

# Whipsnade

## Suede

We are only young  
But we style our future with a cattle gun  
And we aren't idle rich  
So we smile for tomorrow with a bitch of an itchCause when the firelight shocks like a cop shop pyre  
We'll sack the politics for premonition and fire  
And we'll move like nureyev that nightCoast to coast side to side  
Shines the lies of fine enlightened minds  
Coast to coastWe are only young  
But we style our future in the shadow of guns  
And we are not idle rich  
So we smile for tomorrow with a bitch of an itchCause when the stylised kick of the filmstar whip  
Cracks down on the millions,  
Cracks the kids on their hips  
Then we'll move like nuryev that night'Cos coast to coast, side to side  
Shines the lies of fine enlightened minds  
Coast to coast, side to sideFeel the steel that shines outside the blinds  
Coast to coast, side to side  
Blades engraved with babies' names  
While pylons hide the suicide  
Coast to coast, side to side  
Shines the light of fine enlightened mindsCoast to coast, side to side  
Feel the steel that shines outside the blinds  
Coast to coast, side to side  
Blades engraved with babies' names  
While pylons hide the suicides

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