

The Smiths

"Miserable Lie"

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So, goodbye, please stay with your own kind
And I'll stay with mine, there's something against us
It's not time, it's not time
So, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye

I know I need hardly say
How much I love your casual way
Oh, but please put your tongue away
A little higher and we're well away

The dark nights are drawing in
And your humor is as black as them
I look at yours, and you laugh at mine
And love is just a miserable lie

You have destroyed my flower like life
Not once, twice
You have corrupt my innocent mind
Not once, twice
I know the wind swept mystical air

It means I'd like to see your underwear
I recognize that mystical air
It means I'd like to seize your underwear
What do we get for our trouble and pain?

Just a rented room in Whalley Range
What do we get for our trouble and pain?
Whalley Range, into the depths of the criminal world
I followed her

I need advice, I need advice
I need advice, I need advice
Nobody ever looks at me twice
Nobody ever looks at me twice

I'm just a country mile behind, the world
I'm just a country mile behind, the whole world
I'm just a country mile behind, the world
I'm just a country mile behind, the whole world

Take me when you go

Take me when you go
I need advice, I need advice

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