

Morrissey, Ammunition

I know these roads
Each ridge
And narrow bridge
Each cheveron
Enticing me on
Each warning sign
I take in my stride

I don't need more ammunition
I've got more than I can spend
I don't dwell on things I'm missing
I'm just pleased
With the things I've found

I know these roads
An old hand understands
Above all, I know what's
Expected of me now
Veering cliffwards

I don't need more ammunition
I've got more than I can spend
I don't dwell on things I'm missing
I'm just pleased
With the things I've found
With the things I've found
With the things I've found
I've found

I've been crying
It comes back on these salient days
And it stays
And it says :
"We've never really been away"

I don't need more ammunition
I've got more than I can spend
I don't think of who I'm missing
I've got no space and no time
In my life, anymore
No space or time
In my life, anymore
For Revenge