

Smiths "What's The World ?"

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"Um ... this song was written by ... erm, erm ..."

What would you sell ?

Loose glasses and suit

Heart and soul

Won't wear out

That's not enough !

I wonder what's inside

Fish fillet knife

Can cut

Right through my eye ...

I'm looking for some words

To call my own

Worn-out phrases

And a hand-me-down

They'll knock me

Under where I stand

Sad on his back

In a corned beef pan

Going under

You can feel them pulling me down

To the rust inside ...

This is the way ...

Franken-star is born

Bits and pieces

Others have worn

All held together by a management glue

Too much glue

Watch the stars turn blue

Turn blue

Turn blue

Turn blue

Turn blue

I'm going under

You can feel them pulling me down

To the halls of rust

Eeh ...

I, I, I, I, I ...

Thankyou ...

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