

## Smiths

### "November Spawned A Monster"

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Sleep on and dream of Love

because it's the closest you will get to love

poor twisted child

so ugly, so ugly

poor twisted child

oh hug me, oh hug me

one November

spawned a monster

in the shape of this child

who later cried

"But Jesus made me, so

Jesus save me from

pity, sympathy

and people discussing me"

a frame of useless limbs

what can make GOOD

all the BAD that's been done?

And if the lights were out

could you even bear

to kiss her full on the mouth

(or anywhere?)

poor twisted child  
so ugly, so ugly  
poor twisted child  
oh hug me, oh hug me  
one November  
spawned a monster  
in the shape of this child  
who must remain  
a hostage to kindness  
and the wheels underneath her  
a hostage to kindness  
and the wheels underneath her  
a symbol of where mad, mad lovers  
must PAUSE and draw the line  
So sleep and dream of love  
because it's the closest  
you will get to love  
that November  
is a time  
which I must  
put OUT of my mind  
oh one fine day  
LET IT BE SOON  
she won't be rich or beautiful  
but she'll be walking your streets

in the clothes that she went out

and chose for herself

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