

## 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