

The Smiths, Rubber Ring

A sad fact widely known
The most impassionate song
To a lonely soul
Is so easily outgrown
But don't forget the songs
That made you smile
And the songs that made you cry
When you lay in awe
On the bedroom floor
And say: "Oh, smother me, Mother!"

The passing of time
And all of its crimes
Is making me sad again
The passing of time
And all of its sickening crimes
Is making me sad again
But don't forget the songs
That made you cry
And the songs that saved your life
Yes, you're older now
And you're a clever swine
But they were the only ones who ever stood by you

The passing of time leaves empty lives
Waiting to be filled
The passing of time
Leaves empty lives
Waiting to be filled
I'm here with the cause
I'm holding the torch
In the corner of your room
Can you hear me?
And when you're dancing and laughing
And finally living
Hear my voice in your head
And think of me kindly

Do you love me
Like you used to?

(<i>YOU ARE SLEEPING
YOU DO NOT WANT TO BELIEVE
YOU ARE SLEEPING</i>)