

Morrissey, Friday Mourning

Friday mourning, I'm dressed in black
Douse the house lights, I'm not coming back
For years, I warned you
Through tears, I told you
Friday mourning, there comes a time
Before that breaks this very smug mug of mine

This dawn raid soon put paid to
All the things I'd whispered to you
At night time
And I will never stand naked in front of you
Or if I do, it won't be for a long time

Look once to me, look once to me
Then look away
Look once to me, then look away

And when they haul me down the hall
And when they kick me down the stairs
I see the faces all lined up before me
Of teachers and of parents and bosses
Who all share a point of view
"You are a loser"
"You are a loser"

Friday, friday mourning
Dressed in black
I won't be coming back

(Friday...)