

# The Smiths, Half A Person

Call me morbid, call me pale  
I've spent six years on your trail  
Six long years on your trail

Call me morbid, call me pale  
I've spent six years on your trail  
Six full years of my life  
On your trail

And if you have five seconds to spare  
Then I'll tell you the story of my life:  
Sixteen, clumsy and shy  
I went to London and I  
I booked myself in at Y.W.C.A.  
I said: "I like it here - can I stay?  
I like it here - can I stay?  
Do you have a vacancy  
For a back-scrubber?"

She was left behind and sour  
And she wrote to me on the hour  
She said: "In the days when you were  
Hopelessly poor, I just liked you more.."

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I booked myself in at Y.W.C.A.  
I said: "I like it here - can I stay?  
I like it here - can I stay?  
And do you have a vacancy  
For a back-scrubber?"

Call me morbid, call me pale  
I've spent too long on your trail  
Far too long, chasing your tail  
And if you have five seconds to spare  
Then I'll tell you the story of my life:  
Sixteen, clumsy and shy  
That's the story of my life  
Sixteen, clumsy and shy  
The story of my life

That's the story of my life  
That's the story of my life  
That's the story of my life  
The story of my life