The Smiths, William, It Was Really Nothing

The rain falls hard on a humdrum town
This town has dragged you down

And everybody's got to live their life
And God knows I've got to live mine
God knows I've got to live mine

William, it was really nothing
William, it was really nothing
It was your life

How can you stay with a fat girl who'll say:
"Would you like to marry me
And if you like you can buy the ring"
She doesn't care about anything

"Would you like to marry me
And if you like you can buy the ring"
I don't dream about anyone
Except myself

William, it was really nothing

William, William