

## Juliet Turner

### "Burn The Black Suit"

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I found out how to keep you keen, I read it in a magazine.  
One of those expensive ones, so it must be true, it must be true.  
Seems large amounts of alcohol is all it takes to make you fall.  
If I stroke your ego through the night, it'll be all right, it'll be all right.

If this is desire, expect nothing new.  
But if this is love, burn your black suit.

I worry now I'm close to you, for your face is grey, your lips are blue.  
And you spend your days in no man's land, make me take my pleasure where I can.  
You trail behind me like a broken kite but it's far too late to put things right.  
And I find that looking back at you gives a better view, a better view.

If this is desire, expect nothing new,  
But if this is love - burn your black suit.

Call yourself a dark angel born to make it good.  
A dark angel from the heavens to the dole queue.  
If this is desire we're expecting nothing new.  
But when this is finally love we can burn our black suit.  
I wish that I had brought you joy, it's hurting me to see you cry,  
But I don't feel enough for you to see it through, to see it through.

If this is desire, expect nothing new,  
But if this is love - burn your black suit.

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