

The Smiths, Miserable Lie

So, goodbye
Please stay with your own kind
And I'll stay with mine
There's something against us
It's not time
It's not time
So, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
I know I need hardly say
How much I love your casual way
Oh, but please put your tongue away
A little higher and we're well away
The dark nights are drawing in
And your humor is as black as them
I look at yours, you laugh at mine
And "love" is just a miserable lie
You have destroyed my flower-like life
Not once - twice
You have corrupt my innocent mind
Not once - twice
I know the wind-swept mystical air
It means: I'd like to see your underwear
I recognize that mystical air
It means: I'd like to seize your underwear
What do we get for our trouble and pain?
Just a rented room in Whalley Range
What do we get for our trouble and pain?
...Whalley Range!
Into the depths of the criminal world
I followed her...
I need advice, I need advice
I need advice, I need advice
Nobody ever looks at me twice
Nobody ever looks at me twice
I'm just a country-mile behind
The world
I'm just a country-mile behind
The whole world
Oh oh, oh...
I'm just a country-mile behind
The world
I'm just a country-mile behind
The whole world
Oh oh, oh...
Take me when you go
Oh oh, oh...
Take me when you go
Oh oh, oh...
I need advice, I need advice