

Maladjusted

Morrissey

On this glorious occasion
Of the splendid defeat

I wanna start from
Before the beginning
Loot wine, "Be mine, and
Then let's stay out for the night"
Ride via Park side
Semi-perilous lives
Jeer the lights in the windows
Of all safe and stable homes

But wondering then, well what
Could peace of mind be like?
Anyway do you want to hear
Our story, or not?
As the Fulham road lights
Stretch and invite into the night
From a Stevenage overspill
We'd kill to live around

South West 6 with someone like you
Keep thieves' hours
With someone like you
As long as it slides
You stalk the house
In a low-cut blouse
"Oh Christ, another stifled
Friday night"

And the Fulham road lights
Stretch and invite into the night
Well, I was fifteen
What could I know?
When the gulf between
All the things I need
And the things I receive
Is an ancient ocean
Wide, wild, lost, uncrossed

Still I maintain there's nothing
Wrong with you
You do all that you do
Because it's all you can do
Well, I was fifteen
Where could I go?
With a soul full of loathing
For stinging bureaucracy

Making it anything
Other than easy
For working girls like me
With my hands on my head
I flop on your bed
With a head full of dread
For all I've ever said

Maladjusted, maladjusted
Maladjusted, maladjusted
Never to be trusted
Oh, never to be trusted
There's nothing wrong with you, oh
There's nothing wrong with you, oh
There's nothing wrong with you, oh
There's nothing wrong with you
There's nothing wrong with you