

# 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 ...