

Suede

"Colour Of The Night"

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My love she hides a cruel disease
It's the bullet in her mind
It's the plan between her knees
It's the colour of the night
It's the number of the beast

My love she dreams of Tel Aviv
She's got nails in her hands
And nails in her feet
She's not from the holy land
But she thinks she used to be

Tell when was hell so beautiful
Tell me with your words that disagree
Tell me with your reason carved like granite
Tell me so that I can be free

My love she's like a cruel disease
She's the bullet in my mind
She's got a plan between her knees
She's the colour of the night
She stirs the beast in me

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