

Morrissey, The Operation

You fight with your right hand
And caress with your left hand
Everyone I know is sick to death of you

With a tear that's a mile wide
In the kite that you're flying
Everyone I know is sick to death of you
Ever since
You don't look the same
You're just not the same, no way
You say clever things and
You never used to

You don't catch what I'm saying
When you're deafened to advice
Everyone here is sick to the
Back teeth of you

With a tear that's a mile wide
In the kite that you're flying
Everyone here is sick to the
Tattoo of you

Ever since
You don't look the same
You're just not the same, no way
You say pleasant things and
There is no need to

Still, you fight with your right hand
And caress with your left hand
Ooh, ooh ...

Sad to say ...
How once I was in love with you
Sad to say ...

You don't catch what I'm saying
When you're deafened to advice
Ooh, ooh ...

Ever since
You don't look the same
You're just not the same, no way
What the hell have
They stuck into you ?