

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 itch
Cause 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 night
Coast to coast side to side
Shines the lies of fine enlightened minds
Coast to coast
We 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 itch
Cause 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 side
Feel 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 minds
Coast 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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