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Morrissey "The Operation"

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You fight with your right hand And caress with your left hand Everyone I know is sick to death of you

With a tear that's a mile wide In the kite that you're flying

Everyone I know is sick to death of you

Ever since

You don't look the same

You're just not the same, no way

You say clever things and

You never used to

You don't catch what I'm saying

When you're deafened to advice

Everyone here is sick to the

Back teeth of you

With a tear that's a mile wide

In the kite that you're flying

Everyone here is sick to the

Tattoo of you

Ever since

You don't look the same

You're just not the same, no way

You say pleasant things and

There is no need to

Still, you fight with your right hand

And caress with your left hand

Ooh. ooh ...

Sad to say ...

How once I was in love with you

Sad to say ...

You don't catch what I'm saying

When you're deafened to advice

Ooh, ooh ...

Ever since

You don't look the same

You're just not the same, no way

What the hell have

They stuck into you?

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