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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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