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Smiths "Wonderful Woman"

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Here her head, she lay Until she'd rise and say: "I'm starved of mirth; Let's go and trip a dwarf"

Oh, what to be done with her? Oh, what to be done with her?

Oh ...

Ice water for blood

With neither heart or spine

And then just

To pass time; let us go and rob the blind

What to be done with her?

I ask myself:

What to be said of her?

Oh ...

But when she calls me, I do not walk, I run

Oh, when she calls, I do not walk, I run

Oh ...

Oh ...

Oh ...

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