

# Morrissey, Why Don't You Find Out For Yourself?

The sanest days are mad  
Why don't you find out for yourself  
Then you'll see the price  
Very closely

Some men here  
They have a special interest  
In your career  
They wanna help you to grow  
And they wanna syphon all your dough  
Why don't you find out for yourself  
Then you'll see the glass  
Hidden in the grass  
You'll never believe me, so  
Why don't you find out for yourself  
Sick down to my heart  
That's just the way it goes

Some men here  
They know the full extent of  
Your distress  
They kneel and pray  
And they say:  
&quot;Long may it last!&quot;  
Why don't you find out for yourself  
Then you'll see the glass  
Hidden in the grass  
Bad scenes come and go  
For which you must allow  
Sick down to my heart  
That's just the way it goes

Don't rake up my mistakes  
I know exactly what they are  
and... what do YOU do?  
Well... you just SIT THERE  
I've been stabbed in the back  
So many many times  
I don't have any skin  
But that's just the way it goes