

Smiths, The

"Miserable Lie"

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So, goodbye
Please stay with your own kind
And I'll stay with mine

There's something against us
It's not time
It's not time
So, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

I know I need hardly say
How much I love your casual way
Oh, but please put your tongue away
A little higher and we're well away
The dark nights are drawing in
And your humour is as black as them
I look at yours, you laugh at mine
And "love" is just a miserable lie
You have destroyed my flower-like life
Not once - twice
You have corrupt my innocent mind
Not once - twice
I know the wind-swept mystical air
It means: I'd like to see your underwear
I recognise that mystical air
It means: I'd like to seize your underwear
What do we get for our trouble and pain?
Just a rented room in Whalley Range
What do we get for our trouble and pain?
...Whalley Range!
Into the depths of the criminal world
I followed her...

I need advice, I need advice
I need advice, I need advice
Nobody ever looks at me twice
Nobody ever looks at me twice

I'm just a country-mile behind
The world

I'm just a country-mile behind

The whole world
Oh oh, oh...

I'm just a country-mile behind
The world

I'm just a country-mile behind
The whole world
Oh oh, oh...

Take me when you go
Oh oh, oh...

Take me when you go
Oh oh, oh...

I need advice, I need advice

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