

Our Frank

Morrissey

Our frank and open
Deep conversations
They get me nowhere
They bring me down, so
Give it a rest, won't you?
Give me a cigarette
God give me patience
Just no more conversation

Oh, give us a drink
And make it quick
Or else I'm gonna be sick
Sick all over
Your frankly vulgar
Red pullover
Now see how the colors blend

Our frank and open
Deep conversations
They get me nowhere
They just bring me down, so
Give it a rest, won't you?
Now will you just give over?
The world may be ending
But look, I'm only human

So, give us a drink
And make it quick
Or else I'm gonna be sick
All over
Your frankly vulgar
Red pullover
Now see how the two colors blend, my friend

(Won't somebody help?)

Won't somebody stop me
From thinking
From thinking all the time
About everything
Oh, somebody
From thinking all the time
So deeply, so bleakly?
So bleakly all the time
About everything?
(Who I am, how I ever got here)
Somebody stop me
From thinking
From thinking all the time
So bleakly, so bleakly
So bleakly all the time