

# Morrissey, November Spawned A Monster

Sleep on and dream of Love  
Because it's the closest you will  
Get to love  
Poor twisted child  
So ugly, so ugly  
Poor twisted child  
Oh hug me, oh hug me  
One November  
Spawned a monster  
In the shape of this child  
Who later cried :

"But Jesus made me, so  
Jesus save me from  
pity, sympathy  
And people discussing me"  
A frame of useless limbs  
What can make GOOD  
All the BAD that's been done ?

And if the lights were out  
Could you even bear  
To kiss her full on the mouth  
(Or anywhere?)

Oh, poor twisted child  
So ugly, so ugly  
Poor twisted child  
Oh hug me, oh hug me  
One November  
Spawned a monster  
In the shape of this child  
Who must remain  
A hostage to kindness  
And the wheels underneath her  
A hostage to kindness  
And the wheels underneath her

A symbol of where mad, mad lovers  
Must PAUSE and draw the line.  
So sleep and dream of love  
Because it's the closest  
You will get to love  
That November  
Is a time  
Which I must  
Put OUT of my mind

Oh, one fine day  
Let it be soon  
She won't be rich or beautiful  
But she'll be walking your streets  
In the clothes that she went out  
And chose for herself.