

# The Smiths, What Difference Does It Make?

All men have secrets and here is mine  
So let it be known  
For we have been through hell and high tide  
I think I can rely on you  
And yet you start to recoil  
Heavy words are so lightly thrown  
But still I'd leap in front of a flying bullet for you

So, what difference does it make?  
So, what difference does it make?  
It makes none  
But now you have gone  
And you must be looking very old tonight

The devil will find work for idle hands to do  
I stole and I lied, and why?  
Because you asked me to!  
But now you make me feel so ashamed  
Because I've only got two hands  
Well, I'm still fond of you

So, what difference does it make?  
Oh, what difference does it make?  
Oh, it makes none  
But now you have gone  
And your prejudice won't keep you warm tonight

Oh, the devil will find work for idle hands to do  
I stole, and then I lied  
Just because you asked me to  
But now you know the truth about me  
You won't see me anymore  
Well, I'm still fond of you

But no more apologies  
No more apologies  
Oh, I'm too tired  
I'm so sick and tired  
And I'm feeling very sick and ill today  
But I'm still fond of you

Oh, my sacred one  
Oh...