

Morrissey, Come Back To Camden

There is something I wanted to tell you, It's so funny you'll kill yourself laughing
But then I, I look around, And I remember that I am alone, Alone. For evermore

The tile yard all along the railings, Up a discoloured dark brown staircase
Here you'll find, despair and I, Calling to you with what's left of my heart, My heart, For evermore

Drinking tea with the taste of the Thames, Sullenly on a chair on the pavement
Here you'll find, my thoughts and I, And here is the very last plea from my heart
My heart. For evermore, Where taxi drivers never stop talking
Under slate grey Victorian sky, Here you will find, despair and I
And here I am every last inch of me is yours, Yours, For evermore

Your leg came to rest against mine, Then you lounged with knees up and apart
And me and my heart, we knew, We just knew, For evermore

Where taxi drivers never stop talking, Under slate grey Victorian sky
Here you'll find, my heart and I, And still we say come back, Come back to Camden
And I'll be good, I'll be good, I'll be good, I'll be good