

## Smiths, The

### "What's The World?"

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"Um ... this song was written by ... erm, erm ..."

What would you sell ?  
Loose glasses and suit  
Heart and soul  
Won't wear out

That's not enough !  
I wonder what's inside  
Fish fillet knife  
Can cut  
Right through my eye ...

I'm looking for some words  
To call my own  
Worn-out phrases  
And a hand-me-down

They'll knock me  
Under where I stand  
Sad on his back  
In a corned beef pan

Going under  
You can feel them pulling me down  
To the rust inside ...

This is the way ...  
Franken-star is born

Bits and pieces  
Others have worn  
All held together by a management glue  
Too much glue  
Watch the stars turn blue  
Turn blue  
Turn blue  
Turn blue  
Turn blue

I'm going under  
You can feel them pulling me down

To the halls of rust  
Eeh ...

I, I, I, I, I ...

Thankyou ...

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