

Psychedelic Furs, The

"Better Days"

Visit "[Better Days](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

People call to say hello
They call to talk about the weather
All the places I don't go
They call to talk to me
And they've got names without a face
And they've got faces I don't see
From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all
All my senses in a know
It gets too dark in here that I can't move
And I can't feel to touch
And there's you standing in my clothes
A perfect picture with you on my side
I never let it show
From the corners of my mouth
I hear your voice come falling down
From the corners of my mouth
Can't hear myself at all
I can't seem to find my feet

My body's shaking and my tongue can't move

I turn my head to speak

I hear you call my name

I hear you calling me

On better days, on better days

From the corners of my mouth

I hear your voice come falling down

From the corners of my mouth

Can't hear myself at all

From the corners of my mouth

I hear your voice come falling down

From the corners of my mouth

Can't hear myself at all

Visit [Psychedelic Furs, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.