

# Miserable Lie

The Smiths

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 humour is as black as them  
I look at yours, 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 recognise 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  
Oh oh, oh ...

I'm just a country-mile behind  
The world

I'm just a country-mile behind  
The whole world  
Oh oh, oh ...

Take me when you go  
Oh oh, oh...

Take me when you go  
Oh oh, oh ...

I need advice, I need advice