

# 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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