

The Smiths, Meat Is Murder

Heifer whines could be human cries
Closer comes the screaming knife
This beautiful creature must die
This beautiful creature must die
A death for no reason
And death for no reason is murder
And the flesh you so fancifully fry
Is not succulent, tasty or kind
It's death for no reason
And death for no reason is murder
And the calf that you carve with a smile
It is murder
And the turkey you festively slice
It is murder
Do you know how animals die?

Kitchen aromas aren't very homely
It's not comforting, cheery or kind
It's sizzling blood and the unholy stench of murder
It's not natural, normal or kind
The flesh you so fancifully fry
The meat in your mouth
As you savour the flavour of murder
No No No - It is Murder
No No No - It is Murder
And who hears when animals cry?