

# Morrissey, Sister I'm A Poet

All over this town  
Yes, a low wind may blow  
And I can see through everybo...  
With no reason  
To hide these words I feel  
And no reason  
To talk about the books I read  
But still I do

That's 'cause I'm a ...  
Sister I'm a ...  
All over this town

Along this way  
Outside the prison gates  
I love the romance of crime  
And I wonder  
Does anybody feel the way I do ?  
And is evil just something you are  
Or something you do ?

Sister I'm a ...  
Sister I'm a ...  
All over this town

All over this town  
They pull over  
In their Citroen vans  
Not to shake your hand  
With meths on their breaths  
And you with youth on your side  
A plastic bag stranded at the lights  
This once was me ...

But now I'm a ...  
Sister I'm a ...  
All over this town ...  
Oh, oh, oh  
All over this town  
All over this town  
Oh ...

I still cannot speak French ... I am very lazy