

# He's Dead

Suede

I wake up every day  
But I don't want it that way  
I take my thoughts to the round about  
'Cause me and them we like to get out Oh, what you do in your head  
You do in your head  
Oh, if he is dead He said he had a horrible house  
I looked in and learnt to shut my mouth  
He said I had the luck of a son  
With all the love and poison of London Oh, what you do in your head  
You do in your head  
Oh, if he is dead Oh, what you do in your head  
You do in your head  
Oh, if he is dead

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