

Trash

Suede

Well, maybe, maybe, it's the clothes we wear
The tasteless bracelets and the dye in our hair
Maybe it's our kookiness Or maybe, maybe, it's our nowhere towns
Our nothing places and our cellophane sounds
Maybe it's our looseness But we're trash, you and me
We're the litter on the breeze
We're the lovers on the streets Just trash, me and you
It's in everything we do
It's in everything we do Or maybe, maybe, it's the things we say
The words we've heard and the music we play
Maybe it's our cheapness Or maybe, maybe, it's the times we've had
The lazy days and the crazes and the fads
Maybe it's our sweetness But we're trash, you and me
We're the litter on the breeze
We're the lovers on the streets Just trash, me and you
It's in everything we do
It's in everything we do We're trash, you and me
We're the lovers on the streets
We're the litter on the breeze Just trash, me and you
It's in everything we do
It's in everything we do Trash, you and me
(You and me, yeah)
We're the lovers on the streets
(You and me, yeah)
We're the litter on the breeze Just trash, me and you
(You and me, yeah)
It's in everything we do
(You and me, yeah)
It's in everything we do Trash, you and me
(You and me, yeah)
We're the lovers on the streets
(You and me)
We're the litter on the breeze

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