

## 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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