

# Lloyd Cole, Whats Wrong With This Picture

Smile, she said, and if you want  
I'll look the other way  
Until you regain your melancholy disposition  
Or until you get over yourself

You're such a European SOB  
Could you exist without your irony?  
I guess that you're afraid to alone or be alive  
Or be a boy without a girl

Monday morning feeling alright  
What's wrong with this picture?  
Nothing at all  
Open your eyes, there's nothing but blue skies  
What's wrong with this picture?  
Nothing at all

Could you believe in anything?  
Could I believe in you? she said  
And maybe I don't want to be you mother  
And could you bear to be sincere for just one day?

Smile, she said, and if you want  
I'll look the other way  
And you can go back to your Five Leaves Left  
And you can call me when you get over yourself

Monday morning feeling alright  
What's wrong with this picture?  
Nothing at all  
Open your eyes, there's nothing but blue skies  
What's wrong with this picture?  
Nothing at all