

## Spoon "Lines in the Suit"

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I'm on a straight line  
When a man comes around  
And he got lines in the suit  
Comin' out to make us moot

I'm moving on now, if I like it or not  
He says I got nowhere to go  
Tell me something I don't know  
He's painting it out like I don't want to know

The picture has come down  
I'm taking it off and throwing it out  
The picture is about what could have been easier  
The picture is coming around now

How come I feel so washed up?  
At such a, such a tender age now  
How come I feel so washed up?  
The picture is coming around now

It could have been easier  
At such a, such a tender age

I'm listening to the comforting sound  
Of some kind of work being done outside  
Of sounds from next door, the walls don't hide

I'm listening to mountain to sound  
And the way it's panned is cool  
But when I get back home to you  
There's got to be something more than that too

The human resource clerk  
Has two cigarettes and back to work  
She eats right  
But hurts and she says

It could have been good by now  
It could have been more than a wage, yeah  
How come she feels so washed up?  
At such a, such a tender age now

It could have been easier  
It could have been more than a wage  
How come she feels so washed up?  
At such a tender age

I'm on a straight line  
And a man comes around  
And I got nowhere to go  
Come back and tell something I don't know

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