

Suede "Together"

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She was standing smoking counting stolen change
Don't someone have the guts to complain?
Said, Superman I'm a big fan, let's get something
straight
Well you don't have the guts to complain"
Now your son is coming out to play
Your son is coming out to play

When you're on your own standing by the phone
We should get together got a supermarket stance
Just taking it hand-in-hand
We should get together
Just think of the life you'll save, not stuck in your early
grave
We should get together, together, together

I saw you standing smoking counting stolen change
But I don't have the guts to complain
I picked you up, got mixed up with you, that's okay
'Cos now I've got the guts to complain
And now your son is coming out to play
Your son is coming out to play

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