

Outsiders

Suede

By the roadside shrine there's a place
Selling bouquets of cellophane
That's where they meet in this desolate place
And the more they see the more they say
Thrown like two winter roses into a broken vase
They're playing the hand they play
Caught in the game they made
She puts her faith in the moment
Outsiders
He puts his faith in the moment
Outsiders
And his clothes are covered in dew
As she writhes in twisted sheets
Feel the pulse and the power of you
And what you see isn't what's underneath
They're playing the hand they play
Caught in the game they made
She puts her faith in the moment
Outsiders
He puts his faith in the moment
Outsiders

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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