

# She's In Fashion

## Suede

She's the face on the radio  
She's the body on the mornin' show  
And she's there shaking it out on the scene  
And she's the color of a magazine  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
She's employed where the sun don't set  
And she's the shape of a cigarette  
And she's the shake of a tambourine  
And she's the color of a magazine  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
'Cause she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
Oh, and if she tells you 2 is 1  
Then 2 is 1 my love  
Oh, and if she tells you, you should know  
Then you should know my love  
She is strung out on a TV dream  
And she's the taste of the gasoline  
And she's as similar as you can get

To the shape of a cigarette  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
And she's in fashion, ooh ooh ooh  
I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind  
And the wind blow my brain"  
I said, "The sunshine will blow my mind  
And the wind blow my brain"  
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And the wind blow my brain"  
Sunshine will blow my mind  
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