

The Smiths, The Boy With The Thorn In His

The boy with the thorn in his side
Behind the hatred there lies
A murderous desire for love
How can they look into my eyes
And still they don't believe me ?
How can they hear me say those words
Still they don't believe me ?
And if they don't believe me now
Will they ever believe me ?
And if they don't believe me now
Will they ever, they ever, believe me ?
Oh ...

The boy with the thorn in his side
Behind the hatred there lies
A plundering desire for love
How can they see the Love in our eyes
And still they don't believe us ?
And after all this time
They don't want to believe us
And if they don't believe us now
Will they ever believe us ?
And when you want to Live
How do you start ?
Where do you go ?
Who do you need to know ?

Oh ...
Oh no ...
Oh ...
Laa ...