

## Suede "Digging A Hole"

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I've drunk too much, too long to you  
Feel so much older but I'm only 22

She said she was an artist  
When I met her on the street  
She sleeps right through the afternoon  
And throws up on the sheets

She took me to a hotel  
Where she watched the evenings end  
And cried into her coffee  
Swearing she was on the mend

Two tortured souls  
Digging a hole when we need to climb  
I wish I had your heart instead of mine

I took a night bus down to the park  
I climbed over the gate  
And then I ran into the dark

He said he was an artist  
On his bench under a tree  
He said he liked to see the stars  
But not on nights like these

Two tortured souls  
Digging a hole when we need to climb  
I wish I had your heart instead of mine

I've drunk too much to belong to you  
I looked to all the people  
To help me make it through

And everyone's an artist  
And they've all got things to say  
They know the words to say it all  
But just not what to say

Just as night follows day  
Everything alive falls into decay  
That's why I wish I had your

Heart instead of mine

Yes, I wish I had your heart  
Instead of mine

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