

Morrissey, November Spawned A Monster

Sleep on and dream of Love
Because it's the closest you will
Get to love
Poor twisted child
So ugly, so ugly
Poor twisted child
Oh hug me, oh hug me
One November
Spawned a monster
In the shape of this child
Who later cried :

"But Jesus made me, so
Jesus save me from
pity, sympathy
And people discussing me"
A frame of useless limbs
What can make GOOD
All the BAD that's been done ?

And if the lights were out
Could you even bear
To kiss her full on the mouth
(Or anywhere?)

Oh, poor twisted child
So ugly, so ugly
Poor twisted child
Oh hug me, oh hug me
One November
Spawned a monster
In the shape of this child
Who must remain
A hostage to kindness
And the wheels underneath her
A hostage to kindness
And the wheels underneath her

A symbol of where mad, mad lovers
Must PAUSE and draw the line.
So sleep and dream of love
Because it's the closest
You will get to love
That November
Is a time
Which I must
Put OUT of my mind

Oh, one fine day
Let it be soon
She won't be rich or beautiful
But she'll be walking your streets
In the clothes that she went out
And chose for herself.