

The Smiths, Unhappy Birthday

I've come to wish you an unhappy birthday
I've come to wish you an unhappy birthday
Because you're evil
And you lie
And if you should die
I may feel slightly sad
(But I won't cry!)

Loved and lost
and some may say:
"When usually it's Nothing
Surely you're happy
It should be this way?"
I say. "No, I'm gonna kill my dog
May the lines sag, the lines sag heavy
And deep tonight"

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And if you should die
I may feel slightly sad
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Loved and lost
and some may say:
"When usually it's Nothing
Surely you're happy
It should be this way?"
I say. "No"
And then I shoot myself
So drink, drink, drink
And be ill tonight
From the one you left behind
From the one you left behind
From the one you left behind
From the one you left behind
Behind, behind..
Oh unhappy birthday!