

Air Supply

"She Never Even Told Me Her Name"

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Suzie was a gladrag,
Clad-clown runaround,
Never even told me her name.
But I found it in a half-burnt pin up polaroid,
Smiling through the wall at her place.

?,
Sucking on a cigarette,
I wonder why I bother to chase,
When I'm tired of making time,
I'm tired of breaking time.

So I slip away,
On a stormy night.
I heard you on the radio,
You were screaming out.
You grabbed me by the heart and soul,
Through the speaker oh,
Electric hands that touched my face,
Seemed to say "we are here",
We are...

Suzie tried to call I said,
"I'm not waiting for,
You to come and sweep me away."
It isn't that I don't care,
I'm just all wired out,
Trying to think of something to say.

Clinging to a credit card,
Waiting for the phone to start,
And take me back to heaven again.
'Cause I'm tired of making time,
I'm tired of making sound.

So I slip away,
On a stormy night.
I heard you on the radio,
You were screaming out.
You grabbed me by the heart and soul,
Through the speaker oh,

Electric hands that touched my face,
Seemed to say "we are here",
We are...

Oh oh oh oh

Don't stop,
Don't stop,
I'm coming,
Somewhere where I can find my feet again.

So I slip away,
On a stormy night.
I heard you on the radio,
You were screaming out.
You grabbed me by the heart and soul,
Through the speaker oh,
Electric hands that touched my face,
Seemed to say "we are here",
We are...

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