

The Psychedelic Furs

"Better Days"

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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
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

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