

# 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?