

## Smiths

### "Frankly, Mr. Shankly"

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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'd 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 I'll  
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 in the arse  
I do not mean to be so rude  
Still, I must speak frankly, Mr. Shankly

Oh, give us your money !

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