

The Smiths, Frankly, Mr. Shankly

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
I want to leave, you will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the 21st Century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history, Mr. Shankly

Fame, Fame, fatal Fame
It can play hideous tricks on the brain
But still I'd rather be Famous
Than righteous or holy, any day

But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled
Making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to Live and I want to Love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, this position I've held
It pays my way and it corrodes my soul
Oh I didn't realise that you wrote poetry
I didn't realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry, Mr. Shankly

Frankly, Mr. Shankly, since you ask
You are a flatulent pain in the arse
I do not mean to be so rude
Still I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly

(<i>Oh give us your money!</i>)