

# Morrissey, The Operation

You fight with your right hand  
And caress with your left hand  
Everyone I know is sick to death of you

With a tear that's a mile wide  
In the kite that you're flying  
Everyone I know is sick to death of you  
Ever since  
You don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
You say clever things and  
You never used to

You don't catch what I'm saying  
When you're deafened to advice  
Everyone here is sick to the  
Back teeth of you

With a tear that's a mile wide  
In the kite that you're flying  
Everyone here is sick to the  
Tattoo of you

Ever since  
You don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
You say pleasant things and  
There is no need to

Still, you fight with your right hand  
And caress with your left hand  
Ooh, ooh ...

Sad to say ...  
How once I was in love with you  
Sad to say ...

You don't catch what I'm saying  
When you're deafened to advice  
Ooh, ooh ...

Ever since  
You don't look the same  
You're just not the same, no way  
What the hell have  
They stuck into you ?