

Morrissey, You Know I Couldn't Last

The whispering, May hurt you, But the printed word might kill you
The whispering, May hurt you, But the printed word might kill you
So don't let the blue, The blue eyes fool you
They're just gelignite, Loaded and aiming right between your eyes
CDs and T-shirts, promos and God knows, You know I couldn't last, Someone please take me home

The teenagers, Who love you, They will wake up, yawn and kill you
The teenagers, Who love you, They will wake up, yawn and kill you

So don't let the blue, The blue eyes fool you
They're just gelignite, Loaded and aiming right between your eyes
CDs and T-shirts, promos and God knows
You know I couldn't last, Someone please take me home
There's a cash register ringing and
It weighs so heavy on my back, Someone please take me home

The critics who, Can't break you
They somehow help to make you
The critics who, Can't break you, Unwittingly they make you

So don't let the good days, Of the gold discs, Creep up and mug you
With evil legal eagles, You know I couldn't last, Accountants rampant, You know I couldn't last
Every -ist and every -ism, Thrown my way to stay, And the northern leeches go on, Removing, removing

Then in the end, Your royalties bring you luxuries, Your royalties bring you luxuries, Oh but
The squalor of the mind, The squalor of the mind, The squalor of the mind, The squalor of the mind