

London Suede

"One Hit To The Body"

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Is it my imagination
Or is that a cardboard sky?
Is it just this situation
That's made me lose my mind?

I don't need you to be sorry
I just wanted you to know
That this is one hit to the body
One hit to the soul
It's one hit to the body that won't show

There's a million constellations
Up in the make believe sky
And a million dead end situations
You could leave behind
And the lights and the lorries could show you which
way to go
And this is one hit to the body
One hit to the soul
It's one hit to the body that won't show

Is it something in the air that you breathe?
Is it something in the books that you read?
Is it something in the things that you do?
Is it something in the words that you use?

Cos the lights and the lorries will show you where you
want to go
And this is one hit to the body
One hit to the soul
It's one hit to the body that won't show

Well I don't really need anybody I just wanted you to
know
That this is one hit to the body that won't show
That won't show

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