

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

Bigmouth
Bigmouth
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

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

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

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

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