The Smiths, Stretch Out And Wait (Version 2)

On the high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind?
Oh, a three-day debate
On a high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind?

Two icy-cold hands conducting the way It's the Eskimo blood in my veins Amid concrete and clay And general decay Nature must still find a way So ignore all the codes of the day Let your juvenile influences sway This way and that way (this way) This way and that way (this way) God, how sex implores you To let yourself lose yourself

Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Oh ... let your puny body, lie down, lie down
As we lie, you say
As we lie, you say
Stretch out and ...
Stretch out and wait

Stretch out and wait Oh ... let your puny body lie down, lie down

As we lie, you say:
Will the world end in the night time?
(I really don't know)
Or will the world end in the day time?
(I really don't know)
And is there any point ever having children?
Oh, I don't know
What I do know is we're Here and it's Now

So ... stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
There is no debate, no debate, no debate
How can you conciously contemplate
When there's no debate, no debate?
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Wait
Wait
Wait
Wait