

Stretch Out and Wait

The Smiths

On the high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind?
On a three-day debate, on the high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind? Two icy cold hands conducting the way
It's the Eskimo blood in my veins
Amid concrete and clay and general decay
Nature must still find a way So ignore all the codes of the day
Let your juvenile impulses sway
This way and that way and this way and that way
God, how sex implores you to let yourself, lose yourself Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Let your puny body lie down, lie down
As we lie, you say
As we lie, you say Stretch out and
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Let your puny body lie down, lie down
As we lie, you say Will the world end in the night time?
I really don't know
Or will the world end in the day time?
I really don't know And is there any point ever having children?
Oh, I don't know
What I do know is we're here and it's now So, stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait There is no debate, no debate, no debate
How can you consciously contemplate?
When there's no debate, no debate Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Wait, wait, wait, wait

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