

A Song From Under The Floorboards

Morrissey

I am angry, I am ill and I'm as ugly as sin
I don't know what keeps me alive and kicking
I know the meaning of life it doesn't help me a bit
I know beauty and I know a good thing when I speak it

This is a song from under the floorboards
Here is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit?
I am an insect
And I must confess I'm very proud of that

I have known the highest and I've known the best
I accord death all of its due respect
But the brightest jewel inside of me
Glows with pleasure at my own stupidity

This is a song from under the floorboards
Here is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit?
I am an insect
And I must confess I'm very proud of that

I used to make phantoms I could later chase
Images of all that could be desired
Then I got tired of counting all of these so called blessings
And then I just got tired

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Here is a song from where the wall is cracked
My force of habit?
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And I must confess I'm very proud of that
Habit, habit, habit
Habit, habit