

Morrissey, Dear God, Please Help Me

I am walking through Rome
With my heart on a string
Dear God, please help me

And I am so very tired
Of doing the right thing
Dear God, please help me

There are explosive kegs
Between my legs
Dear God, please help me

Will you follow and know
Know me more than you do
Track me down
And try to win me?

Then he motions to me
With his hand on my knee
Dear God, did this kind of thing happen to you?

Now I'm spreading your legs
With mine in-between
Dear God, if I could I would help you

And now I am walking through Rome
And there is no room to move
But the heart feels free

The heart feels free
The heart feels free
But the heart... feels free

The heart feels free
The heart feels free