

# 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