

Smiths, The

"Rusholme Ruffians"

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The last night of the fair
By the big wheel generator
A boy is stabbed and his money is grabbed
And the air hangs heavy like a dulling wine

She is Famous, she is Funny
An engagement ring
Doesn't mean a thing
To a mind consumed by brass (money)

And though I walk home alone
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout

The last night of the fair
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)
From a seat on a whirling waltzer
Her skirt ascends for a watching eye
It's a hideous trait (on her mother's side)

And though I walk home alone
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout

Then someone falls in love
And someone's beaten up
Someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine
And someone falls in love
And someone's beaten up
And the senses being dulled are mine

And though I walk home alone
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout

This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator

Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said: "How quickly would I die
If I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"

This is the last night of the fair
And the grease in the hair
Of a speedway operator
Is all a tremulous heart requires
A schoolgirl is denied
She said: "How quickly would I die
If I jumped from the top of the parachutes ?"

So scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen
(This means you really love me)
Scratch my name on your arm with a fountain pen
(This means you really love me)

And though I walk home alone
I just might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout
I might walk home alone
But my faith in love is still devout

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