

Morrissey, On The Streets I Ran

Oh a working class face glares back
At me from the glass and lurches
Oh forgive me, on the streets I ran
Turned sickness into popular song

Streets of wet black holes
On roads you can never know
You never have been but they always have you
Till the day that you croak
It's no joke

Oh a working class face glares back
At me from the glass and lurches
Oh forgive me on the streets I ran
Turned sickness into unpopular song

And all these streets can do
Is to claim to know the real you
And warn if you don't leave you will kill or be killed
Which isn't very nice
Here everybody's friendly
But nobody's friends

Oh dear God, when will I be where I should be
And when the palmist said
"One Thursday you will be dead"
I said: "No, not me, this cannot be
Dear God, take him, take them, take anyone
The stillborn
The newborn
The infirm
Take anyone
Take people from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Just spare me!"