

# 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