

The Smiths

"Bigmouth Strikes Again"

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Sweetness, sweetness
I was only joking
When I said I'd like to
Smash every tooth in your head

Sweetness, sweetness
I was only joking
When I said by rights
You should be bludgeoned in your bed

And now I know how Joan of Arc felt
Now I know how Joan of Arc felt
As the flames rose to her Roman nose
And her Walkman started to melt

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right to take my place
With the human race

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right to take my place
With the human race

And now I know how Joan of Arc felt
Now I know how Joan of Arc felt
As the flames rose to her Roman nose
And her hearing aid started to melt

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right to take my place
With the human race

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again
And I've got no right to take my place
With the human race

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again

And I've got no right to take my place
With the human race

Bigmouth, Bigmouth
Bigmouth strikes again
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