

# 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

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