

Smiths, The

"The Boy With The Thorn In His Side"

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The boy with the thorn in his side,
behind the hatred there lies a murderous desire
for love...
How can they look into my eyes and still they don't
believe me?
How can they hear me say those words - still they don't
believe me?
And if they don't believe me now, will they ever believe
me?
And if they don't believe me now, will they ever, they
ever, believe me?
Oh ...
The boy with the thorn in his side,
behind the hatred there lies a bumbling desire
for love
How can they see the Love in our eyes and still they
don't believe us?
And after all this time...
(they don't want to believe us)
And if they don't believe us now, will they ever believe
us?
And when you want to live,
how do you start, where do you go,
who do you need to know?
Oh...

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