

## Smiths

# "Frankly Mr Shankly (instrumental, Soundcheck)"

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Frankly, Mr Shankly, this position Ive held  
it pays my way, but it corrodes my soul  
I want to leave you will not miss me  
I want to go down in musical history  
Frankly, Mr Shankly, Im a sickening wreck  
Ive got the 21st Century breathing down my neck  
I must move fast, you understand me  
I want to go down in celluloid history  
Fame, Fame, fatal Fame  
it can play hideous tricks on the brain  
but still I rather be Famous  
than righteous or holy, any day  
but sometimes Id 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 didnt realise that you wrote poetry  
(I didnt realise you wrote such bloody awful poetry)  
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 speck frankly, Mr Shankly

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