

# Morrissey, Nobody Loves Us

Nine times fined  
Never mind  
Things can only improve  
We are just stood here  
Waiting for the next great wound

And we just can't wait to make more mistakes  
And to fluff our breaks, and to stuff our faces with cake

All in all, imagine this :  
Nobody loves us  
Dab-hands at Trouble  
With four days of stubble, we are  
Never loosen the grip on our hand  
Call us home  
Kiss our cheeks  
Nobody loves us  
So we ... oh ... we tend to please ourselves

People think all we do  
Is lie around and think of how  
Rich we'd be if we didn't think  
Life could improve

And we just can't wait to make more mistakes  
And we just can't wait till the whole thing blows up in our face

Call us home  
Kiss our cheeks  
Nobody loves us  
Dab-hands at Trouble  
With four days of stubble, we are  
So, never loosen the grip on our hand  
Call us home  
Make our tea  
Nobody loves us  
So we ... oh ... we tend to please ourselves

Call us home  
Tuck us in  
Nobody wants us  
Dreamers and schemers  
All pie-eyed, and bog-eyed, and cross-eyed  
Oh, never loosen the grip on our hand  
Whack us, then  
Hug us hard  
Nobody loves us  
So we ... oh ... we tend to please ourselves

And we just can't stress, oh, how more the mess  
And complete distress won't make much difference to us

Sing us our  
Favourite song  
Nobody loves us  
Born-again athiests  
Practising troublemakers  
Make us our  
Favourite jam  
Nobody loves us  
Useless and shiftless  
And jobless  
But we're all yours