

## Smiths, The "Wonderful Woman"

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Here her head she lay  
Until she'd rise and say  
"I'm starved of mirth  
Let's go and trip a dwarf"  
Oh, what to be done with her ?  
Oh, what to be done with her ?  
Oh  
Ice water for blood  
With neither heart or spine  
And then just to pass time  
Let us go and rob the blind  
What to be done with her ?  
I ask myself  
What to be said of her ?  
Oh  
But when she calls me  
I do not walk, I run  
Oh, when she calls  
I do not walk, I run, oh, oh, oh

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