

Smiths

"Our Frank"

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Our frank and open
deep conversations
they get me nowhere
they bring me down, so
give it a rest, won't you?
give me a cigarette
God give me patience
just no more conversation
Give us a drink
and make it quick
or else I'm gonna be sick
sick all over
your frankly vulgar
red pullover
now see how the colours blend
Our frank and open
deep conversations
they get me nowhere
they bring me down, so
give it a rest, won't you?
now will you just give over

the world may be ending
but look, I'm only human
Give us a drink
and make it quick
or else I'm gonna be sick
all over
your frankly vulgar
red pullover
now see how the two colours blend
Won't somebody stop me
from thinking all the time
about everything
so deeply
so bleakly

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