

Morrissey, Sister I'm A Poet

All over this town
Yes, a low wind may blow
And I can see through everybo...
With no reason
To hide these words I feel
And no reason
To talk about the books I read
But still I do

That's 'cause I'm a ...
Sister I'm a ...
All over this town

Along this way
Outside the prison gates
I love the romance of crime
And I wonder
Does anybody feel the way I do ?
And is evil just something you are
Or something you do ?

Sister I'm a ...
Sister I'm a ...
All over this town

All over this town
They pull over
In their Citroen vans
Not to shake your hand
With meths on their breaths
And you with youth on your side
A plastic bag stranded at the lights
This once was me ...

But now I'm a ...
Sister I'm a ...
All over this town ...
Oh, oh, oh
All over this town
All over this town
Oh ...

I still cannot speak French ... I am very lazy