

# The Smiths, Paint A Vulgar Picture

At the record company meeting  
On their hands - a dead star  
And oh, the plans they weave  
And oh, the sickening greed

At the record company party  
On their hands - a dead star  
The sycophantic slags all say:  
"I knew him first, and I knew him well";

Re-issue! Re-package! Re-package!  
Re-evaluate the songs  
Double-pack with a photograph  
Extra Track (and a tacky badge)

A-list, playlist  
"Please them, please them!";  
"Please them!";  
(sadly, THIS was your life)

But you could have said no  
If you'd wanted to  
You could have said no  
If you'd wanted to

BPI, MTV, BBC  
"Please them! Please them ";  
(sadly this was your life)

But you could have said no  
If you'd wanted to  
You could have walked away  
Couldn't you?

I touched you at the soundcheck  
You had no real way of knowing  
In my heart I begged "Take me with you...  
I don't care where you're going...";

But to you I was faceless  
I was fawning, I was boring  
Just a child from those ugly new houses  
Who could never begin to know

Who could never really know  
Oh...

Best of! Most of!  
Sate the need!  
Slip them into different sleeves  
Buy both, and feel deceived

Climber - new entry, re-entry  
World tour! ("media whore";)  
"Please the Press in Belgium!";  
(THIS was your life...)

And when it fails, to recoup?  
Well, maybe:  
You just haven't earned it yet, baby

I walked a pace behind you at the soundcheck  
You're just the same as I am  
What makes most people feel happy

Leads us headlong into harm

So, in my bedroom in those 'ugly new houses'  
I danced my legs down to the knees  
But me and my 'true love'  
Will never meet again...

At the record company meeting  
On their hands - at last! - a dead star!  
But they can never taint you in my eyes  
No, they can never touch you now

No, they cannot hurt you, my darling  
They cannot touch you now  
But me and my 'true love'  
Will never meet again