a cigarette
And she's the shake of a tambourine
And she's the color of a magazine
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh
'Cause she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh Oh, and if she tells you 2 is 1
Then 2 is 1 my love
Oh, and if she tells you, you should know
Then you should know my love She is strung out on a TV dream
And she's the taste of the gasoline
And she's as similar as you can get
To the shape of a cigarette
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind
And the wind blow my brain"
I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind
And the wind blow my brain" I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind
And the wind blow my brain"
Sunshine will blow my mind
And the wind blow my brain I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind
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