

# The Smiths, Bigmouth Strikes Again

Sweetness, sweetness I was only joking  
When I said I'd like to smash every tooth  
In your head  
Sweetness, sweetness I was only joking  
When I said by rights you should be  
Bludgeoned in your bed

And now I know how Joan of Arc felt  
Now I know how Joan of Arc felt  
As the flames rose to her Roman nose  
And her walkman started to melt

Bigmouth  
Bigmouth  
Bigmouth strikes again  
And I've got no right to take my place  
With the Human race

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Bigmouth strikes again  
And I've got no right to take my place  
With the Human race

And now I know how Joan of Arc felt  
Now I know how Joan of Arc felt  
As the flames rose to her Roman nose  
And her hearing aid started to melt

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