The Smiths, This Night Has Opened My Eyes (BE

In a river the colour of the lead Immerse the baby's head Wrap her up in the News Of The World Dump her on a doorstep, girl This night has opened my eyes And I will never sleep again You kicked and cried like a bullied child A grown man of twenty-five He said he'd cure your ills But he didn't and he never will Oh save your life Because you've only got one The dream has gone But the baby is real Oh you did a good thing She could have been a poet Or she could have been a fool Oh you did a bad thing And I'm not happy And I'm not sad

A shoeless child on a swing Reminds you of your own again She took away your troubles Oh but then again She left pain Please, save your life Because you've only got one The dream has gone But the baby is real Oh you did a good thing She could have been a poet Or she could have been a fool Oh you did a bad thing And I'm not happy And I'm not sad

And I'm not happy And I'm not sad