

The 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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