

Smiths, The

"Stretch Out And Wait"

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All the lies that you make up
What's at the back of your mind?
Oh, your face I can see
And it's desperately kind
But 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 influences sway
This way and that way
This way, 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
All 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 conciously contemplate

When there's no debate, no debate?
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Oh...

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