

Christian Dior

Morrissey

Christian Dior
You wasted your life
On aroma and clothes
Fabric and dyes.

Christian Dior
You wasted your life
On grandeur and style
And making the poor rich smile.

You could have run wild
On the backstreets of Lyon or Marseille
Reckless and legless and stoned
Impregnating women
Or kissing mad street boys from Napoli
Who couldn't even write their own name

Christian Dior
You wasted your life
Sensually stroking the weaves of a sleeve.

You could have run wild
On the backstreets of Lyon or Marseille
Reckless and legless and stoned
Impregnating women
Or kissing mad street boys from Napoli
Who couldn't even spell the wrong name

Oh, Christian Dior
Oh, Christian Dior
Aaahoosh!
Aaahoosh!

When you look at me
Failure is all that you see
I discipline my days just like Christian Dior

I could've run loudly and proudly
Or forcible entrian
Morally bankrupt
And never known violent
And drawn to what scares me
And scared of what bores me
Years alone will never be returned.

Christian Dior
Lionise maverick, ah
Design if you can, ah
The way to just be a man, ah
To just be a man, ah

Christian Dior x4