

Morrissey, Girl Least Likely To

How many times have I been around ?
Recycled papers paving the ground
Well, she lives for the written word
And people come second, or possibly third

And there is no style, but I say "well done"
To the Girl Least Likely To
Oh, deep in my heart, how I wish I was wrong
But deep in my heart, I know I am not
And there's enough gloom in her world, I'm certain
Without my contribution

So I sit, and I smile, and I say "well done"
To the Girl Least Likely To
Page after page of sniping rage
An English singe or an American tinge
"There's a publisher," she said, "in the new year"
(It's never in this year)

I do think this, but I can't admit it
To the Girl Least Likely To
So one more song with no technique
One more song which seems all wrong ...
And oh, the news is bad again
See me as I am again

And the scales of justice sway one way
In the rooms of Those Least Likely To
Oh, deep in my heart, how I want to be wrong
But the moods and the styles too frequently change
From 21 to 25, from 25 to 29

And I sit, and I smile, and I say "well done"
To the Girl Least Likely To
Oh, one more song about The Queen
Or standing around the shops with thieves
"But somebody's got to make it !" she screams
"So why why can't it be me ?"
But she would die if we heard her sing from the heart
Which is hurt

So how many times will I shed a tear ?
And another stage of verse to cheer
When you shine in the public eye, my dear
Please remember these nights
When I sit and support with a dutiful smile
Because there's nothing I can say
So chucking, churning, and turning the knife
On everything (except their own life)
And a clock somewhere strikes midnight
And an explanation - it drains me
If only there could be a way

There is a different mood all over the world
A different youth, unfamiliar views
And dearest, it could all be for you
So will you come down and I'll meet you ?
And with no more poems, with nothing to hear
Oh darling, it's all for you...
Darling, it's all for you ...
Oh darling, it's all for you ...
Oh darling, it's all for you ...