

Morrissey, Meat Is Murder

When your gift unfurls
when your Talent becomes apparent
I will roar from the stalls
I will gurgle from the circle
The Saints smile shyly
down on you
they couldn't get over
your nine-leaved clover
Lucky lisp was not wasted on you
lucky lisp was not wasted on you
When your name is with the best
will my name be on your guest list?
I will roar from the stalls
oh the balcony fool was me, you fool
Jesus made this all for you, love
He couldn't get over
your Grandma's omen
Lucky lisp was not wasted on you
lucky lisp was not wasted on you