

## **Morrissey**

# **"On The Streets I Ran"**

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Oh a working class face glares back  
At me from the glass and lurches  
Oh forgive me, on the streets I ran  
Turned sickness into popular song

Streets of wet black holes  
On roads you can never know  
You never have been but they always have you  
Till the day that you croak  
It's no joke

Oh a working class face glares back  
At me from the glass and lurches  
Oh forgive me on the streets I ran  
Turned sickness into unpopular song

And all these streets can do  
Is to claim to know the real you  
And warn if you don't leave you will kill or be killed  
Which isn't very nice  
Here everybody's friendly  
But nobody's friends

Oh dear God, when will I be where I should be  
And when the palmist said  
"One Thursday you will be dead"  
I said: "No, not me, this cannot be  
Dear God, take him, take them, take anyone  
The stillborn  
The newborn  
The infirm  
Take anyone  
Take people from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
Just spare me!"

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