

The Smiths, A Rush And A Push And The Land Is Ours

(<i>HELLO</i>)

I am the ghost of Troubled Joe
Hung by his pretty white neck
Some eighteen months ago
I travelled to a mystical time zone
And I missed my bed
And I soon came home
They said: "There's too much caffeine
In your blood stream
And a lack of real spice in your life"
I said: "Leave me alone
Because I'm alright, dad
Surprised to still be on my own."
Oh but don't mention love
I'd hate the strain of the pain again
A rush and a push and the land
that we stand on
Is ours
It has been before
So it shall be again
And people who are uglier than you and I
They take what they need and just leave
Oh but don't mention love
I'd hate the pain of the strain all over again
A rush and a push and
the land that we stand on
Is ours
It has been before
So why can't it be now?
And people who are weaker than you and I
They take what they want from life
Oh but don't mention love
No, no don't mention love
A rush and a push and the land
We stand on is ours
Your youth may be gone
But you're still a young man
So phone me, phone me
So phone me, phone me, phone me
Oh I think I'm in love
Oh I think I'm in love
Oh I think I'm in love
(<i>Urrgh, I think I'm in lerv</i>)