

The Smiths, What's The World?

"Um... this song was written by... erm, erm..."
What would you sell?
Loose glasses and suit
Heart and soul
Won't wear out

That's not enough!
I wonder what's inside
Fish fillet knife
Can cut
Right through my eye...

I'm looking for some words
To call my own
Worn-out phrases
And a hand-me-down

They'll knock me
Under where I stand
Sad on his back
In a corned beef pan

Going under
You can feel them pulling me down

To the rust inside...

This is the way...
Franken-star is born

Bits and pieces
Others have worn
All held together by a management glue
Too much glue
Watch the stars turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue
Turn blue

I'm going under
You can feel them pulling me down
To the halls of rust
Eeh...

I, I, I, I, I...

Thankyou...