

Morrissey, Reader Meet Author

You don't know a thing about their lives
They live where you wouldn't dare to drive
You shake as you think of how they sleep
But you write as if you all lie side by side
Reader, meet Author
With the hope of hearing sense
But you may be feeling let down
By the words of defence
He says "No-one ever sees me when I cry"

You don't know a thing about their lives
Books don't save them, books aren't Stanley knives
And if a fight broke out here tonight
You'd be the first away, because you're that type
And the year 2000 won't change anyone here
As each fabled promise flies so fast
You'll swear it was never there
Oh, have you ever escaped from a shipwrecked life ?

So safely with your software, miles from the front line
You hear the way their sad voice sings, and you start to imagine things
Oh, any excuse to write more lies