

Smiths

"Frankly Mr Shankly 2 19"

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Frankly, Mr Shankly, this position I've held
it pays my way and it corrodes my soul
I want to leave you will not miss me
I want to go down in musical history
Frankly, Mr Shankly, I'm a sickening wreck
I've got the 21st century breathing down my neck
I must move fast, you understand me
I want to go down in celluloid history Mr Shankly
Fame, fame, fatal fame
it can play hideous tricks on the brain
but still I rather be famous
than righteous or holy, any day, any day, any day
But sometimes I'd feel more fulfilled
making Christmas cards with the mentally ill
I want to live and I want to love
I want to catch something that I might be ashamed of
Frankly, Mr Shankly, this position I've held
it pays my way and it corrodes my soul
oh, I didn't realise that you wrote poetry
I didn't realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry Mr
Shankly

Frankly, Mr Shankly, since you ask

you are a flatulent pain the arse

I do not mean to be so rude

but still, I must speak frankly, Mr Shankly, give us
money

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