

## **Morrissey**

# **"Christian Dior"**

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Christian Dior, you wasted your life  
On aroma and clothes, fabric and dyes  
Christian Dior, you wasted your life  
On grandeur and style, and making the poor, rich smile

You could have run wild on the backstreet's of Lyon  
Or Marseilles, reckless and legless and stoned  
Impregnating women or kissing mad street boys from  
Napoli  
Who couldn't even write their own name

Christian Dior, you wasted your life  
Sensually stroking the weaves of a sleeve

You could have run wild on the backstreet's of Lyon  
Or Marseilles, reckless and legless and stoned  
Impregnating women or kissing mad street boys from  
Napoli  
Who couldn't even spell their own name

Oh, Christian Dior  
Oh, Christian Dior

When you look at me, failure is all that you see  
I discipline my days just like Christian Dior

I could've run loudly and proudly or forcible entry  
And morally bankrupt and never non-violent  
And drawn to what scares me, and scared of what  
bores me  
Years alone will never be returned, Christian Dior

Lyonise maverick, ah  
Design if you can, ah  
The way to just be a man, ah  
To just be a man, ah

Christian Dior  
Christian Dior  
Christian Dior  
Christian Dior

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