

# 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 &quot;No-one ever sees me when I cry&quot;

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