Sadie

Suede

Inside her is the suburbs
In the sodium lights and the streets
In the parked cars and the pretty parks
And in every lonely disease
In the new loves under covers
In the cold touch of the night
In the dead flowers and the silent hours
In the nightclubs and the fights
Cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like
Oh, you know she's, she's cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like, Sadie
Inside her is the suburbs
In the old front room in the rain
In all the bad days and the music that plays
In the bored kids and their games
In the new loves under covers
And all the young mums and their worlds
Who are left at home when all the kids have grown
Watching the pretty young girls
Cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like
Oh you know she's cold, cold as the night
High as the trees, slow as you like, Sadie
Oh and I've got to take it
And I've got to fake it
And I've got to use her
And I've got to choose her
And I've got to feel it
And I've got to steal it
And I've got to be Sadie

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