

The Smiths, Wonderful Woman

Here her head, she lay
Until she'd rise and say:
"I'm starved of mirth
Let's go and trip a dwarf"

Oh, what to be done with her?
Oh, what to be done with her?
Oh...

Ice water for blood
With neither heart or spine
And then just
To pass time; let us go and rob the blind

What to be done with her?
I ask myself:
What to be said of her?
Oh...

But when she calls me, I do not walk, I run
Oh, when she calls, I do not walk, I run
Oh...
Oh...

Oh...