

The Smiths, What Difference Does It Make

All men have secrets and here is mine
so let it be known
we have been through hell and high tide,
I can surely 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?
so what difference does it make?
it makes none but you have gone
and your prejudice won't keep you warm tonight
So no more apologies
no more apologies
I'm too tired
I'm too sick and tired and i'm feeling very sick and ill today
but I'm still fond of you